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Shakespeare











No. 103

P L A Y S

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE SIXTH



*B. L. angl. pag. 163.*



THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE SIXTH.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE

P O L D A Y S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE SIXTH



T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

AS YOU LIKE IT.  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson,  
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M. DCC. XCIII.



P L A Y S

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

BIBLIOTHECA  
REGIA  
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AS YOU LIKE IT  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL  
TAMING OF THE SHREW

L O N D O N

Printed for T. Baskett, B. Lincolne, G. Gifford, J. Knapton, J. Sturges,  
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J. Baskett, J. Baskett, J. Baskett, J. Baskett, and W. Baskett.

R. Baskett.



AS YOU LIKE IT.\*



AS YOU LIKE IT.\*



\* AS YOU LIKE IT,] Was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacy*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

|                                       |   |   |                 |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|-----------------|
| " <i>As you Like it</i> , a book.     | . | . | } to be staid." |
| " <i>Henry the Fifth</i> , a book.    | . | . |                 |
| " <i>Comedy of Much Ado</i> , a book. | . | . |                 |

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.



## PERSONS represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*  
Jaques, } *banishment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick:*

Charles, *his wrestler.*

Oliver, }  
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
Orlando, }

Adam, } *Servants to Oliver.*  
Dennis, }

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*  
Sylvius, }

William, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

*A person representing Hymen.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters,  
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.*

The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.



# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:<sup>2</sup> and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps

<sup>2</sup> *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; &c.]* The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeathed me, &c.* The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this. Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. JOHNSON.



at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept:<sup>3</sup> For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me:<sup>4</sup> he lets me feed with his hinds,

— *it was on this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but aukward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.*—He bequeathed me by will, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As I remember (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.

BLACKSTONE.

Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone.

MALONE.

Being satisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation of the passage as it stands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Stays me here at home unkept:] We should read *stys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the stalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

“ And here you *stys* me

“ In this hard rock.” WARBURTON.

*Sties* is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

“ And *stys* themselves up in a little room.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *his countenance seems to take from me:*] We should certainly read—*his discountenance*. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.



bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter OLIVER.*

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

OLI. Now, fir! what make you here?<sup>5</sup>

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, fir?

ORL. Marry, fir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, fir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *what make you here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet*:

“What make you at Elfinour?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *be better employ'd, and be naught a while.*] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; fatius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—be nought a*



ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*awhile* is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, *a mischief on you*. So, the old poet Skelton:

“Correct first thy selfe, walk and *be nought*,

“Deeme what thou list, thou knowest not my thought.”

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

— and do aught a *awhile*. WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

*Be better employed, and be naught a while,*

In the same sense as we say,—*It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing*. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile*, mean no more than this: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence.”

This was certainly a proverbial saying, I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

“Come away, and *be nought a whyle*,

“Or surely I will you both defyle.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falstaff says to Pistol: “Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, *he shall be nothing* here.”

STEEVENS.

*Naught* and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall elevate you into consequence.” But the following passage in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation are right:

“—get you both in, and *be naught a while*.”

The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. MALONE.

Malone says that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly spelled with an *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought still to be spelled, as the word *ought* (any thing) from whence it is derived, is spelled so.

A similar expression occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Ursula says to Mooncalf: “Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curs'd awhile*,” which seems to confirm Warburton's explanation. M. MASON.



OLI. Know you where you are, fir?

ORL. O, fir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, fir?

ORL. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.<sup>2</sup> I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>8</sup>

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, better than he I am before knows me.*] The first folio reads—*better than him*—. But, little respect is due to the anomalies of the play-house editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale*:

“I am appointed *him* to murder you.” MALONE.

Of *The Winter's Tale* also there is none but the play-house copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.*] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood.—The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakspeare might write,—*Albeit your coming before me is nearer his revenue*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. WARBURTON.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the *eldest son* of a knight, by the title of esquire. HENLEY.



OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain:<sup>9</sup> I am the youngest son of fir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, fir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

<sup>9</sup> *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*.



OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyfick your ranknefs, and yet give no thoufand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wrefltler, here to fpeak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes accefs to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrefltling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monfieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, fir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banifhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themfelves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave<sup>2</sup> to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Rofalind, the duke's daughter,<sup>3</sup> be banifhed with her father.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *good leave* —] As often as this phrafe occurs, it means a ready affent. So, in *King John*:

“ *Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

“ *Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the duke's daughter,*] The words *old* and *new* [inserted by Sir T. Hanmer] feem neceffary to the perfpicuity of the dialogue. JOHNSON.



CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter,<sup>3</sup> her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,<sup>4</sup> and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to un-

—— *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *banished* duke's daughter.

MALONE.

The author of *The Revival* is of opinion, that the subsequent words,—*her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— *in the forest of Arden,*] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

“ Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
 “ Where store he heard to be of savage prey;  
 “ So wide a forest, and so waste as this,  
 “ Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.”

But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's *Novel*. MALONE.



derstand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*OLI.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts; a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*CHA.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:



If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

OLI. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:<sup>3</sup> I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts<sup>4</sup> enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,<sup>5</sup> which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *this gamester:*] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicksome person. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

“You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *of all sorts* —] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *kindle the boy thither,*] A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. iii:

“——— *enkindle* you unto the crown.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I were merrier?*] *I* which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

ROS. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,<sup>7</sup> that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and



*ROS.* I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*CEL.* 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*ROS.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*CEL.* No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*ROS.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*CEL.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone:<sup>8</sup> for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— and rail so high,

“ That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent, &c.*] The old copy reads—“ *perceiveth —*.” Mr. Malone retains the old reading, but adds—“ *and hath sent,*” &c. STEEVENS.



*TOUCH.* Mistrefs, you must come away to your father.

*CEL.* Were you made the messenger?

*TOUCH.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*ROS.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*TOUCH.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*CEL.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*ROS.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*TOUCH.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*CEL.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*TOUCH.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*CEL.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*TOUCH.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*CEL.* My father's love is enough to honour him.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Ros.* *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were namesakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it. THEOBALD.



Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,<sup>2</sup> one of these days.

*TOUCH.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*CEL.* By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,<sup>3</sup> the

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

*Frederick* is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the younger brother. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which is still left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderness for the fool, as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker.—*Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is called by Lucio “the *old* fantastical Duke,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *you'll be whip'd for taxation,*] This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, “*fut bien fouetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles.*” A representation of this ceremony may be seen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. V. p. 44. DOUCE.

*Taxation* is censure, or satire. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you.” Again, in the play before us:

“ ——— my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies——.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,*] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.



little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur le Beau: What's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the destinies decree.

CEL. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>4</sup>

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies:<sup>5</sup> I would have

<sup>4</sup> ——— *laid on with a trowel.*] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a glaring falsehood. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. RITSON.

*To lay on with a trowel* is, to do any thing strongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *You amaze me, ladies:*] *To amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. iii:

“ I am amazed with matter.” STEEVENS.



told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

*ROS.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*LE BEAU.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*CEL.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*LE BEAU.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*CEL.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*LE BEAU.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*ROS.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> *With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,*] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Rosalind replies—*Thou lovest thy old smell.* So here when Rosalind had said—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him. *WARBURTON.*

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. *JOHNSON.*

*With bills on their necks*, should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*!" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Laffels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun* upon *their necks*."



*LE BEAU.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*TOUCH.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*LE BEAU.* Why, this that I speak of.

*TOUCH.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed names, as in the play,) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke.*" *FARMER.*

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—

"But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"—with a sword by his side, a *forest-bille on his necke,*" &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back,*"

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck,*"

Again,

"—are you not big enough to bear

"Your bats *upon your necks?*" *STEEVENS.*

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertisement—as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unless Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and these words become part of Le Beau's speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by Rosalind perverted to mean a *label*, *M. MASON.*



CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?<sup>7</sup> is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?*] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—*set this broken musick in his sides*. WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary, I should write, *feel this broken musick*, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day, *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*.

JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

*Broken musick* either means the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion, or the hollow sound which proceeds from a person's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.



LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter, and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

ROS. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men :<sup>8</sup> In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated : Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so ; I'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.]

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.<sup>9</sup>

ORL. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?<sup>2</sup>

ORL. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,<sup>3</sup> the

<sup>8</sup> ——— odds in the men :] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the man. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— the princesses call for you.] The old copy reads—the *princesses call*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?] This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,] Absurd ! The sense requires that we should read,



fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young fir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*ORL.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.<sup>4</sup> But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me

—our eyes, and—our judgment. The argument is, *Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.*

JOHNSON.  
<sup>4</sup> *I beseech you, punish me not, &c.] I should wish to read, I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.*

JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them; and then adds, “Herein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial.” M. MASON.

The meaning I think is, “punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request.” The expression is licentious, but our author’s plays furnish many such.

MALONE.



to my trial:<sup>5</sup> wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*CEL.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*CEL.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*CHA.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*ORL.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*DUKE F.* You shall try but one fall.

*CHA.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*ORL.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*CEL.* I would I were invifible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

<sup>5</sup> ——— *let your gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:]* Addison might have had this passage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

“ ——— Marcia, may I hope

“ That thy kind wishes follow me to battle?”

STEEVENS.



CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;  
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son;<sup>3</sup>—and would not change that  
calling,<sup>4</sup>

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,

<sup>3</sup> *His youngest son;*] The words "than to be descended from any other house, however high," must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said,

"Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
"Hadst thou descended from another house." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *that calling,*] i. e. appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word. STEEVENS.



I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:  
If you do keep your promises in love,  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,<sup>5</sup>  
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,  
[Giving him a chain from her neck.  
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;<sup>6</sup>  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
means.—  
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — as you have exceeded promise,] The old copy, without regard to the measure, reads—all promise. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — one out of suits with fortune;] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort, is out of suit. JOHNSON.

Out of suits with fortune, I believe means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia says, “—but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.] A quintain was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. I am, says Orlando, only a quintain, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our authour, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different:



Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, fir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

“ *Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,*

“ *A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours;*

“ *Lasse en fin de servir au peuple de quintaine,*

“ *Elle*” &c. *WARBURTON.*

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of

——— *My better parts*

*Are all thrown down?* *GUTHRIE.*

Mr. Malone has disputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadversions; and Mr. Douce is equally dissatisfied with those of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumstantiality, is so much increased, that we are often led (as Hamlet observes) to

“ ——— fight for a spot

“ Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.”

The present strictures therefore of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) must appear at the conclusion of the play. *STEEVENS.*

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55.

*M. MASON.*

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from “Killingworth Castle.” *HENLEY.*



*Re-enter* LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

LE BEAU. Good fir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;  
Yet such is now the duke's condition,<sup>8</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.<sup>9</sup>

ORL. I thank you, fir: and, pray you, tell me this;  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by  
manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter<sup>2</sup> is his daughter:

<sup>8</sup> — *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *than me to speak of.*] The old copy has—*than I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the shorter*—] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the *taller*. Mr. Malone—the *smaller*. STEEVENS.

Some change is absolutely necessary, for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is “more than common tall,” and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. sc. iii. Celia is described by these words—“the woman low, and browner than her brother;” i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads—“the *shorter* is his daughter;” which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions: but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Shakspeare sometimes speaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *small* ones. Otherwise, Mr. Malone's conjecture should have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.



The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;  
 Grounded upon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,<sup>2</sup>  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—  
 But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

CEL. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in a better world than this,*] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. iii:—"There is a world elsewhere." STEEVENS.



CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father:<sup>3</sup>  
O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROS. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,<sup>4</sup> I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for my child's father:]* i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *By this kind of chase,]* That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *bateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?]* Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her “*not to hate* Orlando, for her



*ROS.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

*CEL.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*DUKE F.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our court.

*ROS.* Me uncle?

*DUKE F.* You, cousin:  
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our publick court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*ROS.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*DUKE F.* Thus do all traitors;  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*ROS.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

fake,") as if she had said—"love him, for my sake:" to which the former replies, "Why should I *not* [i. e. love him]? So, in the following passage, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— Which of the peers  
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected?"

*Uncontain'd* must be understood as if the author had written—*not* contain'd; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends. MALONE.



*DUKE F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

*ROS.* So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

*CEL.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*DUKE F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*CEL.* I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;<sup>6</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;<sup>7</sup>  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*DUKE F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

<sup>6</sup> ——— *remorse*;] i. e. *compassion*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Stop the access and passage to *remorse*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *we still have slept together,*

*Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together*;] Youthful friendship is described in nearly the same terms in a book published the year in which this play first appeared in print. “ They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and usually *slept* together, out of the great love that was between them.” *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I. B. I. c. viii. p. 75. REED.



And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more  
virtuous,<sup>6</sup>

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
liege;  
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide  
yourself;  
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;<sup>7</sup>  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,*] When she was seen alone, she would be more noted. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou hast not, cousin;*] Some word is wanting to the metre. Perhaps our author wrote:

Indeed thou hast not, cousin. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Rosalind lacks then the love*

*Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:*] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth me*. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not *lack* that love which Celia complains she does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.



Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
 No; let my father seek another heir.  
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,  
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,<sup>9</sup>  
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;  
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*CEL.* To seek my uncle.<sup>2</sup>

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?  
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*CEL.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face;<sup>3</sup>  
 The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
 And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
 Because that I am more than common tall,  
 That I did suit me all points like a man?  
 A gallant curtle-ax<sup>4</sup> upon my thigh,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *to take your change upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* upon yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The second folio has—*charge*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To seek my uncle.*] Here the old copy adds—in the forest of Arden. But these words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure:

*Why, whither shall we go?—To seek my uncle.*

being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed by Charles the wrestler, that the banished Duke's residence was in the forest of Arden. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And with a kind of umber smirch my face;*] *Umbur* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on “the umber'd fires,” in *King Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *curtle-ax* —] or *cutlace*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.



A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)  
We'll have a swashing<sup>5</sup> and a martial outsize;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own  
page,  
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with  
me;  
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: Now go we in content,<sup>6</sup>  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

<sup>5</sup> We'll have a swashing, &c.] A swashing outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. Swashing blow is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.* the Boy says:—"As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— Now go we in content,] The old copy reads—Now go in we content. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our authour might have used *content* as an adjective. MALONE.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Forest of Arden.**Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in  
 exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,<sup>7</sup>  
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—  
 “not the penalty”—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but* by mistake have changed place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, so, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. iii. *but* is printed instead of *not*:

“*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own desire.

“*1 Cit.* How! *not* your own desire.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*  
*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]* It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was



And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,<sup>9</sup>  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AMI. I would not change it:<sup>2</sup> Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull.

JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"—— in most physicians' heads,

"There is a kind of *toadstone* bred."—

Again, in *Adrastra, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *stone*

"In the *toad*, nor serpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who says, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the "*Tode-stone*, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You shall knowe whether the *Tode-stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a *Tode*, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the *Tode* will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it: He envieth so much that man should have that stone." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Finds tongues in trees, &c.*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"Thus both *trees* and *each thing else*, be the *bookes* to a *fancie*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.



DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city,<sup>3</sup>—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>4</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

I LORD. Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:<sup>5</sup>  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,

<sup>3</sup> *Native burghers of this desert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgesses* of the forest." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,  
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood."

STEEVENS.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring stood

"The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy *citizens*." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *with forked heads*—] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*:

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*

"Misses," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *as he lay along*  
*Under an oak, &c.*]

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's Elegy*.

STEEVENS.



That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase:<sup>6</sup> and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;<sup>7</sup>  
*Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much:*<sup>8</sup> Then, being alone,<sup>9</sup>  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
 'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company:* Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

<sup>6</sup> — *the big round tears, &c.*] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *in the needless stream;*] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To that which had too much:*] Old copy—*too must*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— in a river ———

" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

" Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. sc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

" And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Then, being alone,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*Then being there alone.* STEEVENS.



And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*  
*'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
 The body of the country,<sup>2</sup> city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we  
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
 Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;  
 I love to cope him<sup>3</sup> in these fullen fits,  
 For then he's full of matter.

2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> *The body of the country,*] The oldest copy omits—*the*; but it is supplied by the second folio, which has many advantages over the first. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion; but let him speak for himself. STEEVENS.

*Country* is here used as a trisyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?”

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraseology and metre, reads—*The body of the country*, &c. which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Is not *country* used elsewhere also as a dissyllable? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. vi:

“And that his *country's* dearer than himself.”

Besides, by reading *country* as a trisyllable, in the middle of a verse, it would become rough and dissonant. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— to cope him —] To encounter him; to engage with him.  
 JOHNSON.



## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown,<sup>4</sup> at whom  
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler<sup>5</sup>  
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the roynish clown,*] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 988:

“ That knottie was and all *roinous*.”

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says—  
“ Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was she not such a *roinish* rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt,” &c.

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakespeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *of the wrestler*—] *Wrestler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be founded as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.



And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother;<sup>6</sup> fetch that gallant  
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>7</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*Before Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master?—O, my gentle  
master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory<sup>8</sup>  
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

<sup>6</sup> *Send to his brother;*] I believe we should read—*brother's*. For when the Duke says in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *quail*—] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— which my false spirits

" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *O you memory*—] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*: and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So, in the *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" I knew then how to seek your *memories*."

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

" And with his body place that *memory*

" Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*:

" That statue will I prize past all the jewels

" Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

" The *memory* of my grandame." STEEVENS.



Why would you be so fond<sup>8</sup> to overcome  
 The bony prifer<sup>9</sup> of the humorous duke?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men<sup>2</sup>  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—  
 Of him I was about to call his father,)—  
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *so fond*—] i. e. so indiscreet, so inconsiderate. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— I do wonder,

“ Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*

“ To come abroad with him——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The bony prifer*—] In the former editions—*The bonny prifer*. We should read—*bony prifer*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour.

WARBURTON.

So, Milton: “Giants of mighty *bone*.” JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

“ This is a man all for the nones,

“ For he is a man of *great bones*.”

*Bonny*, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act. V:

“ Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well.” STEEVENS.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you Like it* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *to some kind of men*—] Old copy—*feeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



And you within it: if he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off:  
 I overheard him, and his practices.  
 This is no place,<sup>3</sup> this house is but a butchery;  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have  
 me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg  
 my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do:  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood,<sup>4</sup> and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

<sup>3</sup> *This is no place,*] *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Crosby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uses this word again in the same sense in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

*Plas*, in the Welch language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is too refined. Adam means merely to say—"This is no *place* for you." M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> —diverted *blood*,] Blood turned out of the course of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

"To the orb'd earth"—MALONE.

To *divert* a water-course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall in our author's time, as it is at present. REED.



And unregarded age in corners thrown;  
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,<sup>4</sup>  
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant;  
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man; how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;  
 And having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having:<sup>6</sup> it is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

<sup>4</sup> ——— *and He that doth the ravens feed,*  
*Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, &c.]* See Saint  
 Luke, xii. 6. and 24. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *rebellious liquors in my blood;]* That is, liquors which  
 inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel against  
 Reason. So, in *Othello*:

“For there's a young and sweating devil here,

“That commonly rebels.” MALONE.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* against the constitution.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Even with the having:]* Even with the *promotion* gained by  
 service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.



And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years<sup>7</sup> till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a  
Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *From seventeen years—*] The old copy reads—*seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!*] The old copy reads—*how merry, &c.* STEEVENS.

And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how weary are my spirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called *ARISTIPPUS, or the Jovial Philosopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The Jovial Crew, or, the Merry Beggars*.

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find—

“Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,”  
instead of—Let us be *wary*. MALONE.



*TOUCH.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*ROS.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*CEL.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*TOUCH.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:<sup>9</sup> yet I should bear no cross,<sup>2</sup> if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

*ROS.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*TOUCH.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*ROS.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*COR.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*SIL.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*COR.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*SIL.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I had rather bear with you, than bear you:]* This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III*:

“ You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *yet I should bear no cross,]* A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.

STEEVENS.



But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
 (As sure I think did never man love so,)  
 How many actions most ridiculous  
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:  
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly<sup>3</sup>  
 That ever love did make thee run into,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:  
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
 Wearying thy hearer<sup>4</sup> in thy mistress' praise,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:  
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy  
 wound,<sup>5</sup>  
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in  
 love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him

<sup>3</sup> *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly—*] I am inclined to  
 believe that from this passage *Suckling* took the hint of his song:

“Honest lover, whosoever,  
 “If in all thy love there ever  
 “Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame  
 “Were not still even, still the same.  
 “Know this,  
 “Thou lov'st amiss,  
 “And to love true,

“Thou must begin again, and love anew,” &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Wearying thy hearer—*] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *—of thy wound,*] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



take that for coming anight<sup>5</sup> to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>6</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods,<sup>7</sup> and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,<sup>8</sup> *Wear these for my*

<sup>5</sup> ——— *anight*—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is in the night. The word is used by Chaucer in *The Legende of Good Women*. Our modern editors read, *o' nights*, or *o' night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *batlet*,] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *two cods*,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read—*peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of *Rymer's Fædera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

*Peascods* was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "—— went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *pescods*," &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *pescod* time when hound to horne

"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries."

STEEVENS.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here. "He [Richard II.] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." Camden's Remains 1614. Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *Pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in



*Jake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.<sup>9</sup>

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of,

*TOUCH.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*TOUCH.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*CEL.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food;  
I faint almost to death.

*TOUCH.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*COR.* Who calls?

*TOUCH.* Your betters, sir.

*COR.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say:—  
Good even to you, friend.<sup>2</sup>

*COR.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Lodge's *Rosalind*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of K. Henry V.* in Peele's *Jests*, &c. STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love abounding in folly.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *to you, friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks<sup>2</sup> to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our shepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.<sup>3</sup>

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but  
erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages: I like this  
place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

<sup>2</sup> *And little recks—*] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet*:

“And recks not his own rede.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And in my voice most welcome shall you be.*] In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.



Go with me; if you like, upon report,  
 The foil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
 I will your very faithful feeder be,  
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*The same.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.*

## S O N G.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune<sup>4</sup> his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall be see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.*

JAC. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAC. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

<sup>4</sup> *And tune—*] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ And to the nightingale's complaining *note*

“ *Tune* my distresses, and record my woes.” MALONE.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. STEEVENS.



*AMI.* My voice is ragged;<sup>5</sup> I know, I cannot please you.

*JAQ.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

*AMI.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*JAQ.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

*AMI.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*JAQ.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*AMI.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

*JAQ.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>6</sup> for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *ragged*;] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the same meaning. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *disputable*—] for *disputations*. MALONE.



## S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here]  
 And loves to live i' the sun,<sup>7</sup>  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleas'd with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall be see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.*

*JAQ.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*AMI.* And I'll sing it.

*JAQ.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,  
 That any man turn afs,  
 Leaving his wealth and ease,  
 A stubborn will to please,  
 Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;<sup>8</sup>  
 Here shall be see,  
 Gross fools as he,  
 An if he will come to Ami.*

<sup>7</sup> — *to live i' the sun,*] Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

*To live i' the sun,* is to labour and “sweat in the eye of Phœbus,” or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

<sup>8</sup> — *ducdàme*;) For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me.*

JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with “a Greek invocation.” It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce*. We have here, as Butler says, “One for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*.”—Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:



AMI. What's that *ducdàme*?

JAC. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.'

" *Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*

" Here shall he see

" Gross fools as he,

" An' if he will come to *Ami*."

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself.

FARMER.

*Duc ad me* has hitherto been received as an allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song,

*Come hither, come hither, come hither.*

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me*.

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?

" *duck, duck, duck*.——

" *Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?

" *chuck, chuck, chuck*.——"

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a trissyllable. STEEVENS.

*If it do come to pass,*

*That any man turn ass,*

*Leaving his wealth and ease,*

*A stubborn will to please,*

*Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;*

*Here shall he see*

*Gross fools as he, &c.]* See HOR. Serm. L. II. sat. iii:

" Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis

" Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;

" Quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione,

" Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,

" Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite." MALONE.

" ——— *the first-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

The phrase is scriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: "And the Lord smote *all the first-born in Egypt.*" STEEVENS.



AML. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.<sup>2</sup> Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> *Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— fall upon the ground, as I do now,

“ Taking the measure of an unmade grave.”

STEEVENS.



## S C E N E VII.

*The same.**A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and Others.*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

I LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone  
hence;  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars,<sup>2</sup> grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—  
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

I LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life  
is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What! you look merrily.

JACQ. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool;—a miserable world!<sup>3</sup>—

<sup>2</sup> ——— compact of jars,] i. e. made up of discords. In *The Comedy of Errors* we have “compact of credit,” for made up of credulity. Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ ——— like gilded tombs

“ Compacted of jet pillars.”

The same expression occurs also in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

“ Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A motley fool;—a miserable world!] What! because he met a



As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I : No, sir, quoth he,  
 Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :<sup>4</sup>*  
 And then he drew a dial from his poke ;  
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*  
*Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :*  
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*  
*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;*  
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*  
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,

*motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered ; we should read :

————— a *miserable varlet*.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we may make, so great as appears at first sight.

WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. A *miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :*] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to ; or, as in Publius Syrus :

“ *Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.*”

So, in the prologue to *The Alchemist* :

“ Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres

“ We wish away.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I. sc. iii :

“ Sog. Why, who am I, sir ?

“ Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

“ Car. The periphrasis of a foole.” REED.



My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;  
And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.<sup>5</sup>

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAC. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a  
courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—  
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket  
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAC. It is my only suit;<sup>6</sup>  
Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— Motley's *the only wear*.] It would have been unnecessary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party-coloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d Epigram:

“ ——— where, out of *motley*,<sup>s</sup> he

“ Could save that line to dedicate to thee?”

*Motley*, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *only suit*;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*. JOHNSON.

The poet meant a quibble. So Act V: “Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *as large a charter as the wind*,] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is still.” MALONE.



To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church;  
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob:<sup>8</sup> if not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
 Even by the squandring glances of the fool.<sup>9</sup>  
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,<sup>2</sup>  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst  
 do.

JAC. What, for a counter,<sup>3</sup> would I do, but good?

<sup>8</sup> Not to seem senseless of the bob:] The old copies read only—  
*Seem senseless*, &c. *Not to* were supplied by Mr. Theobald. See  
 the following note. STEEVENS.

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole *foot* in mea-  
 sure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning  
 of the passage, show it no less defective in the sense. There is no  
 doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied,  
 were either by accident wanting in the manuscript, or by inadver-  
 tence were left out. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *if not*, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear  
 touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to  
 his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is,  
*dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandring glances* or *random shots* of  
 a fool. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Cleanse the foul body of the infected world*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.”

DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for a counter*,] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that about  
 the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces  
 of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use  
 in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—— will you with *counters* sum

“The past proportion of his infinite?” STEEVENS.



DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>3</sup> itself;  
And all the embossed fores, and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAC. Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very very means do ebb?<sup>4</sup>  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, The city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery<sup>5</sup> is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; How, what then?<sup>6</sup> Let me see wherein

<sup>3</sup> *As sensual as the brutish sting*—] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

“A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*.”

Again, B. II. c. xii:

“As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *sting*,

“Had them enrag'd.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“——our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Till that the very very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *his* bravery—] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“With scarfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *There then; How, what then? &c.*] The old copy reads, very redundantly—

*There then; How then? What then? &c.* STEEVENS.



My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAC. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAC. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility:<sup>7</sup> yet am I inland bred,<sup>8</sup>  
And know some nurture:<sup>9</sup> But forbear, I say;  
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

I believe we should read—*Where then?* So, in *Othello*:

“What then? How then? *Where's* satisfaction?” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — the thorny point

*Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show*

*Of smooth civility:*] We might read *torn* with more elegance,  
but elegance alone will not justify alteration. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — inland bred,] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is  
the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he  
had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> *And know some nurture:*] *Nurture* is *education*, breeding, man-  
ners. So, in Greene's *Newer too Late*, 1616:

“He shew'd himself as full of *nurture* as of nature.”

Again, as Mr. Holt White observes to me, Barret says in his  
*Alvearie*, 1580: “It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to  
salute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis est salutare obvios.*”

STEEVENS.



*JAC.* An you will not be answered with reason,  
I must die.

*DUKE S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*ORL.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*DUKE S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*ORL.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought, that all things had been savage here;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,<sup>9</sup>  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
If ever you have look'd on better days;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;  
If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*DUKE S.* True is it that we have seen better days;  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;  
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we have,<sup>2</sup>  
That to your wanting may be ministered.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *desert inaccessible,*] This expression I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: "——— and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitarinesse of this *unaccessible desert*."

HENDERSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And take upon command what help we have,*] *Upon command,* is at your own command. STEEVENS.



ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food.<sup>3</sup> There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—  
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S. Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORL. I thank ye; and be blest'd for your good  
comfort! [Exit.

DUKE S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-  
happy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
“Hasting to feed her fawn.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Wherein we play in.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more  
correctly reads:

*Wherein we play.*

I believe with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—

*Wherein we play.*

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete  
the measure; viz.

“*Why*, all the world's a stage.”

Thus, in *Hamlet*:

“*Hor.* So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't.

“*Ham.* *Why*, man, they did make love to their employment.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“*Why*, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.”

Again, *ibid*:

“*Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done.”

In twenty other instances we find the same adverb introductorily  
used. STEEVENS.



7A2. All the world's a stage,<sup>4</sup>  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits, and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages.<sup>5</sup> At first, the infant,

<sup>4</sup> *All the world's a stage, &c.*] This observation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrioniam."

STEEVENS.

This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage*,

"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines:

"Unhappy man——

"Whose life a sad continual tragedie,

"Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,

"While as the acts are measur'd by his age." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *His acts being seven ages.*] Dr. Warburton observes, that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramattick piece antecedent to Shakspeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In *God's Promises*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Mystery*) by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramattick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into seven periods. In *the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing



Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
 And then,<sup>6</sup> the whining school-boy, with his fatchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;  
 Sighing like furnace,<sup>7</sup> with a woeful ballad

the space of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-fixe, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe.”

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173.

MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print entitled, *The stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession; and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, “I could have better spared a better print.” I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy *with his fatchel* hanging over his shoulders. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And then,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Sighing like furnace,] So, in *Cymbeline*: “—he *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him—.” MALONE.



Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,<sup>7</sup>  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick<sup>8</sup> in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,<sup>9</sup>  
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— a soldier ;

*Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,*] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

" ——— Your soldiers face—the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard." STEEVENS.

*Beards* of different cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. sc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— sudden and quick —] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— I grant him sudden,  
 " Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Full of wise saws and modern instances,*] It is remarkable that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *καινόν*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

*Modern* means *trite, common*. So, in *K. John*:

" And scorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in this play, Act IV. sc. i: " ——— betray themselves to *modern* censure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: " ——— to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *The sixth age shifts*

*Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ;*] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here com-



With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable  
 burden,<sup>3</sup>  
 And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

paring human life to a *stage play* of seven acts, (which is no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloone*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in slippers. WARBURTON.

In *The Travels of the three English Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's house, in which among other characters he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*." But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalone* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in slippers." In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloone*," but there is no farther description of him. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakspeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*? XIII. 125,

" ——— *Patre inque*

" *Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros.*"

JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, translates it thus:

" ——— upon his backe

" His aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe*."

STEEVENS.



ADAM. So had you need;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble  
you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—  
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

S O N G.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;<sup>3</sup>  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,<sup>4</sup>  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.*

<sup>3</sup> *Thou art not so unkind, &c.]* That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy kind, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

“O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

“She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd unkind.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy tooth is not so keen,*

*Because thou art not seen,]* This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not seen*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakspeare wrote the line thus:

*Because thou art not sheen,*

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving



## II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,<sup>5</sup>  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.<sup>6</sup>  
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

the winter wind the preference. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Spangled star-light *sheen*.”

And several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense:

“ Your blisful sifter Lucina the *shene*.

And Fairfax:

“ The sacred angel took his target *shene*,

“ And by the Christian champion stood unseen.”

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

*Thou causest not that teen.*

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the winter wind was to be preferred to man's ingratitude. WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorously enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *smiling*, *shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says Amiens, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence*, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.

JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

*Because the heart's not seen.*

<sup>e</sup> *y harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. FARMER.



DUKE S. If that you were the good fir Rowland's son,—  
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Through the velvet leaves the *wind*

“ All *unseen* 'gan passage find.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ To be imprison'd in the *viewless* winds.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonson. “ I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And so, methinks too, he is much *converted*.” Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:

“ My favour here begins to *warp*.”

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon*:

“ ——— the icicle

“ That *curdled* by the frost,” &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the succeeding appears: *pinzen yceal zepeonpan peden, winter shall warp water*. So that Shakspeare's expression was anciently proverbial. It should be remarked, that among the numerous examples in *Manning's* excellent edition of *Lye's Dictionary*, there is no instance of *peonpan* or *zepeonpan*, implying to *freeze*, *bend*, *turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extensive signification.

Probably this word still retains a similar sense in the Northern part of the Island, for in a Scottish parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, “ O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,”



And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—  
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,  
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:<sup>7</sup>—  
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

I find the verse “Nor shrink before the *wintry wind*,” is altered to “Nor shrink before the *warping wind*.” HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to cast. So, in this play, Act III. sc. iii: “——then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*.” I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou *curlest* the waters, thy sting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to—*bitter sky*. The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this passage refers to the turbulence of the sky, and the consequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of frost, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* described ice as uncommonly smooth:

“To throw a perfume on the violet,

“*To smooth the ice*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As friend remember'd not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So, afterwards, Act III. sc. last:

“And now I am *remember'd*”——

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——*as thy master is:*] The old copy has—*masters*, Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



## — ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, fir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument<sup>8</sup>  
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;  
Find out thy brother, wherefoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle;<sup>9</sup> bring him dead or living,  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call  
thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

OLI. O, that your highness knew my heart in  
this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out  
of doors;

<sup>8</sup> — *an absent argument*—] An *argument* is used for the contents of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Seek *him with candle*;] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's Gospel*, ch. xv. v. 8: "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle,—and seek diligently till she find it?" STEEVENS.



And let my officers of such a nature  
 Make an extent upon his house and lands :<sup>9</sup>  
 Do this expediently,<sup>2</sup> and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
 And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,<sup>3</sup> survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *And let my officers of such a nature*

*Make an extent upon his house and lands:]* "To make an extent of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiously.* JOHNSON.

*Expedient*, throughout our author's plays, signifies—*expeditious*. So, in *King John*:

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"Are making hither with all due *expedience*," STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,  
 Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *that my full life doth sway.]* So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"M. O. A. I. doth sway my life." STEEVENS.



O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive<sup>s</sup> she. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

\* ——— *unexpressive* ———] For *inexpressible*. JOHNSON.

Milton also, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

“ Harping with loud and solemn quire,

“ With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir.”

MALONE.



nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.<sup>5</sup>

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher.<sup>6</sup>  
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly,

TOUCH. Then thou art damn'd.

COR. Nay, I hope,—

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg,<sup>7</sup> all on one side.

<sup>5</sup> — *he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physics of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his *observations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a self-taught philosopher; the disciple of nature.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *like an ill-roasted egg,*] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may



COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more foundler instance, come.

be *damn'd all on one side*; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "all on one side." Shakespeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse;—not that two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*. MALONE.



COR. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kifs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!<sup>8</sup> thou art raw.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— make incision in thee!] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ ——— O excellent king,  
 “ Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,  
 “ Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;  
 “ And so proceeds to *incision*” ———.

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reason to alter my supposition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrase to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the same expression in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *incision*, fidler.”

STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this passage justly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely mistaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who used to cut themselves in such a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to show their passion for their mistresses, by drinking their healths, or writing verses to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this custom, see a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. iii: M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *thou art raw.*] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced.



COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;<sup>2</sup> and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

ROS. *From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,<sup>3</sup>  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair of Rosalind.<sup>4</sup>*

So, in *Hamlet*: "——and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——*bawd to a bell-wether*;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——*fairest lin'd*,] i. e. most fairly *delineated*. Modern editors read—*limn'd*, but without authority, from the ancient copies.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *But the fair of Rosalind*.] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. i. The



TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;  
dinner, and supper, and sleeping hours excepted:  
it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.<sup>4</sup>

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.*

modern editors read—the face of *Rosalind*. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading:

“Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemone

“The absence of fair Rosalynde,

“Since for her *faire* there is fairer none,” &c.

Again,

“And hers the *faire* which all men do respect.” STEEVENS.

*Face* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— rate to market.] So, Sir T. Hanmer. In the former editions—rank to market. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plausibly, proposes to read—*rant*. Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line in an ancient medley. The sense designed, however, might have been—“it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is *riding* to market.” So, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 7:

“And use a kinde of *ridynge rime*”——.

*Ratt-ryme*, however, in Scotch, signifies some verse repeated by rote. See Ruddiman's Glossary to G. Douglas's *Virgil*. STEEVENS.

The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be “the very false gallop of verses.”

HENLEY.

I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *bobbling* metre of these verses, (says Touchstone,) is like the *ambling, shuffling* pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

“Nothing so much, as *mincing* poetry;

“'Tis like the forc'd gait of a *shuffling* nag.” MALONE.



*Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
 So must slender Rosalind.  
 They that reap, must sheaf and bind;  
 Then to cart with Rosalind.  
 Sweetest nut bath sowrest rind,  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find,  
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses;<sup>5</sup> Why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*TOUCH.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit<sup>6</sup> in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*TOUCH.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

*CEL.* *Why should this desert silent be?*<sup>7</sup>  
*For it is unpeopled? No;*

<sup>5</sup> *This is the very false gallop of verses;*] So, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *the earliest fruit* —] Shakspeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *latest* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Why should this desert silent be?*] This is commonly printed:  
*Why should this a desert be?*



Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show.<sup>8</sup>  
 Some, how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age.  
 Some, of violated vows  
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:  
 But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence' end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write;  
 Teaching all that read, to know  
 The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little show.<sup>9</sup>

but although the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense still is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read:

*Why should this desert silent be?* TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deserves, I have paid to it, by inserting it in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That shall civil sayings show.*] *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. JOHNSON.

*Civil*, I believe, is not designedly opposed to *solitary*. It means only *grave*, or *solemn*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv:

“Where is Malvolio? he is *sad* and *civil*.”

i. e. *grave* and *demure*.

Again, in *A Woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“That fourteen yards of satin give my woman;

“I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *in little show.*] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was—“*painted in little.*”

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: “—a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture in little.*” STEEVENS.



Therefore heaven nature charg'd<sup>2</sup>  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;  
 Cleopatra's majesty;  
 Atalanta's better part;<sup>3</sup>  
 Sad<sup>4</sup> Lucretia's modesty.

<sup>2</sup> Therefore heaven nature charg'd—] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώραν, ὅτι πάντῃσι 'Ολύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσα  
 Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.

So, before:

“ — But thou

“ So perfect, and so peerless, art created

“ Of every creature's best.” *Tempest*.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Atalanta's better part;] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the better part seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus Ovid:

— nec dicere posses,

Laude pedum, formæque bono præstantior esset.

Ut faciem, et posito corpus velamine vidit,

Obstupuit—.

But cannot Atalanta's better part mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's *Natural History*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of Atalanta and Helen, *utraq; excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*; that is, “both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one [Atalanta] of



*Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd;  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches' dearest priz'd.*

them to be a *maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance," as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgement in painting. TOLLET.

I suppose Atalanta's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. FARMER.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: "—— who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of Troy, *Polixene*, *Calliope*, yea *Atalanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpasse, *Pandora* in qualities, *Penelope* and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface,"

Again, *ibid*:

"*Polixene* fayre, *Caliop*, and

"*Penelop* may give place;

"*Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre

"She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid*: "*Atalanta* who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle."

It may be observed, that Statius also in his sixth *Thebaid*, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of CEnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage: "—— as swift a *wit* as *Atalanta's* heels."

MALONE.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,

"Had *Rachel's* comely face, and *Leah's* fruitful womb:

"*Sarah's* obedience, *Lydia's* open heart,

"And *Martha's* care, and *Mary's better part*," WHALLEY.

The following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, 1613, might lead one to suppose that *Atalanta's better part* was her *lips*:

"—— That eye was *Juno's*;

"Those *lips* were her's that won the golden ball;

"That virgin blush *Diana's*."

Be this as it may, these lines show that *Atalanta* was considered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may serve to support Mr. Tollet's first interpretation.



*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.*

ROS. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

CEL. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, firrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

It is observable that the story of Atalanta in the Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is interwoven with that of *Venus and Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines most material to the present point run thus in Golding's Translation, 1567:

“ She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell

“ Thee, whether she did in footemanshippe or *beautie* more excell.”

“ — he did condemne the young men's love. But when

“ He saw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then

“ *Did strip her to her naked skin,*) the which was like to mine,

“ Or rather, if that thou wast made a woman, like to thine,

“ He was amaz'd.”

“ — And though that she

“ Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee

“ More wondered at her *beautie*, then at swiftnesse of her pace;

“ Her running greatly did augment her *beautie* and her grace.”

MALONE.

The passage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, has no reference to the *ball* of Atalanta, but to the *golden apple* which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that “ *Atalanta's better part*” means only—the *best part about her*, such as was most commended. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Sad*—] Is grave, sober, not light. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:—“ She is never *sad* but when she sleeps.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the touches*—] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition.” STEEVENS.



CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:<sup>6</sup> I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,<sup>7</sup> which I can hardly remember.

<sup>6</sup> ——— a palm-tree:] A *palm-tree*, in the forest of *Arden* is as much out of its place, as the *lioneſs* in a ſubſequent ſcene. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an *Irish rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. Dr. Grey has produced a ſimilar paſſage from *Randolph*:

“ ——— My poets

“ Shall with a ſatire, ſteep'd in gall and vinegar,

“ Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland*.”

JOHNSON.

So, in an addreſs to the reader, at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

“ Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*

“ In drumming tunes.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Defence of Poefie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: “ Though I will not wiſh unto you—to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubonax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*”—. MALONE.



CEL. Trow you, who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

ROS. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;<sup>7</sup> but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.<sup>8</sup>

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.*] “Montes duo inter se concurrerunt,” &c. says Pliny, *Hist. Nat. Lib. II. c. lxxxiii.* or in Holland's translation: “Two hills (removed by an earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise.” TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *out of all whooping!*] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. So, in the Old Ballad of Yorke, *Yorke for my money, &c.* 1584:

“And then was shooting, *out of cry*,

“The skantling at a handful nie.”

Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

“I have beraed myself *out of cry*.” STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, “out of all cry.” The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. So, in *A Chaste Maide of Cheapside*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: “I'll sell all at an *outcry*.” MALONE.

An *outcry* is still a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.



Ros. Good my complexion!<sup>2</sup> dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.<sup>3</sup> I pr'ythee, tell

<sup>2</sup> *Good my complexion!*] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough; and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

*Good my complexion!*] My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, can't thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

*Good my complexion!* is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-sea of discoverie*. STEEVENS.

This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off discovery*, i. e. *from discovery*. “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is.” WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

*One inch of delay more is a South-sea.* Discover, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover* I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay* however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the *South-sea* on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

*Of for off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the *South-sea*.

FARMER.

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of Rosalind, restored. A *South-sea of discovery*, is not a discovery, as FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the *South-sea*; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. HENLEY.

On a further consideration of this passage I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—*a South-sea discovery*. “Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as



me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly,

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.<sup>4</sup>

CEL. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?<sup>5</sup> What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ———*Speak sad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? HEATH.



CEL. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth<sup>6</sup> first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies,<sup>7</sup> as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROS. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Garagantua's mouth*—] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

*Garagantua* swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a fallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was published, "*Garagantua his Prophecie*." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, *The History of Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewise mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, in 1575. Some translator of one of these pieces is censured by Hall, in his *Second Book of Satires*:

"But who conjur'd, &c.

"Or wicked *Rablais* drunken revellings

"To grace the misrule of our tavernings?" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to count atomies*,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

"An *atomie* (says Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 1616) is a *mote* flying in the funne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *when it drops forth such fruit*.] The old copy reads—*when it drops forth fruit*. The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, "when it drops forth," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:



CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.<sup>9</sup>

CEL. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,<sup>2</sup> I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.<sup>3</sup>

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

" ——— woman's gentle brain

" Could not *drop forth such* giant-rude invention."

This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *such a sight, it well becomes the ground.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— Such a sight as this

" Becomes the field," ——— STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Cry, holla! *to thy tongue.*] The old copy has — *the tongue*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

" His flattering *holla*, or his *stand I say*?"

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

" *Holla!* stand there." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to kill my heart.*] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. STEEVENS.

Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" Why, that contempt will *kill* the speaker's *heart*."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, shows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written instead of *heart*, as it is in the present instance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.



*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

CEL. You bring me out :—Soft ! comes he not here ?

ROS. 'Tis he ; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

JAC. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAC. God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAC. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAC. Rosalind is your love's name ?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAC. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

JAC. What stature is she of ?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAC. You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

ORL. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>4</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

<sup>4</sup> — but I answer you right painted cloth,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottoes and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

“ Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
“ Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.” THEOBALD.



JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with

So, in Barnaby Riche's *Soldier's Wisbe to Britons welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a historie, a booke of a discourse, a foole of a fashion," &c.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "Now will I see if my memory will serve for some *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty posy for you.

"—No, no; I'll have one shall favour of a saw.—

"Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

"——I have seen in *Mother Redcap's* hall

"In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in publick houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings perhaps moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557: "Mayster Thomas More in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John*:

"He *speaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and smoke."

STEEVENS.

*I answer you right painted cloth*, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*: that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in *K. Henry V*:

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"He *speaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I answer you right *in the stile* of painted cloth." We had before in this play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's translation of *Ovid*, 1567:

"——the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."



me? and we two will rail against our mistrefs the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world,<sup>5</sup> but myself; against whom I know most faults.

JAC. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAC. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

ORL. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

JAC. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

JAC. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantastick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, octavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language:

“ Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:

“ Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;

“ Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

“ And ever have an eye unto the door;

“ Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;

“ Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare;

“ And turn the colt to pasture with the mare;” &c.

That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (signat. H 5.) which has been already quoted: “ This is a comelie parlour,—and faire clothes, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many wise sayings painted upon them.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —no breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81st Sonnet:

“ When all the *breathers of this world* are dead.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ She shows a body, rather than a life;

“ A statue, than a *breather*.” MALONE.



ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[Exit JAQUES.—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.]

ROS. I will speak to him like a faucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORL. Very well; What would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't a clock?

ORL. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, fir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,<sup>6</sup> and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps

<sup>6</sup> Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract, &c.] And yet in *Much ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites." In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious.



easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdes, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed<sup>4</sup> a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man;<sup>5</sup> one that

<sup>4</sup> — removed —] i. e. remote, sequestered. REED.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:

“From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — in-land man;] Is used in this play for one civilised, in opposition to the rustick of the priest. So, Orlando before—  
“Yet am I inland bred, and know some nurture.” JOHNSON.

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

“His presence made the rudest peasant melt,

“That in the vast uplandish cuntry dwelt.”



knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,<sup>6</sup> and sunken; which you have not: an unques-

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "—or finally in any *uplandish* village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rusticall or uncivill people."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —a blue eye,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes.

STEEVENS.



tionable spirit;<sup>7</sup> which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having<sup>8</sup> in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd,<sup>9</sup> your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you

<sup>7</sup> ——— *an unquestionable spirit*;] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, “The Duke is too *disputable* for me, *that is, too disputatious*.” JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with*? CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation.

So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Demetrius says to Helena—

“I will not stay your *question*.”

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio says—

“I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew.”

In the very next scene, Rosalind says—“I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.” And in the last scene, Jaques de Bois says—“The Duke was converted after some *question* with a religious man.” In all which places, *question* means *discourse* or conversation. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *your having* ———] Having is possession, estate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “The gentleman is of no *having*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Then your hose should be ungarter'd, &c.*] These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: “Shall I that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ab me's* once a quarter, now practise *ab me's* every minute? Shall I defy *bat-bands*, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes.” Again, in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

“—— I was once like thee

“A figher, melancholy humorist,

“Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,

“A *bat-band hater*, and a busk-point wearer.” MALONE.



are no such man; you are rather point-device<sup>9</sup> in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhimes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth,<sup>2</sup> grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *point-device* ———] i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I hate such insociable and *point-device* companions." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *a moonish youth*,] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O swear not by the *moon*, th' *inconstant moon*." STEEVENS.



shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness;<sup>2</sup> which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a found sheep's heart,<sup>3</sup> that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me

<sup>2</sup> ——— to a living humour of madness;] If this be the true reading we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus—*I drove my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness*. Or rather thus—*From a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness*, that is, “from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*.” This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet: and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—to a humour of loving madness. FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him *from* love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. A *living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living* madness, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad humour of life*; “——to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— as clean as a found sheep's heart,] This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. A *sheep's heart*, before it is drest, is always split and washed, that the blood within it may be dislodged. STEEVENS.



Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; <sup>2</sup> JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Audrey;*] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Doth my simple feature content you?*] says the Clown to Audrey. “Your *features*! (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features*?” I doubt not, this should be—your *feature*! Lord warrant us! *what's feature?* FARMER.

*Feat* and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features of his* face content her, she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glue; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *failors*, which signify *rascals, low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in the second Part of *King Henry IV.* and Spenser very frequently. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

“ I see then, *artless feature* can content,  
“ And that true beauty needs no ornament.”



AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.<sup>4</sup>

JAC. O knowledge ill-inhabited!<sup>5</sup> worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [*Aside.*]

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:<sup>6</sup>— Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ It is my fault, not she, that merits blame;

“ My *feature* is not to content her sight;

“ My words are rude, and work her no delight.”

*Feature* appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

“ Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth,

“ Approves her fit for none but for a king.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourfome, fantastical, &c. but lascivious. HOR. Epod. 10. Libidinofus immolabitur caper. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Trist. V. 7. The *thatch'd house* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta palustri.* UPTON.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lodged. An unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of *the quarter of an hour of Rabelais*: who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the



AUD. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.<sup>6</sup>

AUD. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCH. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAC. A material fool!<sup>7</sup> [Aside.

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a

reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into—*It strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing: the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not Shakspeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead*, in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and what they swear in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent: perhaps it were better read thus—*What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.*

JOHNSON.

I would read—*It may be said, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> A material fool!] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.



foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.<sup>8</sup>

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAC. I would fain see this meeting. [Aside.

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

<sup>8</sup> — I am foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*.

HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *foul slut*, says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul*, i. e. *full*. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*.

TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, instead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the first quarto, 1598, "—and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words seem to have been spelled by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey says, she is not *fair*, i. e. *handsome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The Clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut*, (i. e. an ill favoured dirty creature) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut* (no dirty drab) though in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (homeliness) i. e. for being as she is. "Well, (adds he) praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, sluttishness may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither *coy* or ill-humoured; but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So, in the next scene but one, Rosalind says to Phebe—

"*Foul* is most *foul*, being *foul*, to be a scoffer."

M. MASON.



*TOUCH.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?<sup>8</sup> Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence<sup>9</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*

Here comes fir Oliver:<sup>2</sup>—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

<sup>8</sup> ——— *what though?*] What then? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *defence*—] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in *Hamlet*: “—— and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your *defence*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *fir Oliver*:] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevisa*.

JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“—— *Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer.”



SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAC. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, fir? You are very well met: God'ild you<sup>3</sup> for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, fir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

JAC. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow,<sup>4</sup> fir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAC. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

Again, "We'll all go to church together, and so save Sir John a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

<sup>3</sup> — God'ild you —] i. e. God yield you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"And the gods yield you for't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — his bow,] i. e. his yoke. The ancient yoke in form resembled a bow. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Vol. III. p. 493. STEEVENS.



together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*TOUCH.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

*JAC.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*TOUCH.* Come, sweet Audrey;  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,<sup>s</sup>  
Leave me not behi' thee;  
But—Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt JACQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*

*SIR OLI.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

<sup>s</sup> *Not—O sweet Oliver,  
O brave, &c.]* Some words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:

*Clo.* *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.*



## SCENE IV.

*The same. Before a Cottage.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**ROS.* Never talk to me, I will weep.*CEL.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.*Jaques.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [They whisper.]*Clo.* Farewel, good fir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,—but*Wend away,**Begone, I say,**I will not to wedding with thee to-day.*

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown dismisses fir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just.

*O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you,* is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600.

STEEVENS.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. sc. i:

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. MALONE.

*O sweet Oliver.* The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than



*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*CEL.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*CEL.* Something browner than Judas's:<sup>6</sup> marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's *Underwood*:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *sweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the same allusion:

"Do not stink, *sweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

"*O sweete Olyver*

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "*The answere of O sweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: "*O sweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *juncto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are still used provincially: and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

*Not—O sweet Oliver!*

*O brave Oliver!*

*Leave me not behi' thee——*

*But—wind away,*

*Begone, I say,*

*I will not to wedding wi' thee.* FARMER.

To produce the necessary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakspeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

*Wind* is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Something browner than Judas's:]* See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a passage in the fourth scene of the first Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from both which it appears that *Judas* was con-



Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.<sup>7</sup>

CEL. An excellent colour: your chefnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.<sup>8</sup>

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:<sup>9</sup> a nun of winter's sisterhood<sup>2</sup> kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

stantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair and beard*.

So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *as the touch of holy bread.*] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *a pair of cast lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — *a nun of winter's sisterhood*—] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakspeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

"But riches fineless is *as poor as winter*

"To him that ever fears he shall be poor."



*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*CEL.* Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*CEL.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,<sup>3</sup> or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*CEL.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*CEL.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“To be a *barren sister* all your life,

“Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitless* moon.”

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has most effectually supported the old reading. In one circumstance, however, he is mistaken. *The Golden Legend*, p. ccc1, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her sisterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — as concave as a cover'd goblet,] Why a *cover'd*? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakspeare never throws out his expressions at random. WARBURTON.

Warburton asks, “Why a cover'd goblet?”—and answers, “Because a goblet is never covered but when empty.” If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.



*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>4</sup> with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*CEL.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart<sup>5</sup> the

<sup>4</sup> — *much question*—] i. e. conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“You may as well use *question* with the wolf.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *quite traverse, athwart, &c.*] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas says, “*The wind took such hold of his staff that it crost quite over his breast,*” &c.—And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

“Methought some staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:

“For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.

“One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be,” &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable,) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: “—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress.”

STEEVENS.

*A puny tilter, that breaks his staff like a noble goose:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a



heart of his lover ;<sup>s</sup> as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*COR.* Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*CEL.* Well, and what of him?

*COR.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove ;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaster*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"He shall for this time only be feel'd up

"With a *feather through his nose*, that he may only

"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Fyshing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ——— of his lover ;] i. e. of his mistress. See Vol. IV. p. 211, note 3. MALONE.



## SCENE V.

*Another part of the Forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,  
Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness: The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd fight of death makes  
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— Will you sterner be

*Than he that dies and and lives by bloody drops?*] This is spoken  
of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will:  
but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet must certainly  
have wrote:

——— *that deals and lives, &c.*

i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads:  
but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

*Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.*

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*,  
wants its proper construction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may  
serve the purpose; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon  
the wrong word, and should rather read:

*Than he that dies his lips by bloody drops?*

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose  
*lips* are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops*  
implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means  
as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In  
this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die*  
as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakspeare is fond of opposing  
these terms to each other.



*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

“ ——— all with purple hands

“ *Dy'd* in the *dying* slaughter of their foes.”

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn:

“ He that *dyed* so oft in sport,

“ *Dyed* at last, no colour for't.”

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

“ Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman? alack,

“ Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?

“ *Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when customers call;

“ But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

“ Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,

“ *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead.”

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

“ We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the best game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big swelling legs.

“ He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,

“ Whose shanks are bigger than his thigh;

“ Yet is his luck a little worse

“ That often *dyes* before he *die*.”

“ Where ye see the words *course* and *die* used in divers senses, one giving the *rebound* to the other.” STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the same conceit, and uses almost our authour's words:

#### OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

“ Turbine, the *dyer*, stalks before his dore,

“ Like Cæsar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;

“ And though the beggar be as proud as poore,

“ Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*.”

Again, *On the same*:

“ Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;

“ For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*.” MALONE.

*He that lives and dies*, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth Act of this play, “ *live* and *die* a shepherd.” TOLLET.

To *die* and *live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in



Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,<sup>7</sup>  
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill  
 thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,<sup>8</sup>  
 The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>9</sup>  
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,  
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
 That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,  
 If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,] *Sure for surely*. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— lean but upon a rush,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The cicatrice and capable impressure*—] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure*, hollow mark. JOHNSON.

*Capable*, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uses the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

“His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

“Would make them *capable*.”)

hence, with his usual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.



You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>2</sup>  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who  
might be your mother,<sup>3</sup>  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,<sup>4</sup>  
Over the wretched? What though you have more  
beauty,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *power of fancy,*] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *That you insult, exult, and all at once,*] If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and *exulting*; then, instead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus:

*That you insult, exult, and rail at once.*

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARBURTON.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *What though you have more beauty,*] The old copy reads:  
—— *What though you have no beauty.* STEEVENS.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

That *no* is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I seen high disdain turned to hot desires.—Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors;



(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,  
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work:<sup>6</sup>—Od's my little life!

but omission (as I have often observed) is of all the modes of emendation the most exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*," Again, in *The Tempest*: "*Mo* widows of this business making—" Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. As *no* is here printed instead of *mo*, so in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind,) *though* by my faith," &c. (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) "must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

"——— Say, this becomes him,  
 " (*As* his composure must be rare indeed  
 " Whom these things *cannot* blemish,) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" But say that he or we, (*as neither have*),  
 " Receiv'd that sum," &c.

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605:  
 "I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have any* skill in sooth-  
 saying (*as* in sooth I have *none*) it doth prognosticate that I shall  
 change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

As *mo* (unless rhyme demands it) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of spelling the word in question. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* should occur twice afterwards in the same speech? STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Of nature's sale-work:*] Those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.



I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—  
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.<sup>7</sup>—  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man,  
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.<sup>8</sup>  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

*PHE.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;  
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness,<sup>9</sup> and  
 she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast  
 as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce  
 her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

*PHE.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,

<sup>7</sup> *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“*Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *with her foulness,*] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer; the other editions—*your foulness.* JOHNSON.



'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—  
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—  
 Come, sister:—Shepherdes, look on him better,  
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.<sup>2</sup>  
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

PHE. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;  
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*<sup>3</sup>

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
 If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
 Were both extermin'd.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *though all the world could see,*  
*None could be so abus'd in sight as he.*] Though all mankind  
 could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you  
 beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*  
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*] The second  
 of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, fig. B b.  
 where it stands thus:

“Where both deliberate, the love is flight:

“*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*”

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the  
 Muses*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600,  
 p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was so popular, (as appears from many  
 of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it must have  
 been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the  
 audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen  
 of Verona*.—The “dead shepherd,” Marlowe, was killed in a  
 brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe,  
 had been published before the year 1600; it being entered in the  
 Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE,



*PHE.* Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

*SIL.* I would have you.

*PHE.* Why, that were covetousness.  
*Silvius*, the time was, that I hated thee;  
 And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
 But do not look for further recompense,  
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*SIL.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
 And I in such a poverty of grace,  
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
 To glean the broken ears after the man  
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
 A scatter'd smile,<sup>3</sup> and that I'll live upon.

*PHE.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me  
 ere while?

*SIL.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
 And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
 That the old carlot once was master of.<sup>4</sup>

*PHE.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
 'Tis but a peevish boy:<sup>5</sup>—yet he talks well;—  
 But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
 It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

<sup>3</sup> *To glean the broken ears after the man*

*That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then*

*A scatter'd smile,]* Perhaps Shakspeare owed this image to the second chapter of the book of *Ruth*:—"Let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That the old carlot once was master of.]* i. e. peasant, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakspeare's coinage. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — *a peevish boy:]* *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies weak, filly. So, in *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy." STEEVENS.



But, fure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:  
 He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him  
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
 He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:<sup>6</sup>  
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
 There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
 A little riper and more lusty red  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.<sup>7</sup>  
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
 I have more cause<sup>8</sup> to hate him than to love him:  
 For what had he to do to chide at me?  
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;  
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again:  
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
 And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight;  
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart:  
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:  
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:]* The old copy reads:  
*He is not very tall, &c.*

For the sake of metre, I have omitted the useless adverb—*very*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the constant red, and mingled damask.]* “Constant red” is uniform red. “Mingled damask” is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I have more cause—]* *I*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.*

JAK. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better<sup>7</sup> acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

JAK. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAK. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAK. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;<sup>8</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the fundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.<sup>9</sup>

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own

<sup>7</sup> — *let me be better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *which is nice*;] i. e. silly, trifling. So, in *K. Richard III*:  
“But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial.”

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. ii:

<sup>9</sup> — *my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.*] The old copy reads—in a most, &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps we should rather read “*and which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.*” MALONE.



lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAC. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAC. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

ROS. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>9</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.<sup>2</sup>—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

As this speech concludes with a sentence at once ungrammatical and obscure, I have changed a single letter in it; and instead of "*in a most humorous sadness,*" have ventured to read—" *is a most humorous sadness.*" Jaques first informs Rosalind what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a less degree of violence cannot be employed. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *disable* —] i. e. undervalue. So afterwards:—" he *disabled* my judgement." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *swam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakespeare. JOHNSON.



ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:<sup>3</sup> Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *than you can make a woman:*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In some places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and dusky, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but also the corn on the ground," &c. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, *facies*, *frons*, *vultus*. So it is used in *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV. sc. ii:

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." TOLLET.



*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*ORL.* I would kifs, before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kifs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kifs.

*ORL.* How if the kifs be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*ORL.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*ORL.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*ORL.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean skin. So, in *Isumbras* MSS. Cott. Cal. II. fol. 129:

“ His lady is white as whales bone,

“ Here *lere* bryghte to se upon,

“ So fair as blofme on tre.” STEEVENS.

5 ——— (*God warn us!*)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of—“ God ward us,” i. e. defend us, it must mean, “ summon us to himself.” So, in *King Richard III*:

“ And sent to warn them to his royal presence.”

STEEVENS.



ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost fix thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age<sup>s</sup> found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

<sup>s</sup> ——— chroniclers of that age——] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: “The *coroner* hath sat on her, and *finds it—Christian burial.*” I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly used in its forensic sense. MALONE.

I am surprized that Sir Thomas Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury.

M. MASON.



ROS. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

CEL. Go to:——*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest;<sup>6</sup> and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

<sup>6</sup> ——— There a girl goes before the priest;] The old copy reads—*“There's a girl,”* &c. The emendation in the text was proposed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.



*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

*ORL.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,<sup>7</sup> and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>8</sup> and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,*] The allusion is to the cross in Cheapside; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe,) in 1596, "There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaſter image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III. sc. iii:

" ——— Now could I cry  
" Like any image in a fountain, which  
" Runs lamentations."

And again in *Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II.* by Drayton:

" Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,  
" Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands." *WHALLEY.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.

So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

" ——— Methinks I see her laughing,  
" Excellent Hyena!"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.



ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors<sup>9</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*<sup>2</sup>

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

<sup>9</sup> — Make *the doors*—] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“The doors are *made* against you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.

JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: “My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury,” &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

“Wit:—is the word strange to you? *Wit?*—

“*Whither wilt thou?*”

Again, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatfworth of Wit*, 1621:

“*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,

“Thou hast brought me to this miserie.”

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal.

MALONE.



*ROS.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,<sup>3</sup> unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>4</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*ORL.* For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*ROS.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*ORL.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*ROS.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*ORL.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*ROS.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise,

<sup>3</sup> *You shall never take her without her answer,]* See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149:

“ Ye, fire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?

“ Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,

“ That I shall yeve hire suffisant answere,

“ And alle women after for hire sake;

“ That though they ben in any gilt ytake,

“ With face bold they shul hemselfe excuse,

“ And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.

“ For lack of answere, non of us shall dien.

“ Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,

“ Yet shul we so visage it hardely,

“ And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,

“ That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees.”

TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *make her fault her husband's occasion,]* That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's accusation.* JOHNSON.



or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise,<sup>5</sup> and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

ROS. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:<sup>6</sup> Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

CEL. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.<sup>7</sup>

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out,

<sup>5</sup> — *I will think you the most pathological break-promise,*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning:

“ ——— most pathological nit.” STEEVENS.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promise, Rosalind means a lover whose falsehood would most deeply affect his mistress.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:]* So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And that old common arbitrator, Time,

“ Will one day end it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *to her own nest.]* So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: And “ I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?” STEEVENS,



*ROS.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,<sup>7</sup> conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.<sup>8</sup>

*CEL.* And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter JACQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

*JACQ.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

*1 LORD.* Sir, it was I.

*JACQ.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*2 LORD.* Yes, sir.

*JACQ.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *begot of thought,*] i. e. of melancholy. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ——— take *thought*, and die for Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

“ Weep our sad bosoms empty.” STEEVENS.



## S O N G.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*<sup>8</sup>

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*<sup>9</sup>

*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

The rest shall  
bear this bur-  
den.

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[Exeunt,

<sup>8</sup> *His leather skin, and horns to wear,*] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the shoulders, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntynge, that is cleped Mayster of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *smyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes stroke*, and he be recouered by sonne going doune, he shall haue the *skyn*, &c."

STEEVENS,

<sup>9</sup> *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our authour had without doubt attentively read, we find these lines:

"But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn*,

"If Philip front him with an English *horn*." MALONE,

To *take scorn* is a phrase that occurs again in *King Henry VI*, P. I, Act IV. sc. iv:

"And *take foul scorn*, to fawn on him by fending."

STEEVENS,



SCENE III.<sup>2</sup>*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!<sup>3</sup>

*CEL.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*SIL.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—

<sup>2</sup> The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and here much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the least authority:

*I wonder much, Orlando is not here.* STEEVENS.

The word *much* should be explained. It is an expression of latitude, and taken in various senses. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have still this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be sure to see him there *much*!" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet say, "I shall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they shall get nothing. MALONE.

*Here much Orlando!* is spoken ironically on Rosalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement. HOLT WHITE.

*Much*, in our author's time, was an expression denoting admiration. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv:

"What, with two points on your shoulder? *much*!"

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"'Tis *much*!—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

*Much*! was more frequently used to indicate disdain. See notes on the first of the two passages quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.



My gentle Phebe bid me<sup>4</sup> give you this:  
[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,  
 By the stern brow, and waspish action  
 Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
 It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,  
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
 And play the swaggerer;<sup>5</sup> bear this, bear all:  
 She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
 She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me  
 Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!  
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
 Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,  
 This is a letter of your own device.

*SIL.* No, I protest, I know not the contents;  
 Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
 A freestone-colour'd hand;<sup>6</sup> I verily did think  
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;  
 She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:

<sup>4</sup> ——— *bid me*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*did bid me*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Patience herself would startle at this letter,*  
*And play the swaggerer;]* So, in *Measure for Measure*:  
 “This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Phebe did write it.*

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,——  
*I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,*  
*A freestone-colour'd hand;]* As this passage now stands, the  
 metre of the first line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for  
 why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands, unless  
 Silvius had said something about them?—I have no doubt but the  
 line originally ran thus:

*Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.*  
 And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. M. MASON.



I say, she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

ROS. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,  
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain<sup>3</sup>  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the  
letter?

SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [Reads.  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—*

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

ROS. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance<sup>4</sup> to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move?*

<sup>3</sup> ——— woman's gentle brain——] Old copy—women's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— vengeance——] is used for mischief. JOHNSON.



*He, that brings this love to thee,  
 Little knows this love in me :  
 And by him seal up thy mind ;  
 Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>5</sup>  
 Will the faithful offer take  
 Of me, and all that I can make ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Or else by him my love deny,  
 And then I'll study how to die.*

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—  
 Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make  
 thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee!  
 not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for,  
 I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,)<sup>7</sup> and say this  
 to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love  
 thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless  
 thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence,  
 and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you  
 know

<sup>5</sup> — youth and kind—] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

JOHNSON,

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: “You must think this, look you,  
 that the worm will do his *kind*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — all that I can make;] i. e. raise as profit from any thing.  
 So, in *Measure for Measure*: “He’s in for a commodity of brown  
 paper; of which he *made* five marks ready money.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,] This term was,  
 in our author’s time, frequently used to express a poor contempti-  
 ble fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: “—— and you,  
 poor *snakes*, come seldom to a booty.”

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“—— the poorest *snake*,

“That feeds on lemons, pilchards——.” MALONE.



Where, in the purlieus<sup>6</sup> of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand,<sup>7</sup> brings you to the place:  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then I should know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister:*<sup>8</sup> *but the woman low,*<sup>9</sup>  
*And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

<sup>6</sup> ——— purlieus of this forest,] *Purlieu*, says Manwood's *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoining unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old."

REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, describes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Left on your right hand,] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— bestows himself

*Like a ripe sister:*] Of this quaint phraseology there is an example in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours?" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— but the woman low,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre. I suspect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose. MALONE.



And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin;<sup>9</sup> Are you he?

*ROS.* I am: What must we understand by this?

*OLI.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*CEL.* I pray you, tell it.

*OLI.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour;<sup>2</sup> and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,<sup>3</sup>  
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself!  
Under an oak,<sup>4</sup> whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *napkin*;] i. e. *handkerchief*. Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lock-ram *napkins* with weeping."

*Napery*, indeed, signifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

" — pr'ythee put me into wholesome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Besides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Within an hour*;] We must read—*within two hours*. JOHNSON.  
May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time*?

TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> — *of sweet and bitter fancy*,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*,—a bitter pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Under an oak*,] The ancient copy reads—Under an *old* oak; but as this epithet hurts the measure, without improvement of the sense, (for we are told in the same line that its "boughs were moss'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unquestionable interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Under an oak, &c.*] The passage stands thus in Lodge's no-



A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,<sup>s</sup>  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast,  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

vel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses: and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easly discerne his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverisham*, 1592:

"——— the starven lioness

"When she is dry-suckt of her eager young." STEEVENS.



This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same  
brother;  
And he did render him<sup>6</sup> the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI. And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lions?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lions,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling<sup>7</sup>  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CEL. Are you his brother?

ROS. Was it you he rescu'd?

CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill  
him?

OLI. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?—

<sup>6</sup> *And he did render him—*] i. e. describe him. MALONE.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ May drive us to a *render* where we have liv'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *in which hurtling—*] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air.”

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591: “ —hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and *bustled* thither,” &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

“ All *hurtlen* forth, and she with princely pace,” &c.

Again, B. I. c. viii:

“ Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire.”

STEEVENS.



OLI. By, and by.  
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As, how I came into that desert place;<sup>8</sup>——  
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
 Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love;  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
 The lions had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
 Dy'd in this blood;<sup>9</sup> unto the shepherd youth  
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-  
 mede? [ROSALIND faints.]

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on  
 blood.

<sup>8</sup> *As, how I came into that desert place;*] I believe, a line following this has been lost. MALONE.

*As, in this place, signifies—as for instance.* So, in *Hamlet*:  
 “*As, stars with trains of fire,*” &c.

I suspect no omission. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Dy'd in this blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio changed *this* blood unnecessarily to—*his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his*, is imputable only to the compositor, who casually omitted the *t*. Either reading may serve; and certainly that of the second folio is not the worst, because it prevents the disgusting repetition of the pronoun *this*, with which the present speech is infested. STEEVENS.



CEL. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!<sup>2</sup>

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would, I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither:—  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—  
You lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, fir,<sup>3</sup> a body would  
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell  
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh  
ho!—

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great  
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion  
of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-  
feit to be a man.

ROS. So I do: but, i'faith I should have been a  
woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,  
draw homewards:—Good fir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,  
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Cousin—Ganymede!*] Celia in her first fright forgets  
Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recol-  
lects herself, and says, *Ganymede*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Ah, fir,*] The old copy reads—*Ah, firra, &c.* Corrected  
by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*TOUCH.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*AUD.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*TOUCH.* A most wicked fir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*AUD.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*TOUCH.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*WILL.* Good even, Audrey.

*AUD.* God ye good even, William.

*WILL.* And good even to you, fir.

*TOUCH.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

*WILL.* Five and twenty, fir.

*TOUCH.* A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

*WILL.* William, fir.

*TOUCH.* A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?



WILL. Ay, fir, I thank God.

TOUCH. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

WILL. 'Faith, fir, so, so.

TOUCH. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

WILL. Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;<sup>4</sup> meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?<sup>5</sup>

WILL. I do, fir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

WILL. No, fir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glafs, by filling

<sup>4</sup> *The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.]* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings.* WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no lattice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.



the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*WILL.* Which he, fir?

*TOUCH.* He, fir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee,<sup>s</sup> make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

*AUD.* Do, good William.

*WILL.* God rest you merry, fir. [Exit.

*Enter CORIN.*

*COR.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

*TOUCH.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

<sup>s</sup> ——— to wit, I kill thee,] The old copy reads—“ or, to wit, I kill thee.” I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

ORL. Is't possible,<sup>6</sup> that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting;<sup>7</sup> but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke, and

<sup>6</sup> *Is't possible, &c.,*] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *nor her sudden consenting;*] Old copy—nor sudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*ROS.* God save you, brother.

*OLI.* And you, fair sister.<sup>8</sup>

*ROS.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*ORL.* It is my arm.

*ROS.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*ORL.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*ROS.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he show'd me your handkerchief?

*ORL.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*ROS.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,<sup>9</sup> and Cæsar's thrafonical brag of—I *came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before

<sup>8</sup> *And you, fair sister.*] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read—*And you, and your fair sister.* JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

<sup>9</sup> — *never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,*] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*, 1575: "—ootrageous in their racez az rams at their rut." STEEVENS.



marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.<sup>2</sup>

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old,

<sup>2</sup> ——— clubs *cannot* part *them*.] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs*," to part the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not *keep the peace*."

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath* of love," show that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI*, when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a stop to the combat between the partisans of Gloucester and Winchester, he says,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

And in *Henry VIII*, the Porter says, "I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour." M. MASON.



conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,<sup>3</sup> and without any danger.

ORL. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:<sup>4</sup> Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends;<sup>5</sup> for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *human as she is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *which I tender dearly,* though I say I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever supposed to possess the art of *eluding death*. Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play “was written in King James’s time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians.” It was natural therefore for one who called herself a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *bid your friends;*] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride.” STEEVENS.



*ROS.* I care not, if I have: it is my study,  
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*PHE.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to  
love.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And I for no woman.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of faith and service;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And I for no woman.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;<sup>6</sup>—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And so am I for no woman.

*PHE.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[To ROSALIND.]

<sup>6</sup> — all trial, all observance;] I suspect our author wrote—  
all obedience. It is highly probable that the compositor caught  
observance from the line above; and very unlikely that the same  
word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to  
each other. MALONE.

Read—obeisance. The word observance is evidently repeated by  
an error of the press. RITSON,



SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To PHEBE.

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you speak to,<sup>6</sup> *why blame you me to love you?*

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.<sup>7</sup>—I will help you, [To SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you, [To PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [To ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet;—as you, [To SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE.

Nor I.

ORL.

Nor I.

[Exeunt.

<sup>6</sup> Who *do you speak to,*] Old copy—*Why do you speak too.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the *wolves* of Syria, *against the moone.*" MALONE.



SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.<sup>8</sup> Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: Come, fit, fit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you: fit i'the middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I."

An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to Saint Luke's Gospel, xx. 34: "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS.



S O N G.<sup>9</sup>

## I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
 In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,<sup>9</sup>  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

## II.

*Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie,  
 In spring time, &c.*

<sup>9</sup> The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the only pretty rank time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

*In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.*

I think we should read:

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.*

i. e. the aptest season for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the sake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty *spring* time. Mr. Steevens proposes—“*ring* time, i. e. the aptest season for marriage.” The passage does not deserve much consideration. MALONE.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the spring was the season of marriage.

DOUCE.



## III.

*This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In spring time, &c.*

## IV.

*And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.*

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.<sup>4</sup>

I PAGE. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in my text, *untimeable*.—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakspeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, instead of *untuneable*, notwithstanding Johnson rejects the amendment as unnecessary. A mistake of a similar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*. M. MASON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be—*Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.* STEEVENS.



## SCENE IV.

*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,  
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do  
not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] This  
strange nonsense should be read thus:

*As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.*

i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their  
fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the  
learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

*As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.*

Or thus, with less alteration:

*As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear.*

JOHNSON.

The author of *The Revival* would read:

*As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.*

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

*As those that feign they hope, and know they fear.*

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

*As those that fear, then hope; and know, then fear.*

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it should run thus:

*As those who fearing hope, and hoping fear.*

This strongly expresses the state of mind which Orlando was in at  
that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in  
the original copy, and written thus:—*fear<sup>s</sup>—hop<sup>s</sup>* (a practice not  
unusual at this day) the *g* might easily have been mistaken for *y*, a  
common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.



*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is  
urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the DUKE.*  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*DUKE S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give  
with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I  
bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

*ORL.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?  
[*To PHEBE.*

*PHE.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But, if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*PHE.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?  
[*To SILVIUS.*

*SIL.* Though to have her and death were both  
one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.  
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—  
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—  
Keep your word, Phebe,<sup>6</sup> that you'll marry me;

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition  
of a semi-colon:

*As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear.* HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,—they*, even those  
very persons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized;  
*and yet at the same time they well know* that there is reason for  
*their fears.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Keep your word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep *you* your  
word; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line  
next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—  
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,  
 To make these doubts all even.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy  
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,  
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter:  
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;  
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

JAC. There is, sure, another flood toward, and  
 these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes  
 a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues  
 are call'd fools.<sup>6</sup>

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAC. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This  
 is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so  
 often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he  
 swears.

<sup>5</sup> *To make these doubts all even.*] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— yet death we fear,

“ *That makes these odds all even.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c.*] What *strange beasts*? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakspeare wrote, *here come a pair of unclean beasts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

*Strange beasts* are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.



TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;<sup>4</sup> I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAC. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.<sup>5</sup>

JAC. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God'ild you, fir;<sup>6</sup> I desire you of the like.<sup>7</sup> I pres in here, fir, amongst the rest of the

<sup>4</sup> — trod a measure;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:  
“ To tread a measure with you on this grass.”

See note on this passage. REED.

Touchstone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “ —the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancientry.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read—the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause. JOHNSON.

By the *seventh cause*, Touchstone, I apprehend, means the lie *seven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* seven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on the words “ —a lie seven times removed.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> God'ild you, fir;] i. e. God yield you, reward you. So, in the *Collection of Chester Mysteries* Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Mus. 2013:

“ The high father of heaven, I pray,

“ To yelde you your good deed to day.”

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — I desire you of the like.] We should read—I desire of you the like. On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I desire you will give me cause, that I may like you too.

WARBURTON.



country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:<sup>8</sup>—A poor virgin, fir, an ill-favour'd thing, fir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, fir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, fir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, fir, and such dulcet diseases.<sup>9</sup>

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. JOHNSON.

See a note on the first scene of the third Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraseology are given.

So also, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

“ If it be I, of pardon I you pray.”

Again, B. IV. c. viii:

“ She dear besought the prince of remedy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] To swear according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

——— to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; when therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> ——— dulcet diseases.] This I do not understand. For diseases it is easy to read discourses: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the *surfeiting diseases* of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases; i. e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense.

STEEVENS.

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciously* used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the same style, but more



JAC. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed;<sup>2</sup>—Bear your body more seeming,<sup>3</sup> Audrey:—as thus,

intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning*) is indeed deceased." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Upon a lie seven times removed;] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *first* species of lie. When therefore he says, that they found the quarrel was on the lie seven times REMOVED, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who hath some four or five removes come short

"To tender it herself."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling," i. e. so distant from the haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel originated on the *seventh cause*, i. e. on the *Retort courteous*, or the lie seven times removed. In the course of their altercation, after their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last,) the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here "the *seventh cause*," and "the lie seven times removed," he must mean, distant seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause."

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in explaining them. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —seeming,] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakspeare for becoming, or fairness of appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"———these keep

"Seeming and favour all the winter long." STEEVENS.



fir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;<sup>3</sup> he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

JAC. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAC. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — as thus, fir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

“ ——— Has he familiarly  
 “ Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet  
 “ Was not exactly frenchified? ———  
 “ ——— or drawn your sword,  
 “ Cry'd, 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lie  
 “ In circle, or oblique, or semicircle,  
 “ Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.”

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo,



as you have books for good manners:<sup>5</sup> I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third the Reply

intituled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain, [or direct.]* IV. *Of conditional lies, [or the lie circumstantial.]* V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.]* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:—if thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, “*I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if; as, if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.*” Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love’s Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton’s. They have been hitherto printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo’s work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *books for good manners:]* One of these books I have. It is entituled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad mensam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal; and was first published in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. STEEVENS.



churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

*JAC.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*DUKE S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,<sup>6</sup> and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN,<sup>7</sup> leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.*

Still Musick.

*HYM.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither;  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.<sup>8</sup>*

Another is, *Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it becometh a Man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation. A Work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other; translated from the Italian by Robert Peterfon of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.*

<sup>6</sup> — like a stalking-horse,] See my note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Hymen,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the com-



Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To DUKE S.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.

pany to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his "*Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, at a Marriage,*" has left us instructions how to dress this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a *saffron-coloured* robe, his under vestures white, his sockes yellow, a yellow veile of filke on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That thou might'st join her hand with his,*

*Whose heart within her bosom is.*] The old copy, instead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once thought that emendation sufficient, and that *Whose* might have referred not to the last antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licences. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a misprint in the first line for *her*, so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom" i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the King says to the Princess:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast*."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,

"The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,

"He carried thence *incaged in his breast*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence  
depart,

"And in thy breast inclosed bear'st her tender friendly  
heart."

In the same play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princess addressing the *ladies* who attend her, says:

"But while 'tis spoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again, in a former scene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.



DUKE S. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in fight,<sup>9</sup> you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If fight and shape be true,  
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To DUKE S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To ORLANDO.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.]

HRM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.<sup>2</sup>

You and you no cross shall part;

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.]

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *If there be truth in fight,*] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says:

*If there be truth in shape:—*

that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *with questioning;*] Though Shakspeare frequently uses



That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

## S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;<sup>4</sup>  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!*

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to  
me;  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.<sup>5</sup>

[To SILVIUS.]

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAC. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or  
two;  
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

*question for conversation, in the present instance questioning may have its common and obvious signification. STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> *Wedding is, &c.] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:*

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,  
Non queat dare præfides  
Terra finibus: at queat  
Te volente. Quis huic deo  
Compararier ausit?* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *combine.] Shakspeare is licentious in his use of this verb, which here, as in Measure for Measure, only signifies to bind:*

“ I am combined by a sacred vow,  
“ And shall be absent.” STEEVENS.



Duke Frederick,<sup>5</sup> hearing how that every day  
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,  
 In his own conduct, purposely to take  
 His brother here, and put him to the sword:  
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
 After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:  
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
 And all their lands restor'd to them again  
 That were with him exil'd: This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
 To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun, and well begot:  
 And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustick revelry:—  
 Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAC. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you  
 rightly,  
 The duke hath put on a religious life,  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

<sup>5</sup> *Duke Frederick, &c.*] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosalind* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right, STEEVENS.



JAC. DE B. He hath.

JAC. To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To DUKE S.]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—  
You [To ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith  
doth merit:—

You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great  
allies:—

You [To SILVIUS] to a long and well deserved bed;—  
And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAC. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.<sup>6</sup> [Exit.]

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these  
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance.]

<sup>6</sup> *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have*

*I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.]* Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.



## EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandfome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,<sup>7</sup> 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,<sup>8</sup> that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar,<sup>9</sup> therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll be-

<sup>7</sup> ——— *no bush*,] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

“ Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Ivy Garland*.”

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“ 'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern.”

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“ Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors.” STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *What a case am I in then*, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush*, *good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— furnish'd like a beggar,] That is, *dressed*: so before, he was *furnished* like a huntsman. JOHNSON.



gin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, &c.]* The old copy reads—*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women, &c.* STEEVENS.

This passage should be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y<sup>m</sup>* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted [*“to like as much, &c.”*] “the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them.—But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words, ‘that between you and the women the play may please.’”

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of “—pleases *you*” to “—pleases *them*,” which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition in my opinion correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: “I charge you, O women, for the love you



If I were a woman,<sup>3</sup> I would kifs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,<sup>4</sup> and breaths that I defy'd not:<sup>5</sup> and, I am fure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet

bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *set an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies" are not indeed expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may please." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV. P. II.* the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly."

The old copy reads—as *please* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predecessors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

"And may direct his course, as *please* himself."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"—— a pipe for fortune's finger,

"To sound what stop she *please*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"All men's honours

"Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

"Into what pitch he *please*." MALONE.

I read—"and *so* I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition, (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking,) clears the whole passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> —— *complexions that liked me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet*: "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *breaths that I defy'd not:*] This passage serves to manifest the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakspeare



breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy,  
bid me farewell. [Exeunt.]

were written. Such an idea, started by a modern dramatist, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the stage. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts, To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.

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See p. 28. *Is but a quintaine, &c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable, had it been more simple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is seldom guilty, want of refinement. "This (says Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of—

————— *my better parts*

*Are all thrown down.*——"

In the present edition I have avoided as much as possible all kind of controversy; but in those cases where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in some measure necessary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous mistake, to suppose, that the interpretation which gives most spirit to a passage is the true one. In consequence of this notion two passages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the most spirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconsistent with his general manner, and the phraseology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a custom



which did not exist in his age, most assuredly it is a false interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the passage before us.

The military exercise of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it subsisted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venustantur; terræ infixis sudibus scuta apponuntur, quibus in crastinum quintanæ ludus, scilicet equestris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. These probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakspeare's library; nor is it at all material to our present point what were the customs of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exercise of tilting, but a mere rustic sport. So Minshew, in his *Dict.* 1617: "A *quintaine* or *quintelle*, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland." So also, Randolph at somewhat a later period [*Poems*, 1642]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] bal-loone;

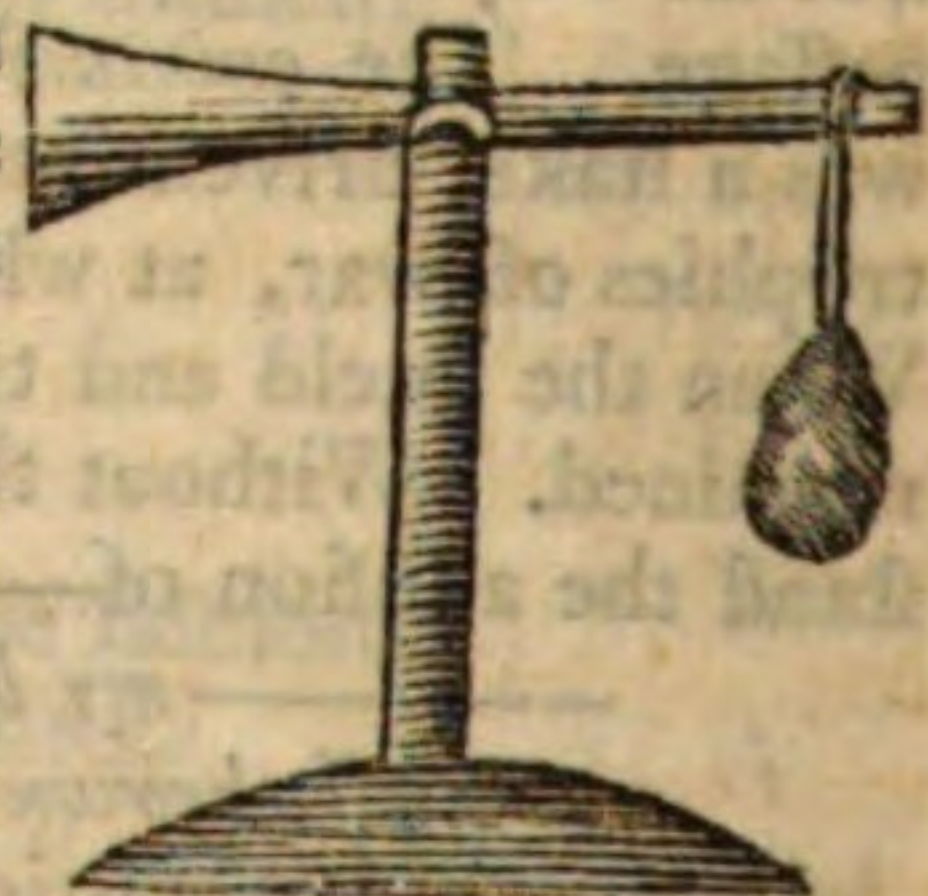
"As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;

"And those old pastimes relish best with me,

"That have least art, and most simplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his *SURVEY OF LONDON*, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a *quintaine*, as represented in the margin.

"I have seen (says he) a *quinten* set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greate pastime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the *quinten* was of all men laughed to scorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here



we see were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport, (says Dr. Plott in his *History of Oxfordshire*) is to try both man and horse, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*." —Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden *quintaine* is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words "better parts," are to be applied



to the quintaine, as well as to the speaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *shield* or *trophy*, must have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*:

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,

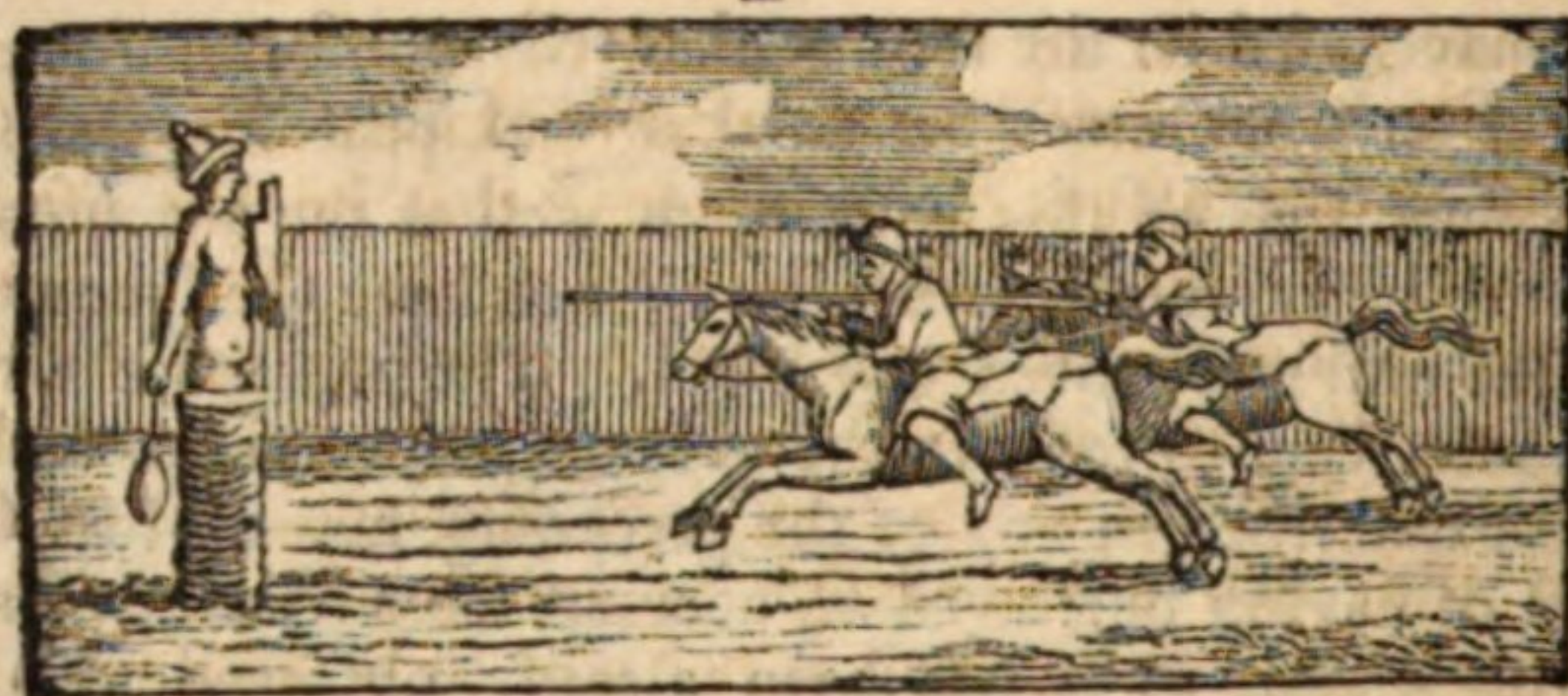
"For it has cow'd my better part of man." MALONE.

The explanations of this passage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means satisfactory; nor have the labours of the critic or the antiquary been exhausted. The whole of Orlando's speech should seem to refer to the quintain, but not to such a one as has been described in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accused of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already observed, Shakspeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no such passage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed speak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenses statuto pavone pro bravio ad stadium quod quintena vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum cursus sunt experti.* He then proceeds to state that some of the King's pages, and others belonging to the household, being offended at these sports, abused the Londoners with foul language, calling them scurvy clowns and greasy rascals, and ventured to dispute the prize with them; the consequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briskly, and so belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horses and most terribly bruised. They afterwards went before the King, the tears still trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beseeching that he would not suffer so great an offence to remain unpunished; and the King, with his usual spirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through some mistake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Crusades. He is describing the arrival of some messengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Christian camp, find to their great astonishment (for they had heard that the Christians were perishing with fear and hunger) the tents curiously ornamented, and the young men practising themselves and their horses in tilting against shields hung upon poles. In the oldest edition of this writer, instead of "*quintanæ ludus*," it is "*ludus equestris*." However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has substituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but still not illustrative of the passage in question. I shall beg leave then to present the reader



with some others, from which it will appear, that the quintain *was* a military exercise in Shakspeare's time, and not a mere rustic sport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

1



2



3



No. 1. is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book, printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a shield, in the other a bag of sand. No. 2. is the *Saracen* quintain from *Pluvinel's instruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'exercice de monter à cheval*. This sort of quintain, according to Menestrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accustomed their soldiers to point their lances against the figure of their enemy. The skill consisted in shivering the lance to pieces, by striking it against the head of the man, for if it touched the shield, the figure turned round and generally struck the horseman a violent blow with his sword. No. 3. is the *Flemish* quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his right hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it struck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his sand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two sports have been some how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who sometimes express the running



at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all these was the same, viz. to avoid the blow of the sword or sand-bag, by striking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that some instance had been given of the use of these quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illustrating the present subject: but let it be remembered, that Shakspeare has indiscriminately blended the usages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himself of hearsay evidence; and again, that as our manners and customs have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reason to infer that this species of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient sports and domestic employments is not now to be attained. Historians have contented themselves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiae of battles and sieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have considered the discussion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally interesting to posterity,) as beneath their notice and of little or no importance.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's Code, Lib. III. Tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. Many instances occur of its use in several parts of France, particularly as a feignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under some penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitsunday and other particular times, at the lord's castle for his diversion. Sometimes it was practised upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is described from Fitzstephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and still continues to be practised upon the Seine at Paris. Froissart mentions, that the shield quintain was used in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, resembling that copied from Stowe, opposite the dwelling-house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it, but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakspeare then has most probably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case,



the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for, surprized and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do not refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block. DOUCE.



the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you for having been so kind as to love me; my intellectual powers, which are my dearest treasure, I feel now, and I tremble the picture, whose human or divine part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the black trunk or block which once up-held it."  
 Or, if we say, as we refer to the painting, "that which has faded up" or "which has been lost of the picture," which may be also and properly called a black block. Dover.

A L L ' S W E L L

T H A T

E N D S W E L L . \*



# DO YOU LIKE IT

the first of the new series of books, "I am made of  
stainless steel, and I am not afraid of fire, and I am not  
afraid of water, and I am not afraid of anything else."  
This book is a collection of the best of the new series,  
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# ENDS W E L L \*



\* **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.]** The story of *All's Well that ends Well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the First Vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. **FARMER.**

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. **STEEVENS.**

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. **MALONE.**



## PERSONS represented.<sup>2</sup>

*King of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

*Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.*

*Lafeu,<sup>3</sup> an old Lord.*

*Parolles,<sup>4</sup> a follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram  
in the Florentine war.*

*Steward, } Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.*  
*Clown, }*

*A Page.*

*Countess of Rouffillon, mother to Bertram.*

*Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

*An old widow of Florence.*

*Diana, daughter to the widow.*

*Violenta,<sup>5</sup> } Neighbours and friends to the widow.*  
*Mariana, }*

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.  
French and Florentine.*

*SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

<sup>2</sup> The persons were first enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

<sup>3</sup> *Lafeu,*] We should read—*Lefeu*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Parolles,*] I suppose we should write this name—*Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical history, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576. STEEVENS.



ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rouffillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.*

COUNT. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,<sup>2</sup> evermore in subjection.

<sup>2</sup> — *in ward,*] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakspeare with a reason why the King compelled Rouffillon to marry Helen.

TOLLET.



*LAF.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father : He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*COUNT.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

*LAF.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope ; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*COUNT.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had* ! how sad a passage 'tis !<sup>3</sup>) whose skill

The prerogative of a *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>3</sup> — O, that had ! how sad a passage 'tis !] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then translated,) where Menedemus says :

“ — Filium unicum adolescentulum

“ *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi ? *habere* me ? imo

“ — *habui*, Chreme,

“ Nunc *habeam* necne incertum est.” BLACKSTONE.

So, in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender* :

“ Shee, while she was, (that *was* a woeful word to saine,)

“ For beauties praise and pleasure had no peere.”

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606 :

“ She is not mine, I have no daughter now ;

“ That I should say *I had*, thence comes my grief.”

MALONE.

*Passage* is any thing that passes. So we now say, a *passage* of an *author*, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a *reign*. When the *countess* mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *had* passes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakspeare himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i :

“ Now in the stirring *passage* of the day.”



was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

LAF. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

COUNT. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAF. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BER. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAF. A fistula, my lord.<sup>4</sup>

So, in *The Gamester*, by Shirley, 1637: "I'll not be witness of your *passages* myself:" i. e. of what passes between you.

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" — never lov'd these prying listening men

" That ask of others' states and *passages*."

Again:

" I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" — have beheld

" Your vile and most lascivious *passages*."

Again, in *The English Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: " — two philosophers that jeer and weep at the *passages* of the world."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *A fistula, my lord.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was induced by a passage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 251, to afflict the *King of France* with this inelegant disorder. Speaking of the necessity which princes occasionally find to counterfeit maladies, our author has the following remark:—" And in dissembling of diseases, which I pray you? for I have obserued it in the *Court of Fraunce*, not a burning feuer, or a plurisie, or a palsie, or the hydropick and swelling gowte, &c.—But it must be either a dry dropie, or a megrim or letarge, or a *fistule in ano*, or some such



BER. I heard not of it before.

LAF. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNT. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,<sup>5</sup> there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;<sup>6</sup> she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

other secret disease as the common conuersant can hardly discover, and the physitian either *not speedily heale*, or not honestly bewray.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *virtuous qualities*,] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in *an ill mind*, these *virtuous qualities* are *virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

*Virtue*, and *virtuous*, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this sense perhaps an instance occurs in the Eighth Book of Chapman's *Version of the Iliad*:

“ Then will I to Olympus' top our *virtuous* engine bind,  
“ And by it every thing shall hang,” &c.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1, 1590:

“ If these had made one poem's period,  
“ And all combin'd in beauties worthynesse,  
“ Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
“ One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,  
“ Which into words no *vertue* can digest.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *they are virtues and traitors too*; in her they are the better for their simpleness;] Her *virtues* are the better for their simpleness, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent



LAF. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNT. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.<sup>7</sup> The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood<sup>8</sup> from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.<sup>9</sup>

HEL. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.<sup>2</sup>

of Shakspeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions. JOHNSON.

In *As you Like it*, virtues are called traitors on a very different ground:

“ ——— to some kind of men  
“ Their graces serve them but as enemies;  
“ No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
“ Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
“ O what a world is this, when what is comely  
“ Envenoms him that bears it!” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— can season her praise in.] To season has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting. A passage in *Twelfth Night* will best explain its meaning:

“ ——— all this to season  
“ A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,  
“ And lasting in her remembrance.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— all livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.] Our author sometimes is guilty of such slight inaccuracies; and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently.—Thus, in the present instance, he seems to have meant—lest you be rather thought to affect a sorrow, than to have. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be under-



*LAF.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*COUNT.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>3</sup>

*BER.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*LAF.* How understand we that?

*COUNT.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

stood by the countess. Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

“ ——— I think not on my father;—

“ ——— What was he like?

“ I have forgot him; my imagination

“ Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:

“ I am undone.” MALONE.

The sorrow that Helen affected, was for her father; that which she really felt, was for Bertram's departure. This line should be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain some subsequent passages which have hitherto been misunderstood. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.* Lafeu says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living*: the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal*: that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess*. By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads—*be not enemy*—] *that which destroys*. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge.

JOHNSON.

A passage in *The Winter's Tale*, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

“ ——— scarce any joy

“ Did ever live so long; *no sorrow*,

“ *But kill'd itself much sooner.*”

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

“ These violent delights have violent ends,

“ *And in their triumph die.*” MALONE.



In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,  
 Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
 Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more  
 will,  
 That thee may furnish,<sup>4</sup> and my prayers pluck  
 down,  
 Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,  
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
 Advise him.

LAF. He cannot want the best  
 That shall attend his love.

COUNT. Heaven blefs him!—Farewell, Bertram.  
 [*Exit Countess.*]

BER. The best wishes, that can be forged in your  
 thoughts, [*To HELENA.*] be servants to you!<sup>5</sup> Be  
 comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make  
 much of her.

LAF. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the  
 credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

HEL. O, were that all!—I think not on my fa-  
 ther;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *That thee may furnish,*] That may help thee with more and  
 better qualifications. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The best wishes, &c.*] That is, may you be mistress of your  
 wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your  
 father.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;] This passage  
 has been passed over in silence by all the commentators, yet it is  
 evidently defective. The only meaning that the speech of Lafeu  
 will bear, as it now stands, is this:—"That Helena, who was a



And these great tears<sup>7</sup> grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
 I have forgot him : my imagination  
 Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.

young girl, ought to keep up the credit which her father had established, who was the best physician of the age; and she by her answer, *O, were that all!* seems to admit that it would be no difficult matter for her to do so." The absurdity of this is evident; and the words will admit of no other interpretation. Some alteration therefore is necessary; and that which I propose is, to read *uphold*, instead of *must hold*, and then the meaning will be this: "Lafeu, observing that Helena had shed a torrent of tears, which he and the Countess both ascribe to her grief for her father, says, that she *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the surest proof that can be given of the merit of a person deceased, are the lamentations of those who survive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wishes that she had no other cause of grief, except the loss of her father, whom she thinks no more of."

M. MASON.

*O, were that all! &c.*] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father,—for such perhaps is the meaning,) were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *these great tears*—] The tears which the King and Countess shed for him. JOHNSON.

*And these great tears grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him.*] Johnson supposes that, by *these great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Countess shed for her father; but it does not appear that either of those great persons had shed tears for him, though they spoke of him with regret. By *these great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess, to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs, graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him. What she calls *gracing his remembrance*, is what Lafeu had styled before, *upholding his credit*, the two passages tending to explain each other.—It is scarcely necessary to make this grammatical observation.—That if Helena had alluded to any tears supposed to have been shed by the King, she would have said *those* tears, not *these*, as the latter pronoun must necessarily refer to something present at the time.

M. MASON.



I am undone; there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.<sup>8</sup>  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table;<sup>9</sup> heart, too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *In his bright radiance, &c.]* I cannot be united with him and move in the same *sphere*, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. X:

“ ——— from his radiant seat he rose  
 “ Of high collateral glory.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour, to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table;]* So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

“ Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd  
 “ Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.”

A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which sense it is used here. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

“ The Queen to Walsingham this *table* sent,  
 “ Mark of her people's and her own content.” MALONE.

*Table* here only signifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. So, in Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, Vol. I. p. 58:  
 “ Item, one *table* with the *picture* of the Duchess of Milan.”  
 “ Item, one *table*, with the *pictures* of the King's Majesty and Queen Jane:” &c. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture*; but considers her heart as the *tablet* or surface on which his resemblance was to be portrayed. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *trick of his sweet favour:]* So, in *King John*: “ he hath



But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.<sup>3</sup>

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monarch.<sup>4</sup>

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.<sup>5</sup>

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity or feature. JOHNSON.

*Trick* is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in *King John*, Act I. sc. i. The present instance explains itself:

—— to *fit and draw*

His *arched brows*, &c.

—— and *trick of his sweet favour*.

*Trick*, however, on the present occasion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

*Tricking* is used by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Cold *wisdom waiting on superfluous folly*.] Cold for naked; as *superfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> And you, monarch.] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shakspeare. Concerning this person, see the notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. i. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And no.] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. MALONE.



HEL. Ay. You have some stain of soldier<sup>6</sup> in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PAR. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

HEL. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

PAR. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.<sup>7</sup> It is not politick in the common-

<sup>6</sup> ——— stain of soldier —] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee*.

WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that *Parolles* was entirely drest in red. Shakspeare writes only *some stain of soldier*, meaning in one sense, that he had *red breeches on*, (which is sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee*,) and in another, that he was *a disgrace to soldiery*. *Stain* is used in an adverse sense by Shakspeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “—— nor any man an attaint, but he carries *some stain* of it.”

Mr. M. Mason observes on this occasion that “though a *red coat* is now the mark of a soldier in the British service, it was not so in the days of Shakspeare, when we had no standing army, and the use of armour still prevailed.” To this I reply, that the colour *red* has always been annexed to soldiery. Chaucer, in his *Knight's Tale*, v. 1749, has “*Mars the rede*,” and Boccace has given *Mars* the same epithet in the opening of his *Theseida*: “—— *O rubicondo Marte*.” STEEVENS.

*Stain* rather for what we now say *tincture*, some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city*.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:



wealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase;<sup>8</sup> and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

HEL. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAR. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself;<sup>9</sup> and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin<sup>a</sup> in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,

“ Till thus he 'gan besiege me.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This makes in him more rage, and lesser pity,

“ To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Loss of virginity is rational increase;*] I believe we should read, *rational*. TYRWHITT.

*Rational increase* may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself;*] i. e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike; they are both *self-destroyers*. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> —inhibited sin—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— a practiser

“ Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant.” STEEVENS.



make itself ten,<sup>3</sup> which is a goodly increafe; and the principal itself not much the worfe: Away with't.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *within ten years, it will make itself ten,*] The old copy reads—"within ten years it will make itself *two*." The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was also suggested by Mr. Steevens, who likewise proposed to read—"within *two* years it will make itself *two*." Mr. Tollet would read—"within ten years it will make itself *twelve*."

I formerly proposed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itself two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itself; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had some confidence) only for the purpose of acknowledging my error. I had not sufficiently attended to a former passage in this scene,—*"Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found,"* i. e. may produce *ten* virgins. Those words likewise are spoken by Parolles, and add such decisive support to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not hesitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been observed, that many passages in these plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. Our author's sixth Sonnet fully supports the emendation here made:

"That *use* is not forbidden usury,  
"Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
"That's for thyself, to breed another thee,  
"Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.  
"Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
"If *ten of thine ten times* refigur'd thee."

"Out with it," is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In *The Tempest* we have—"Each putter out on five for one," &c. MALONE.

There is no reason for altering the text. A well-known observation of the noble earl, to whom the horses of the present generation owe the length of their tails, contains the true explanation of this passage. HENLEY.

I cannot help repeating on this occasion, Justice Shallow's remark: "Give me pardon, sir:—if you come with news, I take it there is but two ways;—*either to utter them, or to conceal them.*" With this noble earl's notorious remark, I am quite unacquainted. But perhaps the critick (with a flippancy in which he has sometimes indulged himself at my expence) will reply, like Pistol, "Why then lament therefore;" or observe, like Hamlet, that "a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear." STEEVENS.



*HEL.* How might one do, fir, to lose it to her own liking?

*PAR.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.<sup>4</sup> 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now:<sup>5</sup> Your date is better<sup>6</sup> in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

*HEL.* Not my virginity yet.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in answer to the question, "How one shall lose virginity to her own liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *which wear not now:*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakspeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Your date is better—*] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied fruit much used in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: "—— and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of



There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

*Not my virginity yet.*—You're for the court,  
*There shall your master, &c.*

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.—I know not what to do with the passage.

JOHNSON.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantic wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be. Were I to propose any change, I would read *should* instead of *shall*. It does not however appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with *us*?" i. e. will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. i:

"You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?"

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles's speech. "*I am now bound for the court; will you any thing with it* [i. e. with the court]?" So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; "—that in the enjoyment of her," &c. MALONE.

I am satisfied the passage is as Shakspeare left it. Parolles, after having cried down with all his eloquence, *old virginity*, in reference to what he had before said,—"*That virginity is a commodity the*



A phœnix,<sup>9</sup> captain,<sup>2</sup> and an enemy,  
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
 A counsellor, a traitress,<sup>3</sup> and a dear;

longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. ANSWER THE TIME of Request." asks Helena,—“Will you any thing with it?”—to which she replies—“NOT MY virginity YET.” HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *A phœnix, &c.*] The eight lines following *friend*, I am persuaded, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

*There shall your master have a thousand loves;  
 “A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
 I know not what he shall—God send him well.*

Where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense, as is never heard out of Bedlam. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *captain*,] Our author often uses this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

“Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “—the ass more *captain* than the lion.” Again more appositely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Desdemona:

“——our great captain's *captain*.”

We find some of these terms of endearment again used in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes says to the young Mamillius,

“Come, *captain*, we must be neat,” &c.

Again, in the same scene, Polixenes, speaking of his son, says,

“He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

“Now my sworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy*;

“My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a traitress*,] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafœu introduces Helena to the king, he says,—“You are like a *traytor*, but such *traytors* his majesty does not much fear.” JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitress* (spoken seriously) was in any age a term of endearment. From the present passage, we might as well suppose *enemy* (in the last line but one) to be a term of en-



His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet difaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,<sup>4</sup>

*dearment*. In the other passage quoted, Lafeu is plainly speaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

*Traditora, a traitrefs*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helen is, that she shall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties.

STEEVENS.

Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to say so." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to say that she shall prove every thing to Bertram, but to express her apprehension that he will find at the court some lady or ladies who shall prove every thing to him; ("a phoenix, captain, counsellor, traitrefs; &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid gossips." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of those times an authority for most, if not for every one, of these whimsical titles. At least I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyric poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied.

HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *christendoms*,] This word, which signifies the collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on the present occasion.

STEEVENS.

It is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the signification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Christendom*,

[i. e. by a christian name,]

"The Jew cries out he's undone —."

These lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the story of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that saves the Merchant's life by pleading his cause. There should seem therefore to have been some novel on this subject that has hitherto escaped the researches of the commentators. In the same book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.



That blinking Cupid goffips. Now shall he——  
I know not what he shall:—God fend him well!—  
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

*PAR.* What one, i' faith?

*HEL.* That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

*PAR.* What's pity?

*HEL.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what we alone must think;<sup>s</sup> which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*PAGE.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.  
[*Exit Page.*

*PAR.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember  
thee, I will think of thee at court.

*HEL.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a  
charitable star.

*PAR.* Under Mars, I.

*HEL.* I especially think, under Mars.

*PAR.* Why under Mars?

*HEL.* The wars have so kept you under, that you  
must needs be born under Mars.

*PAR.* When he was predominant.

*HEL.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*PAR.* Why think you so?

*HEL.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

<sup>s</sup> *And shew what we alone must think;]* And shew by realities  
what we now must only think. JOHNSON.



*PAR.* That's for advantage.

*HEL.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,<sup>6</sup> and I like the wear well.

*PAR.* I am so full of busineses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,

<sup>6</sup> — is a virtue of a good wing,] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's *Farwe*, 1606: " — I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodness of his wing*, &c." Or it may be taken from dress: So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a *wing*, such a sleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet observes, that a *good wing* signifies a *strong wing* in Lord Bacon's *Natural History*, experiment 866: "Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly."

STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*,) is supported by a passage in *King Henry V.* in which we meet with a similar expression: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the *like wing*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"Yet let me wonder Harry,

"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*,

"Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors." MALONE.

The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly."—A bird of a good wing, is a bird of swift and strong flight.

Though the latter part of this sentence is sense as it stands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is like to wear well*,"—Instead of "*I like the wear well*," M. MASON,



so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,<sup>7</sup> and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

HEL. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?<sup>8</sup>  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kifs like native things.<sup>9</sup>  
Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,  
What hath been<sup>2</sup> cannot be: Who ever strove  
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet* on the words—

“ Whose form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

“ Would make them *capable*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *What power is it, which mounts my love so high;*

*That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?*] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *native things.*] Things formed by nature for each other. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings*

*To join like likes, and kifs like native things.*

*Impossible be strange attempts, to those*

*That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,*

*What hath been, &c.*] All these four lines are obscure, and, I

believe, corrupt; I shall propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject:

*Through mightiest space in fortune nature brings*

*Likes to join likes, and kifs like native things.*



The king's disease—my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.  
[Exit.]

That is, *nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may set between them; she joins them and makes them kiss like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Sir T. Hanmer:

*Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose  
What ha'n't been, cannot be.*

*New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them.* JOHNSON.

I understand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join, like likes, (instar parium) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has observed) in *Timon of Athens*:

“Thou foderest close impossibilities,  
“And mak’st them kiss.”

This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the countesses steward, who is supposed to have over-heard this soliloquy of Helena: “*Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates.*”

*The mightiest space in fortune, for persons the most widely separated by fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as Shakspeare often takes. Thus in Cymbeline, the diminution of space is used for the diminution, of which space, or distance, is the cause.*

If he had written *spaces* (as in *Troilus and Cressida*,

“——her whom we know well

“The world’s large spaces cannot parallel,)”

the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

*The mightiest space in nature fortune brings  
To join, &c.*

i. e. accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.



## SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

*KING.* The Florentines and Senoys<sup>3</sup> are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

*I LORD.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*KING.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*I LORD.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*KING.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*2 LORD.* It may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*KING.* What's he comes here?

<sup>3</sup> — Senoys —] The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.



*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *LORD*. It is the count Roufillon,<sup>4</sup> my good lord, Young Bertram.

*KING*. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*BER*. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*KING*. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First try'd our soldiership! He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long; But on us both did haggish age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father:<sup>5</sup> In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest, Till their own scorn return to them unnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *Roufillon*,] The old copy reads *Rosignoll*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *It much repairs me*

*To talk of your good father:]* To repair, in these plays, generally signifies, to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — O disloyal thing,

“ That should'st repair my youth!” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *He had the wit, which I can well observe*

*To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,*

*Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,*

*Ere they can hide their levity in honour.]* I believe honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation:—Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity, in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.

This is an excellent observation. Jocular follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.



So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
 His equal had awak'd them;<sup>7</sup> and his honour,  
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
 His tongue obey'd his hand:<sup>8</sup> who were below him  
 He us'd as creatures of another place;<sup>9</sup>

Point thus:

*He had the wit, which I can well observe  
 To-day in our young lords: but they may jest,  
 Till their own scorn returns to them, un-noted,  
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour,  
 So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. BLACKSTONE.*

The punctuation recommended by Sir William Blackstone is, I believe, the true one, at least it is such as deserves the reader's consideration. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
 His equal had awak'd them;]* Nor was used without reduplication. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"More nor less to others paying,  
 "Than by self-offences weighing."

The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and in *his keenness of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterness or contemptuousness* ever appeared, they had been *awakened* by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *His tongue obey'd his hand:]* We should read—*His tongue obey'd the hand*. That is, *the hand of his honour's clock*, showing the true minute when exceptions bid him speak. JOHNSON.

*His is put for its*. So, in *Othello*:

"———her motion  
 "Blush'd at herself,"—instead of *itself*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He us'd as creatures of another place;]* i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not understanding the sense, has altered *another place*, to a *brother-race*. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated those below him with becoming condescension, as creatures not indeed



And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled:<sup>2</sup> Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times;  
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
 But goers backward.

BER. His good remembrance, fir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;  
 So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.<sup>3</sup>

in so *high* a place as himself, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largest, of the great chain of society.

In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again used for *rank* or situation in life:

“ ———— O thou thing,  
 “ Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled:*] But why were they proud  
 of his humility? It should be read and pointed thus:

*Making them proud; and his humility,  
 In their poor praise, he humbled—*

i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them  
 and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor*  
*praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The sentiment is fine.

WARBURTON.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud* of the *humility* of  
 the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled in the*  
*praises* of the mean, of those who commend them without con-  
 viction or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the *mean*  
 are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving such  
 marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated  
 a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself,  
 by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that  
 humility.—The construction seems to be, “ he *being* humbled in  
 their poor praise.” MALONE.

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his  
 condescending manner of behaving to them. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.*] Epitaph for character.

WARBURTON.



KING. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,  
 (Methinks, I hear him now; his plaufive words  
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
 To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*—  
 Thus ' his good melancholy oft began,  
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
 When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he;

I should wish to read—

*Approof* so lives not in his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.

*Approof* is approbation. If I should allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *epitaph*, which is more than can be reasonably expected, I can yet find no sense in the present reading.

JOHNSON.

We might, by a slight transposition, read—

*So his approof* lives not in epitaph.

*Approof* certainly means approbation. So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*:

"A man so absolute in my *approof*,  
 "That nature hath reserv'd small dignity  
 "That he enjoys not."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Either of condemnation or *approof*." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this:—*His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.* TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently used in the sense of *approbation*, but that is not always the case; and in this place it signifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the passage appears to be this: "The truth of his epitaph is in no way so fully *proved*, as by your royal speech." It is needless to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the character and praises of the deceased. *Approof* is used in the same sense by Bertram, in the second Act:

"Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks him not a soldier.

"Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*."

M. MASON.

Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this: "His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by *the specimens he exhibited of his worth*, as by your royal report in his favour." The passage above quoted from Act II. supports this interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Thus*—] Old copy—*This*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are  
Mere fathers of their garments;<sup>4</sup> whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:—*This he wish'd:  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

2 LORD. You are lov'd, sir;  
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

KING. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't,  
count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

BER. Some six months since, my lord.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *whose judgements are  
Mere fathers of their garments;*] Who have no other use of  
their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNSON.

I have a suspicion that Shakspeare wrote—*meer feathers of their  
garments*; i. e. whose judgements are merely *parts* (and insignificant  
parts) *of their dress*, worn and laid aside, as *feathers* are, from the  
meer love of novelty and change. He goes on to say, that they  
are even less constant in their judgements than in their dress:

————— *their constancies  
Expire before their fashions.* TYRWHITT.

The reading of the old copy—*fathers*, is supported by a similar  
passage in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— some jay of Italy  
“ Whose mother was her painting —.”

Again, by another in the same play:

“ ——— No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
“ Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,  
“ Which, as it seems, make thee.”

There the garment is said to be the father of the man:—in the text,  
the judgement, being employed solely in forming or giving birth  
to new dresses, is called *the father of the garment*. So, in *King  
Henry IV. P. II*:

“ ——— every minute now  
“ Should be the father of some stratagem.” MALONE.



*KING.* If he were living, I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications:—nature and sickness  
Debate it<sup>5</sup> at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

*BER.*

Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Rouffillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.<sup>6</sup>*

*COUNT.* I will now hear: what say you of this  
gentlewoman?

<sup>5</sup> ——— *nature and sickness*

Debate it—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Death and nature do contend about them.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Steward, and Clown.*] A *Clown* in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, wishing to show King Henry VIII. a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patch*, as a present; whom, says Stowe, “the King received very gladly.”

MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between Olivia and the *Clown*, seems to have been particularly censured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:



STEW. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,<sup>7</sup> I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.<sup>8</sup>

COUNT. What does this knave here? Get you gone, firrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my flowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit

“ *Shakspeare* to thee was dull, whose best jest lies  
 “ I’ th’ *lady’s* questions, and the *fool’s* replies;  
 “ Old fashion’d wit, which walk’d from town to town  
 “ In trunk-hose, which our fathers call’d the *Clown*.”

In the MS. register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: “ Tom Derry, his majesty’s *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615: Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty’s *jester*, for 13 weeks, 10l. 18s. 6d.—1616.”

STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careless Shepherdess*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

“ Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,  
 “ Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh’d  
 “ Untill I cry’d again, to see what faces  
 “ The rogue will make.—O, it does me good  
 “ To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,  
 “ And twirl his bable. There is ne’er a part  
 “ About him but breaks jests.—  
 “ I’d rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,  
 “ Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.  
 “ I never saw READE peeping through the curtain,  
 “ But ravishing joy enter’d into my heart.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— to even your content,] To act up to your desires.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— when of ourselves we publish them.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
 “ If he that’s prais’d, himself brings the praise forth.”  
 MALONE.



them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.<sup>9</sup>

CLO. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

COUNT. Well, sir.

CLO. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd:<sup>2</sup> But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,<sup>3</sup> Ifbel the woman and I<sup>4</sup> will do as we may.

COUNT. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

CLO. I do beg your good-will in this case.

COUNT. In what case?

CLO. In Ifbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage:<sup>5</sup> and, I think, I shall never have the

<sup>9</sup> ——— you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.] After premising that the accusative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear, "You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability." HEATH.

It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— are damn'd:] See *S. Mark*, x. 25; *S. Luke*, xviii. 25.

GREY,

<sup>3</sup> ——— to go to the world,] This phrase has already occurred in *Much ado about nothing*, and signifies to be married: and thus, in *As you Like it*, Audrey says: "—— it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— and I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Service is no heritage:*] This is a proverbial expression. *Needs must when the devil drives*, is another. RITSON.



bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

COUNT. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

CLO. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

COUNT. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

CLO. Faith madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

COUNT. May the world know them?

CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

COUNT. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

CLO. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

COUNT. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLO. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Clo. *You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends;*] The meaning [i. e. of the ancient reading mentioned in the ſubſequent note] ſeems to be, you are not deeply ſkilled in the character or offices of great friends. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

“ *Lady*. What have we here?

“ *Clown*. *In* that you have there.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ No more but *in* a woman.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ 'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man.”

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made, I am anſwerable. MALONE.



for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.<sup>6</sup> He, that ears my land,<sup>7</sup> spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist,

<sup>6</sup> — *the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.*] The same thought is more dilated in an old MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maid's Tragedy*:

“*Soph.* I have a wife, would she were so preferr'd!

“ I could but be her subject; so I am now.

“ I allow her her owne friend to stop her mowth,

“ And keep her quiet; give him his table free,

“ And the huge feeding of his great stone-horse,

“ On which he rides in pompe about the cittie

“ Only to speake to gallants in bay-windowes.

“ Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for;

“ He getts me all my children, there I save by't;

“ Beside, I drawe my life owte by the bargaine

“ Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed;

“ When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels

“ At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten

“ Some five and fortie yeares before I'm coffin'd.

“ 'Tis the right waie to keep a woman honest:

“ One friend is baracadoe to a hundred,

“ And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a husband's sure

“ To have his children all of one man's gettunge;

“ And he that performes best, can have no better:

“ I'm e'en as happie then that save a labour.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *that ears my land,*] To ear is to plough. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound

“ With keels of every kind.” STEEVENS.

See 1 Sam. viii. 12. *Isaiab*, xxx. 24. *Deut.* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21. for the use of this verb. HENLEY.



howfoe'er their hearts are fever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

COUNT. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

CLO. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:<sup>8</sup>

*For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.<sup>9</sup>*

COUNT. Get you gone, fir; I'll talk with you more anon.

<sup>8</sup> *A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:]* It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the First—*Par l'avis, conseil, prediction des fols vos savez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez, &c.*—The phrase—*speak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be. WARBURTON.

See the popular story of *Nixon the Idiot's Cheshire Prophecy*.

DOUCE.

*Next way*, is *nearest way*. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part I*:

“ ’Tis the *next way* to turn tailor,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Next way* is a phrase still used in Warwickshire, and signifies *without circumlocution, or going about*. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — *sings by kind.]* I find something like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden, 1577*:

“ Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,

“ As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde.”

STEEVENS.



STEW. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

COUNT. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

CLO. *Was this fair face the cause,<sup>2</sup> quoth she,*  
[Singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?  
Fond done,<sup>3</sup> done fond,  
Was this king Priam's joy.*

<sup>2</sup> *Was this fair face the cause, &c.]* The name of *Helen*, whom the Countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the Clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus:

*Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he——.* WARBURTON.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following stanza of another old ballad:

“ And here fair *Paris* comes,  
“ The hopeful youth of *Troy*,  
“ Queen Hecuba's darling son,  
“ King *Priam's* only joy.”

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the person described as “ king Priam's joy ” in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has justly observed, that Dr. Warburton, though he has supplied the words supposed to be lost, has not explained them; nor indeed do they seem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward White, “ *The lamentation of Hecuba, and the ladies of Troye;* ” which probably contained the stanza here quoted.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Fond done,*] Is foolishly done. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. iii:

“ —— Sorrow and grief of heart,  
“ Makes him speak *fondly.* ” STEEVENS.



*With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,<sup>4</sup>  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.<sup>5</sup>*

COUNT. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, firrah.

CLO. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star,<sup>6</sup> or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well;<sup>7</sup> a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

<sup>4</sup> *With that she sighed as she stood,*] At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italick characters the word *bis*, denoting, I suppose, the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was twice printed, as it is here inserted, from the oldest copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.*] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shows the song said—*nine good in ten.*

*If one be bad amongst nine good,  
There's but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris, and Polites.* WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *but every blazing star,*] The old copy reads—*but ore every blazing star.* STEEVENS.

I suppose *o'er* was a misprint for *or*, which was used by our old writers for *before*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *'twould mend the lottery well;*] This surely is a strange



COUNT. You'll be gone, fir knave, and do as I command you?

CLO. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.<sup>8</sup>—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit Clown.

kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—lottery *wheel*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Clo. *That man, &c.*] The Clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss*; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.

JOHNSON.

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

—“She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland.”

Again, in *The Match at Midnight*, 1633:

“He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the sight of a *surplice*.”

Again, in *The Hollander*, 1640:

—“A *puritan*, who, because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes.” STEEVENS.



COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNT. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;<sup>9</sup> Diana,

I cannot help thinking we should read—*Though honesty be a puritan*—. TYRWHITT.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say—though *honesty be no puritan*,—why should he add—*that it would wear the surplice, &c.* or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The Clown, I think, means to say, “*Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as a puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them.*” I suspect however a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words “*no hurt*” from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—“*Though honesty be a puritan, yet it will do what is enjoined; it will wear the surplice of humility, over the black gown of a big heart.*” I will therefore obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *only where qualities were level;*] The meaning may be, where qualities only, and not fortunes or conditions, were level. Or perhaps *only* is used for *except*. “—that would not extend his might, *except* where two persons were of equal rank.” MALONE.



no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward:<sup>9</sup> This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,<sup>2</sup> in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNT. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

*Enter HELENA.*

COUNT. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's,<sup>3</sup> these are ours; this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Love, no god, &c. Diana, no queen of virgins, &c.* This passage stands thus in the old copies:

*Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.*

'Tis evident to every sensible reader that something must have slipped out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love, no god, for another;—what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text.

*Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue, &c.*

For in poetical history Diana was as well known to preside over chastity, as Cupid over love, or Fortune over the change or regulation of our circumstances. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *sithence,*] i. e. since. So, in *Spenser's State of Ireland*:  
“ ——— the beginning of all other evils which *sithence* have af-



It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:  
By our remembrances<sup>4</sup> of days foregone,  
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them  
none.<sup>5</sup>

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

HEL. What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT. You know, Helen,  
I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;  
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:<sup>6</sup>

dicted that land." Chaucer frequently uses *sith*, and *sithen*, in the same sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—*If ever we are nature's*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *By our remembrances—*] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we say, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.*] We should read: — *O! then we thought them none*.

A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker. This was sent to the Oxford editor, and he altered *O*, to *though*. WARBURTON.

Such were the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at least were then my *feelings*, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deserved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without necessity, as it seems to me, reads—" *O! then we thought them none;*"—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and choice breeds

*A native slip to us from foreign seeds:*] And our choice furnishes



You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care:—  
 God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,  
 To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?<sup>1</sup>  
 Why?—that you are my daughter?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I say, I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam;  
 The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother:  
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name;  
 No note upon my parents, his all noble:  
 My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
 His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
 He must not be my brother.

COUNT. Nor I your mother?

HEL. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you  
 were  
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)  
 Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mo-  
 thers,  
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven,

us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate  
 and treat, as if it were native to us, and sprung from ourselves.

HEATH.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *What's the matter,*

*That this distemper'd messenger of wet,*

*The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?*]

There is something  
 exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of co-  
 lours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet  
 with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his  
*Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And round about her tear-distained eye

“ Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.”

HENLEY.



So I were not his sister:<sup>8</sup> Can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?<sup>9</sup>

COUNT. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-  
in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,  
So strive<sup>2</sup> upon your pulse: What, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' head.<sup>3</sup> Now to all sense 'tis gross,

<sup>8</sup> ——— or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,  
So I were not his sister:] There is a designed ambiguity: *I*  
care no more for, is, I care as much for.—I wish it equally.

FARMER.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we find—"I care not to be the louse of  
a lazar, so I were not Menelaus." There the words certainly  
mean, I should not be sorry or unwilling to be, &c. According  
to this, then, the meaning of the passage before us should be, "If  
you were mother to us both, it would not give me more solicitude  
than heaven gives me,—so I were not his sister." But Helena  
certainly would not confess an indifference about her future state.  
However, she may mean, as Dr. Farmer has suggested, "I should  
not care more than, but equally as, I care for future happiness; I  
should be as content, and solicit it as much, as I pray for the  
bliss of heaven." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— Can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?] The meaning is  
obscured by the elliptical diction. Can it be no other way, but if  
I be your daughter, he must be my brother? JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— strive —] To strive is to contend. So, in *Cymbeline*:  
"That it did strive in workmanship and value."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' head.] The old copy reads—*loveliness*.

STEEVENS.

The mystery of her *loveliness* is beyond my comprehension: the  
old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in  
reproach, that this word should find a place here; which it could  
not, unless sarcastically employed, and with some spleen. I dare



You love my son; invention is ashamed,  
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
 But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks  
 Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes  
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,  
 That in their kind<sup>4</sup> they speak it; only sin  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
 That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?  
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;  
 If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
 To tell me truly.

HEL. Good madam, pardon me!

COUNT. Do you love my son?

HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT. Love you my son?

HEL. Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,  
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, dis-  
 close

warrant the poet meant his old lady should say no more than this:  
 "I now find the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weep-  
 ing, and pining in secret." For this reason I have amended the  
 text, *loneliness*. The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives  
 the Countess intelligence of Helena's behaviour, says—

"*Alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words  
 to her own ears.*" THEOBALD.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your  
*loneliness*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To choose solitude  
 is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

*Your salt tears' head.*] The source, the fountain of your tears,  
 the cause of your grief. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *in their kind* —] i. e. in their language, according to their  
 nature. STEEVENS.



The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL. Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son:—  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,  
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,<sup>5</sup>  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still:<sup>6</sup> thus, Indian-like,

<sup>5</sup> ———captious and intenable sieve,] The word *captious* I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copiers than used by the author. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers, and especially in Churchyard's Poems, with which Shakspeare was not unacquainted. STEEVENS.

By *captious*, I believe Shakspeare only meant *recipient*, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by *intenable*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And lack not to lose still:] Perhaps we should read—  
And lack not to love still. TYRWHITT.

I believe *lose* is right. So afterwards, in this speech:

“ ——— whose state is such, that cannot choose

“ But lend and give, where she is sure to *lose*.”

Helena means, I think, to say that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though



Religious in mine error, I adore  
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
 For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,<sup>7</sup>  
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
 Wish chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian  
 Was both herself and Love;<sup>8</sup> O then, give pity  
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;  
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
 To go to Paris?

HEL. Madam, I had.

COUNT. Wherefore? tell true.<sup>9</sup>

she finds that *the waters of her love* are still *lost*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,*] i. e. whose respectable conduct in age *shows*, or *proves*, that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our author with his usual license uses to *cite*, in the sense of *to prove*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Wish chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian Was both herself and Love;*] i. e. Venus. Helena means to say—"If ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires." I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read—

*Love dearly, and wish chafly, that your Dian, &c.*

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *tell true.*] This is an evident interpolation. It is needless, because it repeats what the Countess had already said: it is injurious, because it spoils the measure. STEEVENS.



HEL. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.  
You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,  
And manifest experience, had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive<sup>2</sup> were,  
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

COUNT. This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
Haply, been absent then.

COUNT. But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine,<sup>3</sup> have left off  
The danger to itself?

HEL. There's something hints,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

<sup>2</sup> — notes, whose faculties inclusive—] Receipts in which  
greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their skill.  
So, in the old spurious play of *K. John*:

“Back war-men, back; embowel not the clime.”

STEEVENS.



Of his profession, that his good receipt<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified  
 By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your  
 honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
 By such a day, and hour.

COUNT. Dost thou believe't?

HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,  
 and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
 To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,  
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:<sup>5</sup>  
 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *There's something hints*

*More than my father's skill,——*

*—— that his good receipt, &c.]* The old copy reads—*something*  
 in't. STEEVENS.

Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to  
 which it refers, which makes the sentence vicious, and shows that  
 we should read—

*There's something hints*

*More than my father's skill,——*

*—— that his good receipt——*

i. e. I have a secret premonition, or presage. WARBURTON.

This necessary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *—— into thy attempt:]* So in the old copy. We might more  
 intelligibly read, according to the third folio,—unto *thy attempt.*

STEEVENS.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.*

KING. Farewell,<sup>6</sup> young lord, these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:<sup>7</sup>—  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

<sup>6</sup> *Farewell, &c.] In all the latter copies these lines stood thus;  
Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, farewell;  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd.*

The third line in that state was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

*Farewell, young lord: these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, farewell;  
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.*

The first edition, from which the passage is restored, was sufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not understand. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and you, my lord, farewell:] The old copy, both in this and the following instance, reads—*lords*, STEEVENS.

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy; and therefore I think the King's speech should be corrected thus:

*Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you; and you, my lord, farewell;*



I LORD. It is our hope, fir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege.<sup>8</sup> Farewell, young lords;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy  
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it;<sup>9</sup> when

what follows, shows this correction to be necessary:

“ Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,” &c.

TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is clearly right. Advice is the only  
thing that may be shared between two, and yet both gain all.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and yet my heart

*Will not confess he owes the malady*

*That doth my life besiege.*] i. e. as the common phrase runs,  
*I am still heart-whole*; my spirits, by not sinking under my dis-  
temper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— let higher Italy

*(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall*

*Of the last monarchy,)* see, &c.] The ancient geographers have  
divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills  
being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the  
Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side  
the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction,  
the Adriatick being called the upper Sea and the Tyrrhene or  
Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the  
Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher  
Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon  
the Adriatick. HANMER.

Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three very different  
tenures. The emperor, as successor of the Roman emperors, had  
one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Constantine,  
another; and the third was composed of free states. Now by the  
*last monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the last of the four general mo-  
narchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several  
cities set up for themselves, and became free states: now these



The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,

might be said properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider sense. The King says *higher* Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himself and says, I except those from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy; as all the little petty states; for instance, Florence, to whom these volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*Those bastards that inherit, &c.*

with this note:

“ Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and states which arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world.”

Dr. Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The passage is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this, *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exercise your valour, *see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those* that have now lost their ancient military fame, *and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.* To *abate* is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatere*, to depress, to sink, to deject, to subdue. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — till ignorance deliver you,  
“ As most *abated* captives to some nation  
“ That won you without blows.”

And *bated* is used in a kindred sense in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — in a bondman's key,  
“ With *bated* breath, and whisp'ring humbleness.”

The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law.

JOHNSON.

In confirmation of Johnson's opinion, that *higher* relates to situation, not to dignity, we find in the third scene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords says,—“ What will Count Rouffillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?”

M. MASON.

*Those 'bated* may here signify “ those being *taken away* or *excepted.*” *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language still used with this meaning. This parenthetical sentence implies no more than *they excepted who possess modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire.* HOLT WHITE.



That fame may cry you loud:<sup>2</sup> I say, farewell.

2 LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them; They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you serve.<sup>3</sup>

BOTH. Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1 LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAR. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 LORD. O, 'tis brave wars!

PAR. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

BER. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

*Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.*

PAR. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

BER. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with!<sup>4</sup> By heaven, I'll steal away.

<sup>2</sup> *That fame may cry you loud:*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“——fame with her loud'st O yes,

“Cries, This is he.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——beware of being captives,

*Before you serve.*] The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, *Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——and no sword worn,

*But one to dance with!*] It should be remembered that in Shakspeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords



1 LORD. There's honour in the theft.<sup>5</sup>

PAR. Commit it, count.

2 LORD. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.<sup>6</sup>

1 LORD. Farewell, captain.

2 LORD. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:— You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,<sup>7</sup> an emblem of

on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*: Act III. sc. ix:

“ ——— He, at Philippi kept  
“ His sword, even like a dancer.”

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— I'll steal away.—

*There's honour in the theft.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ There's warrant in that theft,  
“ Which steals itself——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] I read thus— *Our parting is the parting of a tortured body.* Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. sc. iii:

“ ——— it is a sufferance, panging  
“ As foul and body's severing.” STEEVENS.

As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body. Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, M. MASON.

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, (“like to a double cherry, seeming parted,”) our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— with *his cicatrice*,] The old copy reads,—*his cicatrice* with. STEEVENS.



war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 LORD. We shall, noble captain.

PAR. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

BER. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him rise.*

PAR. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star;<sup>8</sup> and

It is surprising, none of the editors could see that a slight transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common sense in the passage, as it stands without such transposition. Parolles only means, "You shall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a scar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my sword gave him." THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, &c.*] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, *do muster*, to *muster*.—*To wear themselves in the cap of the time*, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps.—*There to muster true gait*, signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy. WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—*They do muster with the true gait*, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*master true gait*. To *master* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"As if he *master'd* there a double spirit

"Of teaching and of learning——."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"Between the promise of his greener days,

"And those he *masters* now,"



though the devil lead the measure,<sup>9</sup> such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BER. And I will do so.

PAR. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

*Enter* LAFEU.

LAF. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

KING. I'll see thee to stand up.

LAF. Then here's a man  
Stands, that has brought<sup>2</sup> his pardon. I would, you  
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and  
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600, and 1608, read *musters*. STEEVENS.

The obscurity of the passage arises only from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgement to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *speaking*, &c. are the several ornaments which they *muster*, place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done *under the influence of the most received star*; that is, the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions:—and though the devil were to lead the measure or *dance* of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *lead the measure,*] i. e. the dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says: "Tell him there is *measure* in every thing, and so dance out the answer." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *brought* —] Some modern editions read—*bought*.

MALONE.



LAF. Goodfaith, acrofs :<sup>3</sup>  
But, my good lord, 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd  
Of your infirmity ?

KING. No.

LAF. O, will you eat  
No grapes, my royal fox ? yes, but you will,  
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox  
Could reach them :<sup>4</sup> I have seen a medicine,<sup>5</sup>  
That's able to breathe life into a stone ;  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,<sup>6</sup>  
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch<sup>7</sup>  
Is powerful to araife king Pepin, nay,

<sup>3</sup> — *acrofs* :] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. JOHNSON.

While chivalry was in vogue, breaking spears against a quintain was a favourite exercise. He who shivered the greatest number was esteemed the most adroit ; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if atchieved by a side-stroke or *acrofs*, it showed unskilfulness, and disgraced the practiser. Here, therefore, Lafau reflects on the King's wit as awkward and ineffectual, and, in the terms of play, good for nothing.

HOLT WHITE.

See *As you Like it*, Act III. sc. iv. p. 113. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *yes, but you will,*

*My noble grapes, &c.*] The words—*My noble grapes*, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shakspeare's words. *You will eat*, says Lafau, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes*, as I bring you, *if you could reach them*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *medicine*,] is here put for a *sbe-physician*. HANMER.

<sup>6</sup> — *and make you dance canary*,] Mr. Rich. Broome, in his comedy entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the Breeches*, Act IV. sc. i. mentions this among other dances: "As for corantos, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards or *canaries* ; I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man."

Dr. GREY.

<sup>7</sup> — *whose simple touch, &c.*] Thus, Ovid, Amor. III. vii. 41 :

*Illius ad tactum Pylus juvenescere possit,*

*Tithonosque annis fortior esse suis.* STEEVENS.



To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,  
And write<sup>8</sup> to her a love-line.

KING. What her is this?

LAF. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>9</sup>  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness:<sup>2</sup> Will you see her,  
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

KING. Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

LAF. Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.

KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

<sup>8</sup> *And write* —] I believe a line preceding this has been lost.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *her years, profession,*] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Than I dare blame my weakness:*] This is one of Shakspeare's perplexed expressions. “To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do.” STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—“That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it.” M. MASON.



*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*LAF.* Nay, come your ways.

*KING.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*LAF.* Nay, come your ways;<sup>3</sup>

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,<sup>4</sup>  
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*KING.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*HEL.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was  
My father; in what he did profess, well found.<sup>5</sup>

*KING.* I knew him.

*HEL.* The rather will I spare my praises towards  
him;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,<sup>6</sup>  
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

<sup>3</sup> ——— *come your ways;*] This vulgarism is also put into the mouth of *Polonius*. See *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Cressid's uncle,*] I am like *Pandarus*. See *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *well found.*] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a triple eye,*] i. e. a *third eye*. STEEVENS.



With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,<sup>7</sup>  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

KING. We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,—  
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empiricks ; or to disserve so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

HEL. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

KING. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :  
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I  
give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live :  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

HEL. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :

<sup>7</sup> ——— *wherein the honour*  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,] Perhaps we may  
better read :

———— *wherein the power*  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in honour.

JOHNSON.



So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,  
When judges have been babes.<sup>6</sup> Great floods have  
    flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.<sup>7</sup>  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,  
When judges have been babes.*] The allusion is to St. Matthew's Gospel, xi. 25. "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." See also 1 Cor. i. 27. "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *When miracles have by the greatest been denied.*] I do not see the import or connection of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been lost. JOHNSON.

I point the passage thus; and then I see no reason to complain of want of connection:

*When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.*

*When miracles have by the greatest been denied.*

Shakspeare, after alluding to the production of water from a rock, and the drying up of the Red Sea, says, that miracles had been denied by the GREATEST; or in other words, that the ELDERS of ISRAEL (who just before, in reference to another text, were styled judges) had notwithstanding these miracles, wrought for their own preservation, refused that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the Book of Exodus, and particularly Ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c.

HENLEY.

*So holy writ, &c.* alludes to Daniel's judging, when "a young youth," the two Elders in the story of *Susannah*. *Great floods,* i. e. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb, Exod. xvii.

— great seas have dry'd

*When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.*

Dr. Johnson did not see the import or connection of this line. It certainly refers to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied, or not hearkened to, by Pharaoh.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> — and despair most fits.] The old copy reads—*shifts*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind  
maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:  
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:  
It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows:  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim;<sup>9</sup>  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

KING. Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

HEL. The greatest grace lending grace,<sup>2</sup>  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Myself against the level of mine aim;*] i. e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.

WARBURTON.

I rather think that she means so say,—*I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud;* I think what I speak. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The greatest grace lending grace,*] I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

The former *grace* in this passage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently signify *divine grace*. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> — his *sleepy lamp*;) Old copy—her *sleepy lamp*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



Or four and twenty times the pilot's glafs  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

HEL. Tax of impudence,—  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—  
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— a divulged shame,—

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended.] I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation,) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman, being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEVENS.

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet:—a divulged shame; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—my maiden name's seared otherwise; i. e. to be stigmatized as a prostitute:—no worse of worst extended; i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous. Shakspeare has used the word *sear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the same sense as above:

“ ——— for calumny will sear

“ Virtue itself!”——

And “ The report of her is extended more than can be thought.”

HENLEY.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wish to read and point the latter part of the passage thus:

——— my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst, extended

With vilest torture, let my life be ended.



KING. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth  
 speak;  
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak:<sup>5</sup>  
 And what impossibility would slay  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.<sup>6</sup>  
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;<sup>7</sup>  
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all<sup>8</sup>  
 That happiness and prime<sup>9</sup> can happy call:

i. e. Let me be otherwise branded;—and (what is *the worst of worst*, the consummation of misery,) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ ——— the *worst of worst* of ills.”

No was introduced by the editor of the second folio.

Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

“ If she be fat, then she is swollen, say,  
 “ If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;  
 “ If slender, leane, meagre and worne away,  
 “ If courtly, wanton, *worst of worst* before.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;*

*His powerful sound, within an organ weak:]* The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:

*His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ.* HEATH.

This, in my opinion, is a very just and happy explanation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And what impossibility would slay*

*In common sense, sense saves another way.]* i. e. and that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *in thee hath estimate;]* May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all—]* The old copy omits *virtue*. It was supplied by Dr. Warburton, to remedy a defect in the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *prime—]* Youth; the spring or morning of life. JOHNSON.

Should we not read—*pride*? Dr. Johnson explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpre-



Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

HEL. If I break time, or flinch in property<sup>2</sup>  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;  
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

KING. Make thy demand.

HEL. But will you make it even?

KING. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.<sup>3</sup>

tation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and *youth* can happy call."—*Happiness and pride* may signify, I think, *the pride of happiness*; the proudest state of happiness. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Act III. sc. i. *the voice and echo*, is put for *the voice of echo*, or, *the echoing voice*. TYRWHITT.

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrksome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in property* —] In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is should go,

"Not by the title." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.*] The old copy reads:

————— *my hopes of help*. STEEVENS.

The King could have but a very slight hope of *help* from her, scarce enough to swear by: and therefore Helen might suspect he



HEL. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly  
hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command:  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state:<sup>4</sup>  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must;  
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But  
rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest part of the scene is strictly in rhyme: and there is no shadow of reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

*Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.* THIRLBY.

<sup>4</sup> *With any branch or image of thy state:]* Shakspeare unquestionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graff, or slip, or sucker: by which she means one of the sons of France, Caxton calls our Prince Arthur, *that noble impe of fame.* WARBURTON.

*Image* is surely the true reading, and may mean any representative of thine; i. e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. There is no such word as *impage*; and, as Mr. M. Mason observes, were such a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Mr. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the *collateral* descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line.* STEEVENS.

Our author again uses the word *image* in the same sense as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn.”

MALONE.



Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

COUNT. Come on, fir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLO. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

COUNT. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

CLO. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNT. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

CLO. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;<sup>5</sup> the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

<sup>5</sup> *It is like a barber's chair, &c.]* This expression is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*.

So, in *More Fooles Yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams. 4to. 1610:



COUNT. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

CLO. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,<sup>6</sup> as

"Moreover fatten futes he doth compare  
 "Unto the service of a barber's chayre;  
 "As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,  
 "As for a knight or worthy gentleman." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,] *Tom* is the man, and by *Tib* we are to understand the woman, and therefore, more properly we might read—Tom's *rush* for, &c. The allusion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage: but in England it was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his *Constitutions*, anni, 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates as the reason of the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.

But notwithstanding this censure on it, the practice was not abolished; for it is alluded to in a song in a play written by sir William D'Avenant, called *The Rivals*:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
 "And I'll marry thee with a *rush ring*."

which song, by the way, was first sung by Miss Davis; she acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was so pleased with her voice and action, that he took her from the stage, and made her his mistress.

Again, in the song called *The Winchester Wedding*, in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 276:

"Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,  
 "And blithe as a bird in the spring;  
 "And Tommy was so to Katy,  
 "And wedded her with a *rush ring*." SIR J. HAWKINS.

*Tib* and *Tom*, in plain English, I believe, stand for *wanton* and *rogue*. So, in *Churchyard's Choise*:

"Tush, that's a toye; let *Tomkin* talke of *Tibb*."



a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Again, in the *Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk*, &c. by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. no date:

*Cupid.*

“ And doth not *Jove* and *Mars* bear sway? 'Tush, that is true.”

*Philosopher.*

“ Then put in *Tom* and *Tibbe*, and all beares sway as much as you.” STEEVENS.

An anonymous writer, [Mr. Ritson,] with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakspeare frequently indulges himself. The following lines of *Cleiveland* on an *Hermaphrodite* seem to countenance the supposition:

“ Nay, those which modesty can mean,

“ But dare not speak, are *Epicene*.

“ That gamester needs must overcome,

“ That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*.”

Sir John Hawkins would read—“ as *Tom's* rush for *Tib's* forefinger.” But if this were the author's meaning, it would be necessary to alter still farther, and to read—As *Tom's* rush for *Tib's fourth* finger. MALONE.

At the game of *Gleek*, the ace was called *Tib*, and the knave *Tom*; and this is the proper explanation of the lines cited from *Cleiveland*. The practice of marrying with a *rush* ring mentioned by Sir John Hawkins is very questionable, and it might be difficult to find any authority in support of this opinion. DOUCE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unnecessary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*, the priest giving an account of *Olivia's* marriage, says, it was

“ Attested by the holy close of lips,

“ Strengthen'd by *enterchangement* of your rings.”

M. MASON.

I believe what many of us have asserted respecting the exchange of rings in the *marriage ceremony*, is only true of the *marriage contract*, in which such a practice undoubtedly prevailed.

STEEVENS.



COUNT. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

CLO. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

CLO. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNT. To be young again,<sup>7</sup> if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, fir, are you a courtier?

CLO. O Lord, fir,<sup>8</sup>—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

COUNT. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLO. O Lord, fir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNT. I think, fir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLO. O Lord, fir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNT. You were lately whipp'd, fir, I think.

CLO. O Lord, fir,—Spare not me.

<sup>7</sup> *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *O Lord, fir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ You conceive me, fir?—O Lord, fir!”

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his Gentleman—

“ Answer, O Lord, fir! and talk *play-book* oaths.”

FARMER.



COUNT. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequest to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

CLO. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNT. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

CLO. *O Lord, sir*,—Why, there't serves well again.

COUNT. An end, *sir*, to your business: Give Helen this,  
And urge her to a present answer back:  
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;  
This is not much.

CLO. Not much commendation to them.

COUNT. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

CLO. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

COUNT. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

LAF. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern<sup>9</sup> and

<sup>9</sup> ——— *modern*—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you Like it*:

“ Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances.”

Again, in another play: [*All's well*, &c. Act V. sc. iii.] “ — with her *modern* grace —,” MALONE,



familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,<sup>9</sup> when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.<sup>2</sup>

PAR. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

BER. And so 'tis.

LAF. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

PAR. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

LAF. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,<sup>3</sup>—

<sup>9</sup> — ensconcing *ourselves* into *seeming knowledge*,] To *ensconce* literally signifies to secure as in a fort. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I will *ensconce* me behind the arras.” Into (a frequent practice with old writers) is used for *in*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *unknown fear*.] *Fear* is here an object of fear. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Par. *So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus*.

Laf. *Of all the learned and authentick fellows*,] Shakspeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jostled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or fashionable to Paracelsus. Sancy, in his *Confession Catholique*, p. 301. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to say: “*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il est bon Galeniste, & tres bon Paracelsiste. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, & non mesprisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce soit de vrais preceptes de Paracelse, est bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme pour la Therapeutique.*” WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafau. I read this passage thus:

Laf. *To be relinquished of the artists*—

Par. *So I say*.

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows*—

Par. *Right, so I say*. JOHNSON.



*PAR.* Right, so I say.

*LAF.* That gave him out incurable,—

*PAR.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*LAF.* Not to be help'd,—

*PAR.* Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

*LAF.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*PAR.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*LAF.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*PAR.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?<sup>4</sup>—

*LAF.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.<sup>5</sup>

*PAR.* That's it I would have said; the very same.

*LAF.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier:<sup>6</sup> 'fore me I speak in respect—

—authentick fellows,] The phrase of the diploma is, *authenticè licentiatus*. MUSGRAVE.

The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

“ For which those grave and still *authentick* sages,  
“ Which fought for knowledge in those golden ages,  
“ From whom we hold the science that we have,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Par.* *It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, &c.]* We should read, I think: *It is, indeed, if you will have it a showing—you shall read it in what do you call there.*— TYRWHITT.

Does not, *if you will have it in showing*, signify IN a demonstration or statement of the case? HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> *A showing of a heavenly effect, &c.]* The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:]* By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.



*PAR.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit,<sup>7</sup> that will not acknowledge it to be the——

*LAF.* Very hand of heaven.

*PAR.* Ay, so I say.

*LAF.* In a most weak——

*PAR.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king,<sup>8</sup> as to be——

*LAF.* Generally thankful.

What Mr. Steevens observes is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think that by *dolphin* in the passage before us the fish so called was meant. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——— His delights

“ Were *dolphin*-like; they show'd his back above

“ The element he liv'd in.”

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's son, would surely have said—“ *the dolphin*.” I use the old spelling.

MALONE.

In the colloquial language of Shakspeare's time *your* was frequently employed as it is in this passage: So, in *Hamlet*, the Grave-digger observes, that “ *your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body*.” Again, in *As you Like it*: “ *Your if is the only peace-maker*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— facinorous spirit,] This word is used in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“ And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds.”

*Facinorous* is wicked, The old copy spells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not designed for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common spelling. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, &c.] I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

*Laf.* In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

*Par.* As to be——

*Laf.* Generally thankful. JOHNSON.



*Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*PAR.* I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

*LAF.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says:<sup>9</sup> I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*PAR.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*LAF.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*KING.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Lustick, as the Dutchman says:] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, chearful, pleasant. It is used in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

“ ————— can walk a mile or two

“ As *lustique* as a boor——.”

Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

“ What all *lustick*, all frolicksome!”

The burden also of one of our ancient *Medleys* is

“ Hey *Lusticke*.” STEEVENS.

In the narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is said, that after a night spent in prayer, &c. by some of the prisoners, “ the Dutch that guarded them offered them wine, bidding them drink *lustick*, and drive away the sorrow, according to the custom of their own nation.” REED.



*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice<sup>2</sup>  
I have to use: thy frank election make;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-  
fake.

HEL. To each of you one fair and virtuous mis-  
tress  
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!<sup>3</sup>

LAF. I'd give bay Curtal,<sup>4</sup> and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken<sup>5</sup> than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

KING. Peruse them well:  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

<sup>2</sup> *O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice—*] They were his *wards* as well as his subjects. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> *—marry, to each, but one!*] I cannot understand this passage in any other sense, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in consequence of Helena's wish of *one* fair and virtuous mistress *to each* of the lords. If that be so, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's observations on this passage are not conceived with his usual sagacity. He mistakes the import of the words *but one*, which does not mean *one only*, but *except one*.

Helena wishes a fair and virtuous mistress to each of the young lords who were present, one only excepted; and the person excepted is Bertram, whose mistress she hoped she herself should be; and she makes the exception out of modesty: for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *—bay Curtal,*] i. e. a bay, dock'd horse. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My mouth no more were broken—*] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON.



HEL. Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to  
health.

ALL. We understand it, and thank heaven for  
you.

HEL. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :——  
Please it your majesty, I have done already :  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
*We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,*  
*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;*  
*We'll ne'er come there again.*<sup>6</sup>

KING. Make choice ; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

I LORD. And grant it.

HEL. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,*  
*Let the white death, &c.]* In the original copy, these lines are  
pointed thus :

*We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd ;*

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ; &c.*

This punctuation has been adopted in all the subsequent editions.  
The present regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much  
clearer sense. “ My blushes, (says Helen,) thus whisper me. We  
blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband.  
However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refused, let  
thy cheeks be for ever pale ; we will never revisit them again.”

The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed  
to know that Helena would be refused, as, according to the former  
punctuation, they appear to do ; and, even if the poet had meant  
this, he would surely have written “ —and be refused,” not  
“ —but be refused.”

*Be refus'd* means the same as—“ thou being refused,”—or, “ be  
thou refused.” MALONE.

The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. JOHNSON.



LAF. I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
ames-ace<sup>8</sup> for my life.

HEL. The honour, fir, that flames in your fair  
eyes,  
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 LORD. No better, if you please.

HEL. My wish receive,  
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

LAF. Do all they deny her<sup>9</sup>? An they were sons  
of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would send  
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

HEL. Be not afraid [*To a Lord.*] that I your hand  
should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none  
have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;  
the French ne'er got them.

HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 LORD. Fair one, I think not so.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *all the rest is mute.*] i. e. I have no more to say to you.  
So, Hamlet: "——— *the rest is silence.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *ames-ace*——] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. So, in  
*The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "——— may I at my last stake, &c.  
throw *ames-aces* thrice together." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Laf. *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied  
her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so  
regulated that Lafau and Parolles talk at a distance, where they  
may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear  
it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.

JOHNSON.



*LAF.* There's one grape yet,<sup>2</sup>—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an afs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

*HEL.* I dare not say, I take you; [*To BERTRAM.*]  
but I give  
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*KING.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

*BER.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,  
In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*KING.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*BER.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*KING.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*BER.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;  
She had her breeding at my father's charge:  
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

<sup>2</sup> *There's one grape yet,*] This speech the three last editors [*Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton,*] have perplexed themselves by dividing between *Lafeu* and *Parolles*, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no explanation necessary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently misunderstood it.

Old *Lafeu* having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an afs.* JOHNSON.



KING. 'Tis only title<sup>3</sup> thou disdain'st in her, the  
 which  
 I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
 Of colour, weight, and heat,<sup>4</sup> pour'd all together,  
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
 In differences so mighty: If she be  
 All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,  
 A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st  
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so:  
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,<sup>5</sup>  
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
 Where great additions swell,<sup>6</sup> and virtue none,  
 It is a drop'd honour: good alone  
 Is good, without a name; vileness is so:<sup>7</sup>  
 The property by what it is should go,

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis only title—] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Of colour, weight, and heat,] That is, which are of the same colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,] The old copy has—*whence*, This easy correction [*when*] was prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> Where great additions swell,] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— good alone

*Is good, without a name; vileness is so:*] Shakspeare may mean, that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itself) *without a name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good*. *Vileness is so* (i. e. is itself.) Either of them is what its name implies:

“ The property by what it is should go,  
 “ Not by the title ———.”  
 “ Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
 “ 'Tis not the devil's crest.” *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

Steevens's last interpretation of this passage is very near being right; but I think it should be pointed thus:

——— good alone  
*Is good;—without a name, vileness is so.*  
 Meaning that good is good without any addition, and vileness



Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;<sup>8</sup>  
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
 And is not like the fire:<sup>9</sup> Honours best thrive,<sup>2</sup>  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,  
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,  
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb

would still be vileness, though we had no such name to distinguish it by. A similar expression occurs in *Macbeth*:

“ Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
 “ Yet grace must still look *so*.”

That is, grace would still be grace, as vileness would still be vileness. M. MASON.

The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In these to nature she's immediate heir;*] To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from nature, but honour is transmitted by ancestors. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *that is honour's scorn,*  
*Which challenges itself as honour's born,*  
*And is not like the fire:]* Perhaps we might read more elegantly—  
 as *honour-born*,—honourably descended: the child of honour.

MALONE.

*Honour's born*, is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *And is not like the fire: Honours best thrive, &c.]* The first folio omits—*best*; but the second folio supplies it, as it is necessary to enforce the sense of the passage, and complete its measure.

STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Honours best thrive*; in which they have followed the editor of the second folio, who introduced the word *best* unnecessarily; not observing that *fire* was used by our author, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Where is an example of *fire*, used as a dissyllable, to be found? *Fire* and *hour* were anciently written *fier* and *hower*; and consequently the concurring vowels could be separated in pronunciation.

STEEVENS.



Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,  
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

BER. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st  
strive to choose.

HEL. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;  
Let the rest go.

KING. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,  
I must produce my power:<sup>3</sup> Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam;<sup>4</sup> that wilt not know,

<sup>3</sup> *My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,*

*I must produce my power:]* The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make use of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his honour. THEOBALD.

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent "*Which danger to defeat,*" there had been no need of his wit or his alteration. FARMER.

Notwithstanding Mr. Theobald's pert censure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I should be glad to see it restored again, as I am persuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarass*, as well as *to destroy*. *Defaire un nœud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the stake, which to undo I must produce my power.*

TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> ——— that canst not dream,

*We, poizing us in her defective scale,*

*Shall weigh thee to the beam;]* That canst not understand, that



It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
 We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :  
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good :  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
 Into the staggers,<sup>5</sup> and the careless lapse  
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,  
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

BER. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,  
 What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,  
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

KING. Take her by the hand,  
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise  
 A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,  
 A balance more replete.

BER. I take her hand.

KING. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,

if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal  
 favours should be thrown into her scale, (which you esteem so  
 light,) we should make that in which you should be placed, to  
 strike the beam. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Into the staggers,*] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's*  
*apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash  
 himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this  
 the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Post-  
 humus says :

“ Whence come these *staggers* on me ? ” STEEVENS.



Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony.  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night:<sup>6</sup> the solemn feast

<sup>6</sup> ——— whose ceremony

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night:]* Several of the modern editors  
read—new-born brief. STEEVENS.

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate.  
Perhaps it was written thus:

————— what ceremony

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
Shall be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast  
Shall more attend ———.*

The *brief* is the *contract of espousal*, or the *licence* of the church.  
The King means, What *ceremony* is necessary to make this *contract*  
a *marriage*, shall be immediately *performed*; the rest may be de-  
layed. JOHNSON.

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*now-born*. I do not  
perceive that any change is necessary. MALONE.

The whole speech is unnaturally expressed; yet I think it in-  
telligible as it stands, and should therefore reject Johnson's amend-  
ment and explanation.

The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a  
licence, but is an adjective, and means *short* or *contracted*: and the  
words *on the now-born*, signify *for the present*, in opposition to *upon*  
*the coming space*, which means *hereafter*. The sense of the whole  
passage seems to be this:—"The king and fortune smile on this  
contract; the ceremony of which it seems expedient to abridge for  
the present; the solemn feast shall be performed at a future time,  
when we shall be able to assemble friends." M. MASON.

Though I have inserted the foregoing note, I do not profess to  
comprehend its meaning fully. Shakspeare uses the words *ex-*  
*pedience*, *expedient*, and *expediently*, in the sense of *haste*, *quick*, *ex-*  
*peditionously*. A *brief*, in ancient language, means any short and  
summary writing or proceeding. The *now-born brief* is only  
another phrase for *the contract recently and suddenly made*. The  
*ceremony of it* (says the king) *shall seem to hasten after its short pre-*  
*liminary, and be performed to-night, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Now-born*, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, un-  
questionably ought to be restored. The *now-born brief*, is the  
*breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this instance, formally  
notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward.

HENLEY.



Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.*]

LAF. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleasure, sir?

LAF. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAR. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

LAF. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

PAR. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

LAF. Are you companion to the count Roufillon?

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

PAR. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Our author often uses *brief* in the sense of a short note, or intimation concerning any business; and sometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the last Act of this play:

“ — she told me

“ In a sweet verbal *brief*,” &c.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

“ To stop which scruple, let this *brief* suffice:—

“ It is no pamper'd glutton we present,” &c.

The meaning therefore of the present passage, I believe, is;— Good fortune, and the king's favour smile on this short contract; the ceremonial part of which shall *immediately* pass,—*shall follow close on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

The old copy has the following singular continuation: *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding*. This could have been only the marginal note of a prompter, and was never designed to appear in print. STEEVENS.

To *comment* means, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons deeply engaged in thought. MALONE.



*LAF.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*PAR.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*LAF.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>8</sup> to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;<sup>9</sup> and that thou art scarce worth.

*PAR.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

*LAF.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*PAR.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*LAF.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*PAR.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*LAF.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*PAR.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*LAF.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my

<sup>8</sup> —— *for two ordinaries*——] While I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —— *taking up*;] To *take up* is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON.



knowledge; that I may say, in the default,<sup>2</sup> he is a man I know.

*PAR.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*LAF.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*

*PAR.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;<sup>4</sup> scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

<sup>2</sup> — in the default,] That is, at a need. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] The conceit, which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*—I am past, as I will be past by thee. JOHNSON.

*Lafeu* means to say, “for doing I am past, as I will *pass* by thee in what motion age will permit.” *Lafeu* says, that he will *pass* by *Parolles*, not that he will be *passed* by him; and *Lafeu* is actually the person who goes out. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of *Lafeu*'s words. “*I cannot do much, says Lafeu; doing I am past, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave; i. e. as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word past: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakspeare plainly meant it.*” MALONE.

*Doing* is here used obscenely. So, in Ben Jonson's translation of a passage in an *Epigram* of *Petronius*:

*Brevis est, &c. et fœda voluptas.*

“*Doing a filthy pleasure is, and short.*” COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;]* This the poet makes *Parolles* speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself. An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession. WARBURTON.



*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*LAF.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

*PAR.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : He is my good lord : whom I serve above, is my master.

*LAF.* Who ? God ?

*PAR.* Ay, sir.

*LAF.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee : methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*PAR.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*LAF.* Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate ; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller : you are more faucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.<sup>s</sup> You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*PAR.* Good, very good ; it is so then.—Good, very good ; let it be conceal'd a while.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *than the heraldry of your birth, &c.]* In former copies:—*than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer restored it. JOHNSON.



BER. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

PAR. What is the matter, sweet heart?

BER. Although before the solemn priest I have  
sworn,

I will not bed her.

PAR. What? what, sweet heart?

BER. O my Parolles, they have married me:—  
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

PAR. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

BER. There's letters from my mother; what the  
import is,  
I know not yet.

PAR. Ay, that would be known: To the wars,  
my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;<sup>6</sup>  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!  
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

BER. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy, &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in disdain of his *debtors*, entitled, *A kicksy-winsy*, or a *Lerry come-twang*.

GREY.

<sup>7</sup> *To the dark house, &c.*] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy



PAR. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

BER. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow<sup>8</sup>  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAR. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in  
it.—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:  
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.  
[Exeunt.]

by discontent. Milton says of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

“ So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell  
“ Grew darker at their frown.” JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more solemnly expressed:

“ ——— he's as tedious  
“ As is a tired horse, a railing wife,  
“ Worse than a smoaky house.”

The proverb originated before chimneys were in general use, which was not till the middle of Elizabeth's reign. See *Piers Plowman*, passus 17:

“ Thre thinges there be that doe a man by strength  
“ For to flye his owne house, as holy wryte sheweth:  
“ That one is a wycked wife, that wyll not be chastyfed;  
“ Her fere flyeth from her, for feare of her tonge:—  
“ And when *smolke* and *smoulder* smight in his syghte,  
“ It doth him worse than his wyfe, or wete to slepe;  
“ For *smolke* or *smoulder*, smiteth in his eyen  
“ 'Til he be blear'd or blind,” &c.

The old copy reads—*detected* wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. STEEVENS.

The emendation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

“ 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
“ Of a detesting lord.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> I'll send her straight away: To-morrow—] As this line wants a foot, I suppose our author wrote—“ *Betimes* to-morrow.” So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— I will to-morrow,  
“ *Betimes* I will,” &c. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E IV.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

HEL. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

CLO. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world ; but yet she is not well.

HEL. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

CLO. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

HEL. What two things ?

CLO. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God fend her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly !

*Enter PAROLLES.*

PAR. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

HEL. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.<sup>8</sup>

PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

CLO. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

<sup>8</sup> ———fortunes.] Old copy—fortune. Corrected by Mr. Steevens.  
MALONE.



*PAR.* Why, I say nothing.

*CLO.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*PAR.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*CLO.* You should have said, fir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, fir.

*PAR.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*CLO.* Did you find me in yourself, fir? or were you taught to find me? The search, fir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*PAR.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.<sup>9</sup>—  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;  
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and well fed.*] An allusion, perhaps, to the old saying—  
“Better fed than taught;” to which the Clown has himself alluded  
in a preceding scene:—“I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly  
taught.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;*] The old copy reads—  
*to a compell'd restraint.* STEEVENS.

The editor of the third folio reads—*by a compell'd restraint*; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without necessity. Our poet might have meant, in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes to a future day, till which he is *compelled to restrain* his desires. This, it must be confessed, is very harsh; but our author is often so licentious in his







*PAR.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

*HEL.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*PAR.* I shall report it so.

*HEL.* I pray you.—Come, firrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*LAF.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a foldier.

*BER.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*LAF.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*BER.* And by other warranted testimony.

*LAF.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.<sup>4</sup>

*BER.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*LAF.* I have then finned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*PAR.* These things shall be done, sir. [*To BERTRAM.*]

<sup>4</sup> — a bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "—but foresters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A gosshawk beats not a *bunting*." STEEVENS.



LAF. 'Pray you, fir, who's his tailor?

PAR. Sir?

LAF. O, I know him well: Ay, fir; he, fir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

BER. Is she gone to the king?

[*Aside to PAROLLES.*

PAR. She is.

BER. Will she away to-night?

PAR. As you'll have her.

BER. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,—  
And, ere I do begin,—

LAF. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds,<sup>5</sup> and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

BER. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAR. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAF. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;<sup>6</sup> and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

<sup>5</sup> *A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, &c.]* So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

“Gav. What art thou?”

“2 Poor Man. A traveller.

“Gav. Let me see; thou would'st well

“To wait on my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;]* This odd allusion is not introduced



BER. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

LAF. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve<sup>7</sup> at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit,

PAR. An idle lord, I swear.

BER. I think so.

PAR. Why, do you not know him?

BER. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, *to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh*, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without some authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

“ He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,  
“ Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from New-nothing,  
“ And take his *Almain-leap* into a custard,  
“ Shall make my lady mayorefs, and her sisters,  
“ Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.”

*Devil's an ass*, Act I. sc. i. THEOBALD,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *than you have or will deserve*—] The oldest copy erroneously reads—have or will *to* deserve. STEEVENS.

Something seems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the passage. Perhaps we should read—than you have *qualities* or will to deserve. The editor of the second folio reads—than you have or will deserve——, MALONE.



For present parting; only, he desires  
Some private speech with you.

*BER.* I shall obey his will.  
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
For such a business; therefore am I found  
So much unfettled: This drives me to entreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home;  
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:<sup>8</sup>  
For my respects are better than they seem;  
And my appointments have in them a need,  
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother:  
[Giving a letter.  
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*HEL.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*BER.* Come, come, no more of that.

*HEL.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*BER.* Let that go:  
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

*HEL.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*BER.* Well, what would you say?

*HEL.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;<sup>9</sup>  
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

<sup>8</sup> *And rather muse, &c.] To muse is to wonder. So, in Macbeth:*  
"Do not muse at me my most noble friends." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the wealth I owe;] i. e. I own, possess. STEEVENS.*



But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*BER.* What would you have?

*HEL.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,  
indeed,—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith,  
yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kifs.

*BER.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*HEL.* I shall not break your bidding, good my  
lord.

*BER.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—  
Farewell.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit HELENA.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—  
Away, and for our flight.

*PAR.* Bravely, coragio!  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.*] In former copies:

*Hel.* Where are my other men? *Monsieur, farewell.*  
What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal, THEOBALD,



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;  
two French Lords, and Others.

DUKE. So that, from point to point, now have  
you heard  
The fundamental reason of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

1 LORD. Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

DUKE. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin  
France  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 LORD. Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,<sup>3</sup>  
But like a common and an outward man,<sup>4</sup>  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion:<sup>5</sup> therefore dare not

<sup>3</sup> — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ If thou say so, villain, thou kill’st thy mistress:

“ But well and free,

“ If thou so yield him, there is gold —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs.

WARBURTON.

So, *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. “ I was an *inward*  
of his.” *Measure for Measure.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *By self-unable motion:*] We should read *notion.* WARBURTON.

This emendation has also been recommended by Mr. Upton.

STEEVENS.







My dear Mr. Garrison,  
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am  
glad to hear that you are interested in the cause of  
the colored people.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and  
wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are  
well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but  
I have not forgotten you.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and  
wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are  
well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but  
I have not forgotten you.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and  
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I have been thinking of you very much lately, and  
wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are  
well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but  
I have not forgotten you.





From an Ancient Italian Print

J. J. O'Rourke  
The Wall of Constantinople  
As it Stands

Spencer







Say what I think of it; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guefs'd.

DUKE. Be it his pleasure.

2 LORD. But I am fure, the younger of our nature,<sup>6</sup>

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physick.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be;  
And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell:  
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Roussillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

COUNT. It hath happened all as I would have had  
it, save, that he comes not along with her.

CLO. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a  
very melancholy man.

COUNT. By what observance, I pray you?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;  
mend the ruff, and sing;<sup>7</sup> ask questions, and sing;

<sup>6</sup> — the younger of our nature,] i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows*. The modern editors read—*nation*. I have restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Clo. *Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing;*] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it should be so here. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act IV. sc. vi. WHALLEY.



pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.<sup>7</sup>

COUNT. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a Letter,

CLO. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court: our old lings and our Isabels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isabels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

COUNT. What have we here?

CLO. E'en that<sup>8</sup> you have there. [Exit,

COUNT. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,*

BERTRAM,

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, Signat. E. 10. "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his spurs gingle."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— fold *a goodly manor for a song.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—hold *a goodly*, &c. The emendation, however, which was made in the third folio, seems necessary. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Clo. E'en *that*—] Old copy—*In that*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.



*Re-enter Clown.*

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

COUNT. Why should he be kill'd?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.*

1 GEN. Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 GEN. Do not say so.

COUNT. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me<sup>9</sup> unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 GEN. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

HEL. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

<sup>9</sup> *Can woman me—*] i. e. affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected. STEEVENS.



[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,<sup>9</sup> which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*  
This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GEN. Ay, madam;  
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

COUNT. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;  
If thou engross'est all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety:<sup>2</sup> He was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 GEN. Ay, madam.

COUNT. And to be a soldier?

2 GEN. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

<sup>9</sup> *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to—*When thou canst get the ring from my finger.* WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient; but I once read it thus: *When thou canst get the ring upon thy finger, which never shall come off mine.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

“ — there is your ring;

“ And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

“ *When from my finger you can get this ring,*” &c. MALONE,

<sup>2</sup> *If thou engross'est all the griefs are thine,*

*Thou robb'st me of a moiety:*] We should certainly read:

— all the griefs as thine,

instead of—are thine. M. MASON.

This sentiment is elliptically expressed, but, I believe, means no more than—*If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself,* i. e. “all the griefs that are thine,” &c. STEEVENS.



COUNT. Return you thither?

I GEN. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

HEL. [Reads.] *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

COUNT. Find you that there?

HEL. Ay, madam.

I GEN. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,  
which

His heart was not consenting to.

COUNT. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,  
But only she; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

I GEN. A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.

COUNT. Parolles, was't not?

I GEN. Ay, my good lady, he.

COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

I GEN. Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices stand him in  
stead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty  
of expression:

“ — I know him a notorious liar;

“ Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;

“ Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,

“ That they take place, while virtue's steely bones

“ Look bleak in the cold wind —.” WARBURTON.



COUNT. You are welcome, gentlemen,  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him, that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

2 GEN. We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNT. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.<sup>4</sup>  
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

HEL. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.  
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,  
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,  
That sings with piercing,<sup>5</sup> do not touch my lord!

Mr. Heath thinks that the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the Countess; she replies,—No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —move *the still-piecing air,*  
*That sings with piercing,*] The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read:

— pierce *the still-moving air,*  
*That sings with piercing,*  
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*the still-peering air.*  
Perhaps we might better read:

— *the still-piecing air.*



Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;  
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected: better 'twere,  
 I met the ravin lion<sup>6</sup> when he roar'd  
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,  
 Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rou-  
 sillon,  
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,<sup>7</sup>  
 As oft it loses all; I will be gone:  
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence:  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

i. e. the air that closes immediately. This has been proposed already, but I forget by whom. STEEVENS.

*Piece* was formerly spelt—*peece*: so that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, first folio, p. 262:

“Now, good Cesario, but that *peece* of song—.” MALONE.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite found. We should read, I believe,

—rove the *still-piecing* air.

i. e. *fly at random through*. The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading destroys the designed antithesis between *move* and *still*; nor is he correct in his definition of roving, which is not shooting without a *particular aim*, but at *marks of uncertain lengths*. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> —the ravin lion—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Whence honour but of danger, &c.*] The sense is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself. HEATH.



To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

### S C E N E III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM,  
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,  
Upon thy promising fortune.

BER. Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.<sup>7</sup>

DUKE. Then go thou forth;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,<sup>8</sup>  
As thy auspicious mistress!

BER. This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th  
Sonnet:

“But bears it out even to the edge of doom.” MALONE.

Milton has borrowed this expression; *Par. Reg. B. I*:

“You see our danger on the utmost edge

“Of hazard.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,*] So, in *King  
Richard III*:

“Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!”

Again, in *King John*:

“And victory with little loss doth play

“Upon the dancing banners of the French.” STEEVENS.



SCENE IV.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

COUNT. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

STEW. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,<sup>9</sup> thither gone;  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest master, your dear son may bide;  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
I, his despiteful Juno,<sup>2</sup> sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:  
He is too good and fair for death and me;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

<sup>9</sup> — *Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rouffillon to Compostella. JOHNSON.

From Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 8vo. 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to *St. Jacques*, to which Pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there. REED.

<sup>2</sup> — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.



COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,<sup>3</sup>  
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

STEW. Pardon me, madam:  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT. What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light:<sup>4</sup> my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may, that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love: which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>3</sup> ——— *lack advice so much,*] *Advice, is discretion or thought.*

JOHNSON.

So in *King Henry V*:

“ And, on his more *advice* we pardon him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That he does weigh too light:*] To *weigh* here means to *value*,  
or *esteem*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ You *weigh* me not, O, that's you care not for me.”

MALONE.



SCENE V.

*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*WID.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

*DIA.* They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

*WID.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*MAR.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*WID.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*MAR.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.<sup>5</sup>—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *those suggestions for the young earl.] Suggestions are temptations. So, in Love's Labour's Lost:*

“ *Suggestions are to others as to me.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *are not the things they go under:] They are not really so true and sincere, as in appearance they seem to be.* THEOBALD.

*To go under* the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. JOHNSON.



many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*DIA.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

*WID.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—  
God save you pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*HEL.* To Saint Jaques le grand.  
Where do the palmers<sup>7</sup> lodge, I do beseech you?

*WID.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*HEL.* Is this the way?

*WID.* Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!  
[*A march afar off.*

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,<sup>8</sup>

But till the troops come by,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *palmers* —] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. “A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant.” See Blount's *Glossography*. ANONYMOUS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *holy pilgrim*,] The interpolated epithet *holy*, which adds nothing to our author's sense, and is injurious to his metre, may be safely omitted. STEEVENS.



I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;  
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

HEL. Is it yourself?

WID. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your lei-  
sure.

WID. You came, I think, from France?

HEL. I did so.

WID. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

HEL. His name, I pray you.

DIA. The count Roufillon: Know you such a  
one?

HEL. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of  
him:

His face I know not.

DIA. Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for the king<sup>8</sup> had married him  
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

HEL. Ay, surely, mere the truth;<sup>9</sup> I know his lady.

DIA. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL. What's his name?

DIA. Monsieur Parolles.

HEL. O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean

<sup>8</sup> ——— for the king, &c.] For, in the present instance, signifies  
because. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— and great business scant,

“ For she is with me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— mere the truth;] The exact, the entire truth, MALONE.



To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.<sup>9</sup>

*DIA.* Alas, poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*WID.* A right good creature:<sup>2</sup> wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do  
her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*HEL.* How do you mean?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*WID.* He does, indeed;  
And brokes<sup>3</sup> with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *examin'd.*] That is, *questioned, doubted.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *A right good creature:*] There is great reason to believe, that when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and another transcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The same expression is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“A right good creature more to me deserving,” &c.

MALONE.

Perhaps, Shakspeare wrote—

*I weet, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,—*

i. e. I know, I am well assured. He uses the word in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Thus also, Prior:

“But well I *weet*, thy cruel wrong

“Adorns a nobler poet's song.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *brokes* —] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii.

MALONE.



*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

MAR. The gods forbid else!

WID. So, now they come:—  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

HEL. Which is the Frenchman?

DIA. He;  
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;  
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honefter,  
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

HEL. I like him well.

DIA. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that  
fame knave,  
That leads him to these places;<sup>4</sup> were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

HEL. Which is he?

DIA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he  
melancholy?

HEL. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

PAR. Lose our drum! well.

<sup>4</sup> ——— Yond's that same knave,

*That leads him to these places;*] What *places*? Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, of any particular locality? I make no question but our author wrote:

*That leads him to these paces.*

i. e. such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loying his wife. THEOBALD.

The *places* are, apparently, where he

“ ——— brokes with all, that can in such a suit

“ Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.” STEEVENS.



MAR. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

WID. Marry, hang you!

MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers, and Soldiers.*]

WID. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

HEL. I humbly thank you:  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this<sup>5</sup> virgin,  
Worthy the note.

BOTH. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding,<sup>6</sup> hold me no more in your respect.

<sup>5</sup> — on *this* —] Old copy—*of* this. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a hilding,] A *hilding* is a paltry cowardly fellow. So, in *King Henry V*:

“To purge the field from such a *hilding* foe.” STEEVENS.

See note on the Second Part of *K. Henry IV*, Act I. sc. i. REED.



1 LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BER. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 LORD. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

BER. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,<sup>7</sup> when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his

<sup>7</sup> ——— *he's carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,*] i. e. camp.  
 "They will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*."  
*Sir John Smythe's Discourses, &c.* 1590. fo. 2. Douce.



soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

2 *LORD*. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his<sup>8</sup> success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore<sup>9</sup> will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,<sup>2</sup> your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

<sup>8</sup> — of his—] Old copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — of ore—] Old copy—of *ours*. MALONE.

Lump of *ours* has been the reading of all the editions. *Ore*, according to my emendation, bears a consonancy with the other terms accompanying, (*viz. metal, lump, and melted,*) and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for so one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,] But, what is the meaning of *John Drum's entertainment*? Lafeu several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Christian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude, (printed in 1601,) called *Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, The Comedy of Pasquil and Catharine*. In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. And there is another old piece (published in 1627) called, *Apollo Jbrowing*, in which I find these expressions:

“*Thuriger*, Thou lozel, hath Slug infected you?

“Why do you give such kind *entertainment* to that cobweb?

“*Scopas*. It shall have *Tom Drum's entertainment*: a flap with a fox-tail.”

But both these pieces are, perhaps too late in time, to come to the assistance of our author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect: “My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed.” I will now subjoin a quotation from Holinshed, (of whose books Shakspeare was a most diligent reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's



*Enter PAROLLES.*

1 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.<sup>3</sup>

BER. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 LORD. A pox on't let it go; 'tis but a drum.

PAR. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so

history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that *his porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his cares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.* THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has used this expression in the same manner that our author has done; so that there is no reason to suspect the word *John* in the text to be a misprint; "In faith good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John Drum's* entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that composed the book we should present, hath—snatched it from us at the very instant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. MALONE.

Again, in Taylor's *Laugh and be fat*, 78:

"And whither now is Mons<sup>r</sup> Odcome come

"Who on his owne backe-side receiv'd his pay?

"Not like the *Entertainm<sup>t</sup> of Jacke Drum*,

"Who was best welcome when he went away."

Again, in *Manners and Customs of all Nations*, by Ed. Aston, 1611, 4to. p. 280: "—some others on the contrarie part, give them *John Drum's intertainm<sup>t</sup>* reviling and beating them away from their houses," &c. REED.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *in any hand.*] The usual phrase is—at any hand, but in any hand will do. It is used in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456.—"he must be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand.*" Again, p. 508, 553, 546. STEEVENS.



lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *LORD*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*BER*. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

*PAR*. It might have been recover'd.

*BER*. It might; but it is not now.

*PAR*. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.<sup>4</sup>

*BER*. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*PAR*. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*BER*. But you must not now slumber in it.

*PAR*. I'll about it this evening: and I will pre-

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.*] i. e. *Here lies*;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt*, MALONE.



sently pen down my dilemmas,<sup>5</sup> encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

BER. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

PAR. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BER. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,<sup>6</sup> will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAR. I love not many words. [Exit.

I LORD. No more than a fish loves water.<sup>7</sup>—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I will presently pen down my dilemmas,*] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have found the word thus used in Holinshed.

STEEVENS.

I think, that by penning down his *dilemmas*, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *possibility of thy soldiership,*] *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) *to the possibility of your soldiership.* His doubts being now raised, he suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its *probability*. STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was “a hilding.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Par. *I love not many words.*

I Lord. *No more than a fish loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaster’s name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) ought in strict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable:

“Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* live.”

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.



knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *LORD*. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*BER*. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *LORD*. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him,<sup>8</sup> you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *LORD*. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.<sup>9</sup> He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *LORD*. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *we have almost emboss'd him,*] To *embofs* a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

“ Like that self-begotten bird

“ In the Arabian woods *imbofst*,

“ Which no second knows or third.” JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakspeare was unacquainted with this word in the sense which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *embofsare*, Ital. to enclose in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embofs'd*. STEEVENS.

“ To know when a stag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* say) you shall see him *imbofst*, that is, *foaming* and *flavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth,” &c. TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *ere we case him.*] That is, before we strip him naked.

JOHNSON.



BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 LORD. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.<sup>2</sup> [Exit.

BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show  
you  
The las I spoke of.

2 LORD. But, you say, she's honest.

BER. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but  
once,  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,  
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,<sup>3</sup>  
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;  
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;  
Will you go see her?

2 LORD. With all my heart, my lord.  
[Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, and Widow.*

HEL. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the second lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the first lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole course of the dialogue shows this to have been a mistake. See p. 297.

“ 1. Lord. [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines” &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *we have i'the wind,*] To have *one in the wind*, is enumerated as a proverbial saying by Ray, p. 261. REED.

<sup>4</sup> *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.



WID. Though my estate be fallen, I was well  
born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesſes;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any ſtaining act.

HEL. Nor would I wiſh you.  
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;  
And, what to your ſworn counſel<sup>5</sup> I have ſpoken,  
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,  
Err in beſtowing it.

WID. I ſhould believe you;  
For you have ſhow'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

HEL. Take this purſe of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he wooes your  
daughter,  
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,  
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,  
Now his important blood will nought deny<sup>6</sup>  
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,<sup>7</sup>  
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,  
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents  
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds

<sup>5</sup> ——— to your ſworn counſel——] To your private knowledge,  
after having required from you an oath of ſecreſy. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Now his important blood will nought deny——] Important here,  
and elſewhere, is importunate. JOHNSON.

So, Spenſer in *The Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vi. ſt. 29:

“ And with important outrage him aſſailed.”

Important, from the Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> ——— the county wears,] i. e. the count. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, we have “ the county Paris.” STEEVENS.



In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

WID. Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

HEL. You see it lawful then: It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chaste absent: after this,<sup>8</sup>  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

WID. I have yielded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

HEL. Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;<sup>9</sup>  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:  
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

<sup>8</sup> ——— *after this,*] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*  
*And lawful meaning in a lawful act;*] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we should read the second line thus:

*And lawful meaning in a wicked act;*  
The sense of the two lines is this: It is a *wicked meaning* because the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, because the



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Without the Florentine Camp.**Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

I LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

I SOLD. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

I LORD. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* because he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus: *Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact*, i. e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense:

Unlawful meaning in a lawful act. JOHNSON.

Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The first line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the husband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena; whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned: not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not *accomplish* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.



I SOLD. No, fir, I warrant you.

I LORD. But what linsy-woolfsy hast thou to speak to us again?

I SOL. Even such as you speak to me.

I LORD. He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.<sup>2</sup> Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:<sup>3</sup> chough's language,<sup>4</sup> gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

PAR. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *so we seem to know, is to know, &c.*] I think the meaning is,—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to make him to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him. *To know*, in the last instance, signifies *to make known*. Sir Thomas Hanmer very plausibly reads—to *show* straight our purpose. MALONE.

The sense of this passage with the context I take to be this,—We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *chough's language,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— I myself could make

“ A chough of as deep chat.” STEEVENS.



I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

I LORD. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.

PAR. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit : Yet slight ones will not carry it : They will say, Came you off with so little ? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore ? what's the instance ?<sup>4</sup> Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,<sup>5</sup> if you prattle me into these perils.

I LORD. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is ? [Aside.

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn ; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

I LORD. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the instance?*] The *proof*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *of Bajazet's mule,*] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute*.

MALONE.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the *mute* is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue mentioned by Maitland, in one of his despatches to Secretary Cecil : " I think yow have hard the apologue off the Philosopher who for th' emperor's plesure tooke upon him to make a *Moyle* speak : In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the *Moyle*, the Philosopher, or Eamperor may dye before the tyme be fully ronne out." *Haynes's Collection*, 369. Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity.

REED.



PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

I LORD. 'Twould not do. [Aside.

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripp'd.

I LORD. Hardly serve. [Aside.

PAR. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

I LORD. How deep? [Aside.

PAR. Thirty fathom.

I LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.

PAR. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

I LORD. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.

I LORD. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

ALL. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

PAR. O! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.  
[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

I SOLD. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAR. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.  
And I shall lose my life for want of language:  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

I SOLD. *Boskos vauvado:—*  
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—  
*Kerelybonto:—*Sir,  
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

PAR. Oh!



I SOLD. O, pray, pray, pray.—  
*Manka revania dulce.*

I LORD. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

I SOLD. The general is content to spare thee yet;  
 And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
 To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform  
 Something to save thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,  
 And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
 Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
 Which you will wonder at.

I SOLD. But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

I SOLD. *Acordo linta.*—  
 Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.]

I LORD. Go, tell the count Roufillon and my  
 brother,  
 We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him  
 muffled,  
 Till we do hear from them.

2 SOLD. Captain, I will.

I LORD. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—  
 Inform 'em<sup>6</sup> that.

2 SOLD. So I will, sir.

I LORD. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely  
 lock'd. [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> Inform 'em—] Old copy—Inform on. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
 MALONE.



SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

BER. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;<sup>7</sup>  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

DIA. She then was honest.

BER. So should you be.

DIA. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

BER. No more of that!  
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:  
I was compell'd to her;<sup>8</sup> but I love thee

<sup>7</sup> *You are no maiden, but a monument:*  
—— *for you are cold and stern;*] Our author had here probably  
in his thoughts some of the *stern* monumental figures with which  
many churches in England were furnished by the rude sculptors of  
his own time. He has again the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

“ And be her sense but as a *monument*,

“ Thus in a chapel lying.” MALONE.

I believe, the epithet *stern*, refers only to the severity often im-  
pressed by death on features which, in their animated state, were  
of a placid turn. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *No more of that!*

*I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:*

*I was compell'd to her;*] Against his vows, I believe, means—



By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*DIA.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*BER.* How have I sworn?

*DIA.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,<sup>9</sup>  
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you,  
tell me,  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,<sup>2</sup>  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

*against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena; and this vow, or resolution, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess. STEEVENS.*

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webster, 1612:

“Henceforth I'll never lie with thee,—

“My ~~vow~~ is fix'd.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What is not holy, that we swear not by,]* The sense is,—We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. HEATH.

<sup>2</sup> *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,]* In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still at a loss.

JOHNSON.



To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him:<sup>3</sup> Therefore, your oaths  
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;  
At least, in my opinion.

BER. Change it, change it;  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

DIA. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,<sup>4</sup>  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

<sup>3</sup> *To swear by him whom I protest to love, &c.*] This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not *by* him whom she loves, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To swear to him*. There is, says she, no *holding*, no consistency, in swearing to one that *I love him*, when I swear it only to *injure* him.

JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom I protest to love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I see, that men make hopes in such affairs,*] The four folio editions read:

—*make rope's in such a scarre.*

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *scarre* in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631; but do not readily perceive how it can suit the purpose of the present speaker:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,  
"Look'd never but ascance, through a small creeke,  
"Or little cranny of the fretted *scarre*:  
"There have I sometimes liv'd," &c.

Again:

"Where is the villain's body?—

"Marry, even heaved over the *scarr*, and sent a swimming," &c.

Again:

"Run up to the top of the dreadful *scarre*."

Again:

"I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*."



BER. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

DIA. Will you not, my lord?

Ray says, that a *scarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of Scarborough.

STEEVENS.

*I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,  
That we'll forsake ourselves.*] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and acting their assumed parts in this kind of amorous interlude, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter,—that's the scene that I would see," &c. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——It shall be so my care

"To have you royally appointed, as if

"The scene you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

*I see, that men make ropes in such a scarre, &c.*

which Mr. Rowe altered to—*make hopes in such affairs*; and all the subsequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, suggested to me [scene,] the emendation now introduced. In the fifth Act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night disguised

"Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scare*,

"Must Slender take her," &c.

It is manifest from the corresponding lines in the folio, that *scare* was printed by mistake for *scene*; for in the folio the passage runs—

"——fat Falstaff

"Hath a great *scene*." MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its dissimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but also from the awkwardness of his language, where the *literal* resemblance is most, like the words, rejected. *In such affairs*, is a phrase too vague for Shakspeare, when a determined point, to which the preceding conversation had been gradually narrowing, was in question; and to *MAKE hopes*, is as uncouth an expression as can well be imagined.



*BER.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
In me to lose.

*DIA.* Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*BER.* Here, take my ring:  
Mine house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*DIA.* When midnight comes, knock at my cham-  
ber window;  
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know  
them,  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future our past deeds.

Nor is Mr. Malone's supposition, of *scene* for *scarre*, a whit more  
in point; for, first, *scarre*, in every part of England where rocks  
abound, is well known to signify *the detached protrusion of a large  
rock*; whereas *scare* is *terror* or *affright*. Nor was *scare*, in the first  
sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a mistake for *scene*, but an  
intentional change of ideas; *scare* implying only *Falstaff's terror*,  
but *scene* including the spectator's entertainment. On the supposal  
that *make hopes* is the true reading, in *such a scarre*, may be taken  
figuratively for *in such an extremity*, i. e. in so desperate a situation.

HENLEY.



Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BER. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing  
thee. [Exit.

DIA. For which live long to thank both heaven  
and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:<sup>5</sup>  
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.

<sup>5</sup> — Since Frenchmen are so braid,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:] Braid signifies  
crafty or deceitful. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

“ Dian rose with all her maids,

“ Blushing thus at love his *braids*.”

Chaucer uses the word in the same sense; but as the passage where  
it occurs in his *Troilus and Cressida* is contested, it may be necessary  
to observe, that *Bred* is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying *fraus*,  
*astus*. Again, in Tho. Drant's *Translation of Horace's Epistles*,  
where its import is not very clear:

“ Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade*.”

In *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 1336, *Braid* seems to mean *forthwith*,  
or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to answer it in the French, except  
*tantost*. STEEVENS.



SCENE III.

*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 LORD. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 LORD. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 LORD.<sup>6</sup> He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

<sup>6</sup> 1 Lord.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt. E.* and *capt. G.* It is true that *captain E.* in a former scene is called *lord E.* but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakspeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

JOHNSON.

These two personages may be supposed to be two young French Lords serving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the first scene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E. and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. In the first scene of this act, one of these captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.



2 *LORD*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *LORD*. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *LORD*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *LORD*. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *LORD*. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;<sup>7</sup> so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.<sup>8</sup>

1 *LORD*. Is it not meant damnable in us,<sup>9</sup> to be

<sup>7</sup> — till *they attain to their abhorr'd ends*;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — in *his proper stream o'erflows himself*.] That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk*. The reply shows that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Is it not* meant damnable in us,] I once thought that we ought to read—*Is it not* most damnable; but no change is necessary. Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,

“ And damnable ungrateful.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: “ —and as thou drawest, swear horrible—.”



trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 LORD. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 LORD. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company<sup>2</sup> anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgements,<sup>3</sup> wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.<sup>4</sup>

2 LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 LORD. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 LORD. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 LORD. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 LORD. What will count Roufillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 LORD. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Let the supposed fairies pinch him *sound*.”

Again, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

“ I'll beat thee *damnable*.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason wishes to read—*mean* and *damnable*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — his company —] i. e. his companion. It is so used in *King Henry V*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *he might take a measure of his own judgements,*] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.*] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—[a person pretending to be what he is not,] signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MALONE.



2 *LORD*. Let it be forbid, fir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *LORD*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *LORD*. How is this justified?

1 *LORD*. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *LORD*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *LORD*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *LORD*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *LORD*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *LORD*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *LORD*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?



*SERV.* He met the duke in the street, fir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*2 LORD.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*1 LORD.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*BER.* I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*2 LORD.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*BER.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;<sup>s</sup> he

<sup>s</sup> —bring forth this counterfeit module;] *Module* being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himself a pattern. JOHNSON.

It appears from Minshew that *module* and *model* were synonymous.



has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.<sup>6</sup>

2 *LORD*. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*BER*. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.<sup>7</sup> How does he carry himself?

1 *LORD*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

*BER*. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *LORD*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

In *K. Richard II.* *model* signifies a thing fashioned after an archetype:

“Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“The *model* of our chaste loves, his young daughter.”

Our author, I believe, uses the word here in the same sense:—Bring forth this counterfeit *representation* of a soldier. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a double-meaning prophesier.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“That palter with us in a *double sense*,

“And keep the word of promise to our ear,

“But break it to our hope.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *in usurping his spurs so long.*] The punishment of a *recreant*, or coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. MALONE.

I believe these words allude only to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight*. I am yet to learn, that the same mode was practised in disgracing dastards of inferior rank. STEEVENS.



*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*<sup>8</sup>

BER. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

I LORD. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

I SOLD. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

PAR. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

I SOLD. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 LORD. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

I SOLD. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

PAR. And truly, as I hope to live.

I SOLD. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

PAR. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

I SOLD. Shall I set down your answer so?

PAR. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

BER. All's one to him.<sup>9</sup> What a past-saving slave is this!

<sup>8</sup> *Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.*] See an account of the examination of one of Henry the Eighth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may possibly have suggested this of Parolles) in *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594. fig. C. iii. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *All's one to him.*] In the old copy these words are given by



1 *LORD*. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick<sup>8</sup> of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *LORD*. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *SOLD*. Well, that's set down.

*PAR*. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *LORD*. He's very near the truth in this.

*BER*. But I con him no thanks for't,<sup>9</sup> in the nature he delivers it.<sup>2</sup>

mistake to Parolles. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

It will be better to give these words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *that had the whole theorick—*] i. e. *theory*. So, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice." MALONE.

In 1597 was published "*Theorique and Practise of Warre*, written by Don Philip Prince of Castil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Translated out of the Castilian tonge in Englishe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight." 4to. REED.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I con him no thanks for't,*] *To con thanks* exactly answers the French *savoir gré*. *To con* is to know. I meet with the same expression in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, &c.

" ——— *I believe he will con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

" *I con master Churms thanks for this.*"

Again, in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*: "He would not trust you with it, I con him thanks for it." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in the nature he delivers it.*] He has said truly that our numbers are about five or six thousand; but having described them as "weak and unserviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.



PAR. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

I SOLD. Well, that's set down.

PAR. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

I SOLD. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

PAR. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,<sup>3</sup> I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,<sup>4</sup> lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Rather, perhaps, because his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpose. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— if I were to live this present hour, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read:—if I were to live *but* this present hour.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to *die* this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries: “Spare all I have, and take my *life*.” TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> ——— off their cassocks,] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm says:—“He will never come within the sight of a *cassock* or a musquet-rest again.” Something of the same kind likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, erroneously attributed to Shakspeare:

“Within my closet there does hang a *cassock*,

“Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's.”

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“———— I will not stick to wear

“A blue *cassock*.”

On this occasion a woman is the speaker.



BER. What shall be done to him?

I LORD. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,<sup>5</sup> and what credit I have with the duke.

I SOLD. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

PAR. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories:<sup>6</sup> Demand them singly.

I SOLD. Do you know this captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool<sup>7</sup> with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.<sup>8</sup>

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

So again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:—"Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *caffock of moccado*?"

In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again spoken of as part of a foldier's dress:

"Here, fir, receive this military *caffock*, it has seen service."

"——This military *caffock* has, I fear, some military hangbys." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— my conditions,] i. e. my disposition and character. See Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— intergatories:] i. e. interrogatories. REED.

<sup>7</sup> ——— the sheriff's fool——] We are not to suppose that this was a fool kept by the sheriff for his diversion. The custody of all *ideots*, &c. possessed of landed property, belonged to the King, who was intitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with necessaries. This prerogative, when there was a large estate in the case, was generally granted to some court-favourite, or other person who made suit for and had interest enough to obtain it,



BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.<sup>9</sup>

I SOLD. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

PAR. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

which was called *begging a fool*. But where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits, by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably, as dogs or cats. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural fool*. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish register of Charlewood in Surrey:—“Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19<sup>th</sup> September, 1605.” WHALLEY.

Doll Common, in *The Alchemist*, being asked for her opinion of the *Widow Pliant*, observes that she is—“a good dull *innocent*.” Again, in *I Would and I Would Not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

“I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,  
“That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,  
“And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,  
“And be in love, but with an apple-pie;  
“Weare a pide coate, a cockes combe, and a bell,  
“And think it did become me passing well.”

Mr. Douce observes to me, that the term—*innocent*, was originally French.

See also note on Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, new edition of Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. VIII. p. 24.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantos*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day:—*καὶ μετὰ τὸν λείοντος, ἀπὸ τῆς πέτρης κεραμὶς ἐπιπέσασα, ἐκείνῳ ἐκινήσαντος, ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτόν.* See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.



I LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship<sup>9</sup> anon.

I SOLD. What is his reputation with the duke?

PAR. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

I SOLD. Marry, we'll search.

PAR. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

I SOLD. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

PAR. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

BER. Our interpreter does it well.

I LORD. Excellently.

I SOLD. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*<sup>2</sup>—

PAR. That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one

<sup>9</sup> ——— *your lordship*—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mss. of our author's age they scarcely ever wrote *Lordship* at full length. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to *gold*. JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.

*The count's a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;* and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses.

STEEVENS.

May we not suppose the former part of the letter to have been prose, as the concluding words are? The sonnet intervenes.

The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly prose, partly verse. MALONE.



count Roufillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

I SOLD. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

PAR. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BER. Damnable, both sides rogue!

I SOLD. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*  
*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;*<sup>3</sup>

*He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;*

<sup>3</sup> *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;]*  
This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration: *Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

*Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;*  
*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*  
*After he scores, he never pays the score:*  
*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,*  
*And say——*

That is, take his money, and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connection out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

*Half won is match well made, match an' we'll make it.*

i. e. if we mean to make any match of it at all. STEEVENS.

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well."

M. MASON.

The verses having been designed by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faitblest*,



*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:<sup>4</sup>  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES

he admonishes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the sum for which she shall stipulate be previously paid her:—*Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.* HENLEY.

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:]* The meaning of the word *mell*, from *meler*, French, is obvious. So, in *Ane very Excellent and Delectabill Treatise, intitult PHILOTUS, &c.* 1603:

“ But he na husband is to mee;

“ Then how could we twa disagree

“ That never had na melling.”

“ Na melling, mistress? will you then

“ Deny the mariage of that man?”

Again in *The Corpus Christi Play*, acted at Coventry. MSS. Cott. Vesp. VIII. p. 122:

“ A fayr yonge qwene herby doth dwelle,

“ Both frech and gay upon to loke,

“ And a tall man with her doth melle,

“ The way into hyr chawmer ryght evyn he toke.”

The argument of this piece is *The Woman taken in Adultery.*

STEEVENS.

*Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:]* Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—*boys are but to kifs.* I do not see any need of change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kifs*. Parolles wishes to recommend himself to Diana, and for that purpose advises her to grant her favours to *men*, and not to *boys*. He himself calls his letter “ An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy.”

To *mell* is used by our author's contemporaries in the sense of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald supposed



BER. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 LORD. This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

BER. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 SOLD. I perceive, fir, by the general's looks,<sup>5</sup> we shall be fain to hang you.

PAR. My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.<sup>6</sup>

1 SOLD. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

PAR. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister;<sup>7</sup> to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. i:

"With holy father fits not with such things to *mell*."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — by the *general's looks*,] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, and the misprint probably arose from *y<sup>e</sup>* in the MS. being taken for *y<sup>r</sup>*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.*] Smith might have had this abject sentiment of Parolles in his memory, when he put the following words into the mouth of Lycon, in *Phædra and Hippolytus*:

"O, chain me, whip me, let me be the scorn

"Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds;

"Give me but life, and make that life most wretched!"

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *an egg out of a cloister*;] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author



for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

I LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BER. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

I SOLD. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAR. Faith, fir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end,<sup>7</sup> to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

I LORD. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

BER. A pox on him! he's a cat still.<sup>8</sup>

otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

*Robbing the spital*, is a common phrase, of the like import.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— at a place there call'd Mile-end,] See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— he's a cat still.] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. JOHNSON,



1 SOLD. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAR. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>9</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 SOLD. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 LORD. Why does he ask him of me?<sup>2</sup>

1 SOLD. What's he?

PAR. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether

Bertram has no such meaning. In a speech or two before, he declares his aversion to a cat, and now only continues in the same opinion, and says he hates Parolles as much as he hates a *cat*. The other explanation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the *cat*, which always lights on its legs, for Parolles is now in a fair way to be totally disconcerted. STEEVENS.

I am still of my former opinion. The speech was applied by King James to Coke, with respect to his subtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could still, like a cat, light upon his legs. JOHNSON.

The count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his aversion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes, that the singularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat still;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a misapprehension. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —for a *quart d'ecu*—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.



so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

I *SOLD*. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*PAR*. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roufillon.

I *SOLD*. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*PAR*. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>3</sup> of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[*Aside*.

I *SOLD*. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

*PAR*. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

I *SOLD*. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.

So, look about you; Know you any here?

*BER*. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *LORD*. God blefs you, captain Parolles.

1 *LORD*. God save you, noble captain.

<sup>3</sup> ——— to beguile the supposition——] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that deserves well.



2 *LORD.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *LORD.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]

1 *SOLD.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*PAR.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *SOLD.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, fir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*]

*PAR.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,  
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }  
There's place, and means, for every man alive. }  
I'll after them. [Exit.]



## SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not  
wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,  
His grace is at Marseilles;<sup>4</sup> to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be, before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant, to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you,<sup>5</sup> mistress,  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

<sup>4</sup> *His grace is at Marseilles; &c.]* From this line, and others, it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three syllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the last scene of this Act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Nor you,]* Old copy—*Nor your.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.



As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>5</sup>  
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night!<sup>6</sup> so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*DIA.* Let death and honesty<sup>7</sup>  
Go with your impositions,<sup>8</sup> I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*HEL.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp.<sup>9</sup> We must away;

<sup>5</sup> — my motive—] *Motive* for assistant. WARBURTON.

Rather for *mover*. So, in the last Act of this play:

“ — all impediments in fancy's course

“ Are *motives* of more fancy.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*

*Defiles the pitchy night!*] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — as to remit

“ Their *saucy* sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

“ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *death and honesty*—] i. e. an honest death. So in another of our author's plays, we have “ death and honour” for *honourable death*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *your impositions*,] i. e. your commands. MALONE.

An *imposition* is a task imposed. The term is still current in Universities. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But with the word, the time will bring on summer, &c.*] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. WARBURTON.

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. JOHNSON.



Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us :

I would read :

*Yet I 'fray you*

*But with the word : the time will bring, &c.*

And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." BLACKSTONE.

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a designed aposiopesis, a break ought to follow it, thus :

Hel. *Yet, I pray you : —*

The sense appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any service that should expose you to such an alternative, or indeed, to any lasting inconvenience; *But with the word, i. e.* But on the contrary, you shall no sooner have delivered what you will have to testify on my account, than the irksomeness of the service will be over, and every pleasant circumstance to result from it, will instantaneously appear. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us :*] The word *revives* conveys so little sense, that it seems very liable to suspicion.

— *and time revyes us :*

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the word *revye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a shift, without much effort, *the time invites us?* JOHNSON.

To *vye* and *revye* were terms at several ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592 : "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes first." Again : "—so they *vie* and *revie* till some ten shillings be on the stake," &c. Again : "This flesheth the Conie, and the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again : "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, however, *revyes* is not the true reading. Shakspeare might have written—*time reviles us*, i. e. reproaches us for wasting it. Yet, — *time revives us* may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author :

" — I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,

" Because I found them ever as myself." STEEVENS.



*All's well that ends well:*<sup>2</sup> still the fine's<sup>3</sup> the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

LAF. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:<sup>4</sup> your daughter-in-law

Time *revives* us, seems to refer to the happy and speedy termination of their embarrassments. She had just before said:

"With the word, the time will bring on summer."

HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *All's well that ends well:*] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"The end is crown of every work well done."

*All's well that ends well*, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the fine's —] i. e. the end. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the *fine*."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:] Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says, "Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed." Here some particularities of fashionable drefs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

" — Has he familiarly

" Dislik'd your yellow starch; or said your doublet

" Was not exactly frenchified? —"



had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

And Jonson's *Devil's an Ass*:

"Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the *yellow starch*." This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakspeare alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion—*Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pyes."

WARBURTON.

This play was probably written several years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury.—The plain meaning of the passage seems to be:—"Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself." MALONE.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours:

"——The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like."

In *The World toss'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, the *five Starches* are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority. Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"What price bears wheat and *saffron*, that your band's so stiff and *yellow*?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*,



COUNT. I would, I had not known him!<sup>4</sup> it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

LAF. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such another herb.

CLO. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallad, or, rather the herb of grace.<sup>5</sup>

LAF. They are not fallad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

CLO. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grafs.<sup>6</sup>

LAF. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

CLO. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

LAF. Your distinction?

CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

1606: "—— have taken an order to wear *yellow* garters, points, and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom."

"It has been long used at London."

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear shirts stained with *saffron*. STEEVENS.

See a note on *Albumazar*. Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VII. p. 156, edit. 1780. REED.

<sup>4</sup> *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —— *herb of grace.*] i. e. rue. So, in *Hamlet*: "there's *rue* for you—we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *in grafs.*] The old copy, by an evident error of the press, reads—*grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *fallad* in the preceding speech was also supplied by him. MALONE.



*LAF.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*CLO.* And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service.<sup>6</sup>

*LAF.* I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

*CLO.* At your service.

*LAF.* No, no, no.

*CLO.* Why, fir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint resemblance of it may be found in the frontispiece of L. de Guernier to *King Lear*, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

“ ——— if a *fool*, we must bear his *bauble*.”

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: “The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London:”

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“ She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*.”

In the *STULTIFERA NAVIS*, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke's Lorel's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's *Herbal*: “In the hollowness of the said flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two small crooked hayres, somewhat great at the end, fashioned like a *fool's bable*.” An ancient proverb, in Ray's collection, points out the materials of which these *baubles* were made: “If every fool should wear a *bable*, fewel would be dear.” See figure 12, in the plate at the end of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's explanation. STEEVENS.

The word *bauble* is here used in two senses. The Clown had another *bauble* besides that which the editor alludes to. M. MASON.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers “take away that *fool's bauble*,” pointing to the speaker's mace. BLACKSTONE.



LAF. Who's that? a Frenchman?

CLO. Faith, fir, he has an English name;<sup>7</sup> but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.<sup>8</sup>

LAF. What prince is that?

CLO. The black prince,<sup>9</sup> fir, *alias*, the prince of darknefs; *alias*, the devil.

LAF. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master<sup>2</sup> thou talk'st of; serve him still.

CLO. I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always loved a great fire;<sup>3</sup> and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the

<sup>7</sup> — *an English name*;] The old copy reads *maine*.

STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Maine*, or *head of hair*, agrees better with the context than *name*. His hair was *thick*. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — *his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there*.] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid editors, because the devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter*. We should read, more *honour'd*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair.

WARBURTON.

The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The black prince*.] Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, B. V. Sat. ii. has given the same name to Pluto: "So the *black prince* is broken loose againe," &c. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>2</sup> — *to suggest thee from thy master*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*seduce*, but without authority. To *suggest* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*,

"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I am a woodland fellow, fir, &c.*] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.



world,<sup>3</sup> let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.<sup>4</sup>

*LAF.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*CLO.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

*LAF.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.<sup>5</sup>

*COUNT.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.<sup>6</sup>

*LAF.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's

<sup>3</sup> ——— *But, sure, he is the prince of the world,*] I think we should read—*But since he is, &c.* and thus Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the flowery way,——and the great fire.*] The same impious stuff occurs again in *Macbeth*: “—the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *unhappy.*] i. e. *mischievously waggish, unlucky.* JOHNSON. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
“I should judge now *unhappily.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.*] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *station*, or *office* in the family? TYRWHITT.

A *pace* is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces.* JOHNSON.



death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*COUNT.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*LAF.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*COUNT.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

*LAF.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*COUNT.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*LAF.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*CLO.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*LAF.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour:<sup>6</sup> so, belike, is that.

<sup>7</sup> *Laf.* A scar nobly got, &c.] This speech in the second folio and the modern editions is given to the countess, and perhaps



CLO. But it is your carbonado'd<sup>7</sup> face.

LAF. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

CLO. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.<sup>8</sup> [Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Marfeilles. *A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

HEL. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the countess *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy. MALONE.

I do not discover the improbability of this commendation from Lafeu, who is at present anxious to marry his own daughter to Bertram. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *carbonado'd*—] i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

The word is again used in *King Lear*. Kent says to the Steward—

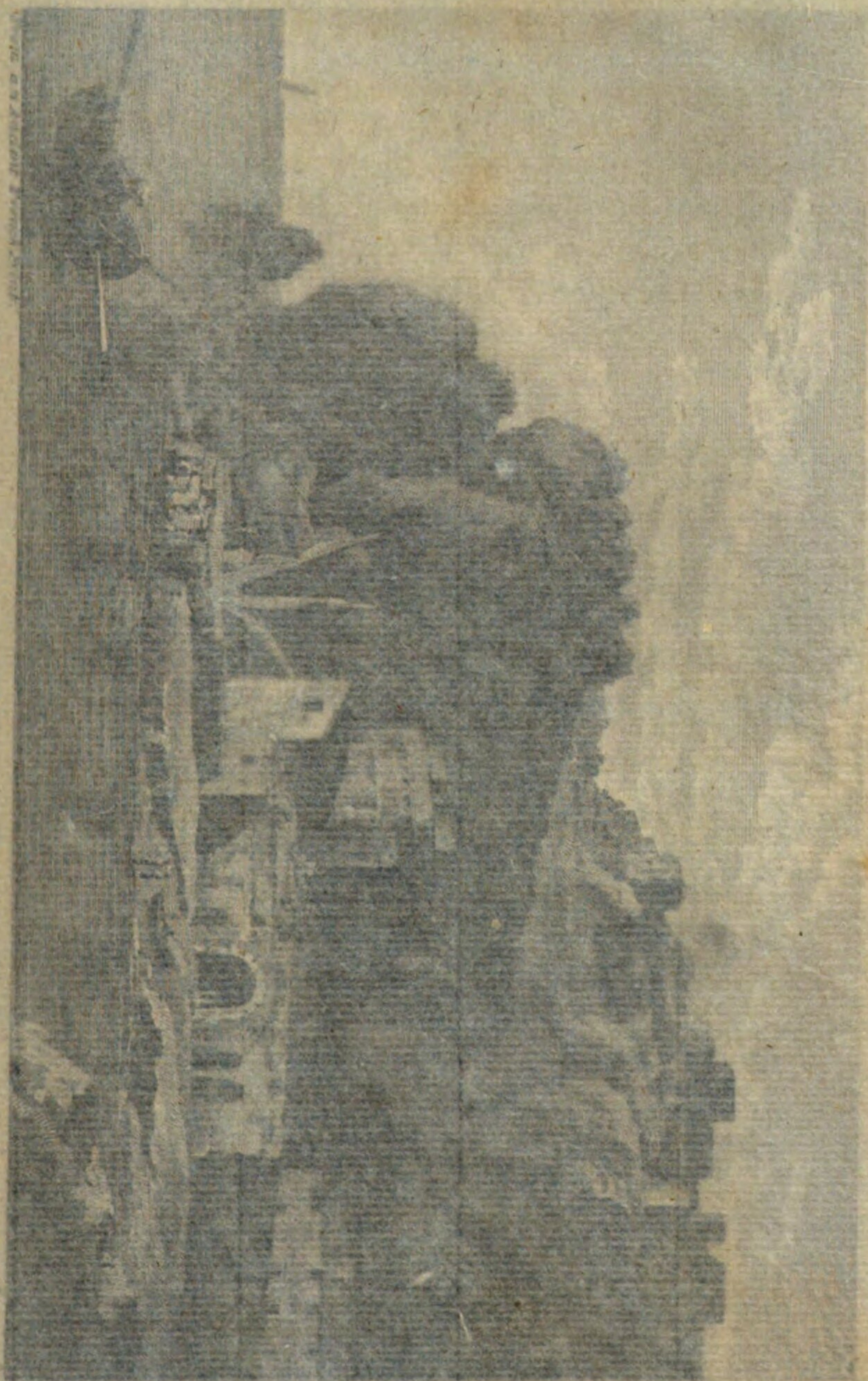
“ I'll *carbonado* your shanks for you.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *feathers, which——nod at every man.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— a blue promontory,

“ With trees upon't, that *nod unto the world*—.” STEEVENS.





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of America



But, how is your father's face?  
 I pray you, I pray you, I pray you; I long  
 to see him with the young wife.  
 But, how is your father's face, with delicate  
 skin, and such a sweet smile, which how  
 the heart and soul are glad to see. [Exeunt]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Malone. A Strain.

Enter HENRY, Widow, and DIANA, with two  
 attendants.

HEN. But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
 Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it;  
 But, what you have made the days and nights as one,  
 To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
 Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,  
 As nothing can unweet you. In happy time;—

rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus  
 frequently of her own, than of her own. In the original copy, to each  
 of the speeches of the women *Lady* or *La*. [i. e. *Lady*] is pre-  
 fixed, so that the mistake was very easy. MALONE.

I do not discover the improbability of this commendation from  
 Lady, who is at present anxious to marry his own daughter to  
 Bertram. STEEVENS.

“—scotched—” i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the  
 griddle. STEEVENS.

The word is again used in *King Lear*. Kent says to the  
 Steward—

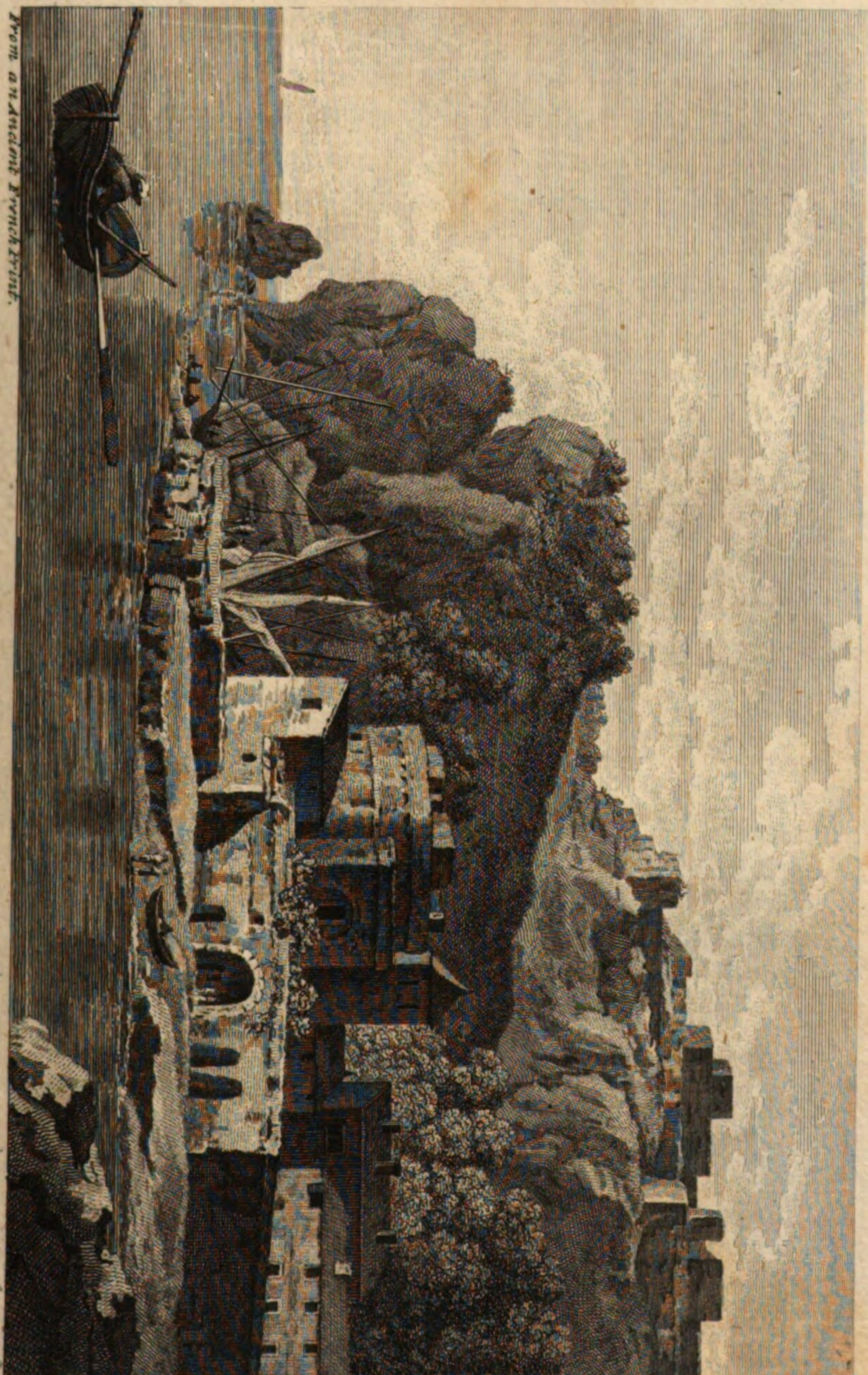
“—I thank your thanks for you.” MALONE.

“—scotched—” i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the  
 griddle. STEEVENS.

“—scotched—” i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the  
 griddle. STEEVENS.

“—scotched—” i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the  
 griddle. STEEVENS.





MARSEILLES,  
AUX VENTS, THAT ENDS WELL.

Spencer & Co.







*Enter a gentle Astringer.*<sup>9</sup>

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

GENT. And you.

HEL. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

GENT. I have been sometimes there.

HEL. I do presume sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

GENT. What's your will?

HEL. That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter a gentle Astringer.*] Perhaps a gentle stranger, i. e. a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. The error of this conjecture, (which I have learned, since our first edition made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) should teach diffidence to those who conceive the words which they do not understand, to be corruptions. An *ostringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers*.”

A gentle *astringer* is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell in his *Law Dictionary*: “ We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *austringer*.” Again, in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: “ Now bicause I spoke of *ostregiers*, ye shall understand that they ben called *ostregiers* that keep gosshawks or tercels,” &c. I learn from Blount's *Antient Tenures*, that a “ gosshawk is in our records termed by the several names *Ostercum*, *Hoftricum*, *Estricum*, *Asturcum*, and *Austurcum*,” and all from the French *Austour*. STEEVENS.



GENT. The king's not here.

HEL.

Not here, fir?

GENT. Not, indeed:  
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

WID. Lord, how we lose our pains!

HEL. *All's well that ends well*, yet;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

GENT. Marry, as I take it, to Roufillon;  
Whither I am going.

HEL. I do beseech you, fir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it:  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.<sup>9</sup>

GENT. This I'll do for you.

HEL. And you shall find yourself to be well  
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.



SCENE II.

Rouffillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

PAR. Good monsieur Lavatch,<sup>2</sup> give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, fir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, fir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *Lavatch,*] This is an undoubted and perhaps irremediable corruption of some French word. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *but I am now, fir, muddied in fortune's moat, &c.*] In former editions:—*but I am now, fir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.* I believe the poet wrote—in *fortune's moat*; because the Clown in the very next speech replies—"I will henceforth eat no *fish* of fortune's buttering;" and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, "That hath fallen into the unclean *fishpond* of her displeasure, and, as he says, is *muddied* withal." And again—"Pray you, fir, use the *carp* as you may," &c. In all which places, it is obvious a moat or a pond is the allusion. Besides, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the *moats* round old seats were always replenished with fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourously says, when Parolles is pressing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafeu, "Foh! pr'ythee stand away; a paper from fortune's *closestool*, to give to a nobleman!" WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be supported by a passage in *The Alchemist*:

"Subtle. — Come along fir,

"I must now shew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*

"Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

"Sub. All.

"Only the fumigation somewhat strong." FARMER.



CLO. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.<sup>4</sup>

PAR. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, fir; I spake but by a metaphor.

CLO. Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.<sup>5</sup> Pr'ythee, get thee further.

By the whimsical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

“ — but *Fortune's mood*

“ *Varies again.*”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ When *fortune*, in her shift and change of *mood*,

“ *Spurns down her late belov'd.*”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Fortune* is merry,

“ And in this *mood* will give us any thing.”

*Mood* is again used for *resentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*: “ You are but now cast in his *mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice.”

Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

“ — This brain-sick man,

“ That in his *mood* cares not to murder me.”

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. All the expressions enumerated by him,—“ I will eat no *fish*,”—“ he hath fallen into the unclean *fishpond* of her displeasure,” &c.—agree sufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the displeasure of fortune, the clown to render him ridiculous, supposes him to have actually fallen into a *fishpond*.

MALONE.

Though Mr. Malone defends the old reading, I have retained Dr. Warburton's emendation, which, in my opinion, is one of the luckiest ever produced. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the leeward of me.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.] Nothing could be conceived with greater



PAR. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

CLO. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,<sup>6</sup> (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress

humour or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the *stinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her as Hesiod did the fury Tristitia:

Τῆς ἐκ πόνου μύζου πέον.

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it, in his book *de Orat.* "*Quoniam hæc, says he, vel summa laus est in verbis transferendis ut sensum feriat id, quod translatum sit, fugienda est omnis turpitudine earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo sturcus curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in *Hamlet*, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's recollection must have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant. Otherwise, he could not have ventured to countenance him on the score of delicacy; his offensive metaphors and allusions being undoubtedly more frequent than those of all his dramattick predecessors or contemporaries. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,]* We should read—*or fortune's cat*; and indeed I believe there is an error in the former part of the sentence, and that we ought to read—*Here is a puss of fortune's*, instead of *pur*. M. MASON.



in my smiles of comfort,<sup>5</sup> and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.]*

*PAR.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*LAF.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?<sup>6</sup> There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*PAR.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*LAF.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.<sup>7</sup>

*PAR.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*LAF.* You beg more than one word then.<sup>8</sup>—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

<sup>5</sup> — *I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,*] We should read,—*similies* of comfort, such as the calling him *fortune's cat*, *carp*, &c. *WARBURTON.*

The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading may stand.

*HEATH.*

Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *similies*, comfortable and profitable for all men to reade." *STEEVENS.*

<sup>6</sup> — *under her?*] *Her*, which is not in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *MALONE.*

<sup>7</sup> — *save your word.*] i. e. you need not ask;—here it is.

*MALONE.*

<sup>8</sup> *You beg more than one word then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and signifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio. *MALONE.*



*PAR.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*LAF.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*PAR.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*LAF.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;<sup>9</sup> go to, follow.

*PAR.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*KING.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem<sup>2</sup> Was made much poorer by it: but your son,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *you shall eat;*] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his vices sit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *esteem*—] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate*; in his own he lets it stand and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen* with her virtues and qualifications, our account is sunk; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before. JOHNSON.



As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.<sup>3</sup>

COUNT. 'Tis past, my liege:  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;<sup>4</sup>  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

KING. My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all;  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

LAF. This I must say,—  
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey

Meaning that his esteem was lessened in its value by Bertram's misconduct; since a person who was honoured with it could be so ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnson's explanation is very unnatural. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — home.] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*: "That thrust *home*," &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — blaze of youth;] The old copy reads—*blade*.

STEEVENS.

"*Blade of youth*" is the *spring of early life*, when the man is yet *green*. Oil and fire suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze of youth*. JOHNSON.

This very probable emendation was first proposed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it:

" — I do know

" When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the soul

" Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*," &c. *Hamlet*.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" For Hector, in his *blaze of wrath*," &c. MALONE.

In *Hamlet* we have also "*flaming youth*," and in the present comedy "the quick *fire of youth*." I read, therefore, without hesitation,—*blaze*. STEEVENS.



Of richest eyes;<sup>5</sup> whose words all ears took captive;

Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

KING. Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him  
hither;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition:<sup>6</sup>—Let him not ask our pardon;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

GENT. I shall, my liege.

[Exit Gentleman.

KING. What says he to your daughter? have you  
spoke?

LAF. All that he is hath reference to your high-  
ness.

<sup>5</sup> *Of richest eyes;*] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you Like it*: “——to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *the first view shall kill*

*All repetition:*] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play.

JOHNSON.



KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me,  
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on't.

KING. I am not a day of season,<sup>7</sup>  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

BER. My high-repented blames,<sup>8</sup>  
Dear sovereign pardon to me.

KING. All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals ere we can effect them:<sup>9</sup> You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

<sup>7</sup> *I am not a day of season,*] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*: one of those *wet days* that usually happen about the vernal equinox. A similar expression occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ But I alone, alone must sit and pine,

“ *Seasoning* the earth with showers.”

The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been less mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakspeare's time are still current.

HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakspeare has *high-fantastical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The inaudible and noiseless foot of time, &c.*] This idea seems to have been caught from the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: “ The summons of *Time* had so creepingly stolne upon him, that hee had heard scarcely the *noise of his feet*.” STEEVENS.

My  
I should  
Durst  
Where  
Content  
Which  
Scorn'd  
Extended  
To a most  
That she,  
  
Since I have  
The dust  
KING.  
That thou  
From the  
  
Like a re  
To the g  
Crying,  
Make tri  
Not know  
Oft our  
Destroy  
Our own  
While sh  
  
Our own  
to call an  
the former,  
the author  
both down  
be both pre  
For sleep  
done while  
meaning n  
love is wee



BER. Admiringly,  
My liege: At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom my-  
self,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

KING. Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt: But love, that comes too  
late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sencer turns a sour offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Our own love waking, &c.*] These two lines I should be glad to call *an interpolation of a player*. They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themselves. I believe the author made two couplets to the same purpose; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and so they happened to be both preserved.

For *sleep* I think we should read *slept*. *Love cries* to see what was done while hatred *slept*, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* still *continues* to *sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping; and so the present reading may stand, JOHNSON,



Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

COUNT. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blefs!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!<sup>3</sup>

LAF. Come on, my son, in whom my house's  
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,

I cannot comprehend this passage as it stands, and have no doubt but we should read—

*Our old love waking, &c.*

*Extinctus amabitur idem.*

*Our own love*, can mean nothing but our *self-love*, which would not be sense in this place; but *our old love waking*, means our former affection being revived. M. MASON.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. M. Mason's interpretation, *being revived*; nor indeed is it necessary to his emendation. It is clear from the subsequent line that *waking* is here used in its ordinary sense. Hate *sleeps* at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itself for not having been sufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes and weeps*;" crying, "that's good that's gone." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blefs!*

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!] I have ventured against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Countess's name to these two lines. The king appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the king such mortal pangs? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day: and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. THEOBALD.



The last that e'er I took her leave<sup>4</sup> at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

BER. Hers it was not.

KING. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help, that<sup>5</sup> by this token  
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

BER. My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never her's.

COUNT. Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

LAF. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

BER. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,<sup>6</sup>  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd:<sup>7</sup> but when I had subscrib'd

<sup>4</sup> *The last that e'er I took her leave*—] The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*that e'er she took*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that*—] Our author here, as in many other places, seems to have forgotten in the close of the sentence how he began to construct it. See p. 189, n. 9. The meaning however is clear, and I do not suspect any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me*,] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *noble she was, and thought I stood ingag'd*:] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads—*engaged*. STEEVENS.



To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

KING. Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,<sup>8</sup>  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers,<sup>9</sup> and by what rough enforcement

The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.

*Ingag'd*, may be intended in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakspeare in another place uses *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right.

*Gaged* is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

“ Not that the earth did *gage*

“ Unto the husbandman

“ Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.”

*Ingaged*, in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Plutus himself,*

*That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,*] Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication*. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *Then, if you know*

*That you are well acquainted with yourself,*

*Confess 'twas hers,*] i. e. confess the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourself. EDWARDS.



You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

BER. She never saw it.

KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM,

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.<sup>2</sup>—Away with him;—  
We'll sift this matter further.

BER. If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little.]* The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear. JOHNSON.



*Enter a Gentleman.*

KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

GENT. Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself.<sup>3</sup> I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

KING. [Reads.]—*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

LAF. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and  
toll him: for this, I'll none of him.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short, &c.]* Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Roussillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you.

MALONE.

*Removes are journies or post-stages.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.]* Thus the second folio. The first omits—*him*. Either reading is capable of explanation.

The meaning of the earliest copy seems to be this: I'll buy me a new son-in-law, &c. and toll the bell for this; i. e. look upon him



KING. The heavens have thought well on thee,  
Lafeu,

as a dead man.—The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may imply: I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. In a play called *The famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, is an allusion to this custom:

“ Gov. I will be answerable to thee for thy *horses*.

“ *Stuk.* Dost thou keep a *tole-booth*? zounds, dost thou make a *horse-courser* of me?”

Again, in *Hudibras*, p. 11. C. 1:

“ ——— a roan gelding

“ Where, when, by whom, and what y'were sold for

“ And in the open market *toll'd* for.”

Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 *Phil. and Mary*, and 31 *Eliz.* c. 12. and publicly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner.

The previous mention of a *Fair*, seems to justify the reading I have adopted from the second folio. STEEVENS.

The passage should be pointed thus:

*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll;*

*For this, I'll none of him.*

That is, “ I'll buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him.” M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, “ I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by *tolling* him out of it.” To *toll* a person out of a fair was a phrase of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: “ At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an escheator of the same city, that had arrested a clothier that was outlawed, and had seized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine.”

And *toll for this* may however mean—and I will sell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horse, publicly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the sale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former exposition.

The following passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. may be adduced in support of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this passage: “ Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take such order that thy friends shall *ring for thee*.”

Here Falstaff certainly means to speak equivocally; and one of his senses is, “ I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends shall ring thy funeral knell.” MALONE.



To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—  
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*]

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT.

Now, justice on the doers!

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

KING. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to  
you,<sup>5</sup>  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.*

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

<sup>4</sup> *I wonder, sir, since wives, &c.]* This passage is thus read in the first folio:

*I wonder, sir, sir, wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them, as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—*

Which may be corrected thus:

*I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters, &c.*

The editors have made it—*wives are so monstrous to you*, and in the next line—*swear to them*, instead of—*swear them lordship*. Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection* which the husband in the marriage ceremony promises to the wife. TYRWHITT.

*As*, I believe, here signifies *as soon as*. MALONE.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose emendation I have placed in the text. It may be observed, however, that the second folio reads:

*I wonder, sir, wives are such monsters to you——.*

STEEVENS.



*WID.* I am her mother, fir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease,<sup>s</sup> without your remedy.

*KING.* Come hither, count; Do you know these  
women?

*BER.* My lord, I neither can, nor will deny  
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*DIA.* Why do you look so strange upon your  
wife?

*BER.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*DIA* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me,  
Either both, or none.

*LAF.* Your reputation [*To BERTRAM.*] comes  
too short for my daughter, you are no husband for  
her.

*BER.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate crea-  
ture,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your  
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*KING.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,  
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-  
nour,  
Than in my thought it lies!

<sup>s</sup> ———*shall* cease,] i. e. decease, die. So, in *King Lear*:  
“Fall and *cease*.” The word is used in the same sense in p. 358  
of the present comedy. STEEVENS.



*DIA.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*KING.* What say'st thou to her?

*BER.* She's impudent, my lord;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.<sup>6</sup>

*DIA.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect, and rich validity,<sup>7</sup>  
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,  
If I be one.

*COUNT.* He blushes, and 'tis it:<sup>8</sup>  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *a common gamester to the camp.*] The following passage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, will sufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term—*gamester*, when applied to a female:

“ 'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day  
“ From amorous clips, much less the general season  
“ When all the world's a *gamester*.”

Again, in *Pericles*, Lyfimachus asks Marina—

“ Were you a *gamester* at five or at seven?”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— daughters of the *game*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose high respect, and rich validity,*] *Validity* means *value*. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure.”

Again in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ Of what *validity* and pitch soever.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— 'tis it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed instead of *it*. Hence probably the mistake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his*. MALONE.

Or, *he blushes, and 'tis fit*. HENLEY.



Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

KING. Methought, you said,<sup>9</sup>  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING. Find him, and bring him hither.

BER. What of him?  
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,<sup>2</sup>  
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd;<sup>3</sup>  
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:<sup>4</sup>  
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

KING. She hath that ring of yours.

BER. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

<sup>9</sup> *Methought, you said,*] The poet has here forgot himself. Diana has said no such thing. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,*] *Quoted* has the same sense as *noted*, or *observed*.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I'm sorry that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *debosh'd*;) See a note on *The Tempest*, Act III. sc. ii. Vol. III. p. 95. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*] Here the modern editors read:

*Which nature sickens with:—*

a most licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We should read, as here printed:

*Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:*

i. e. *only* to speak a truth. TYRWHITT.



As all impediments in fancy's course  
 Are motives of more fancy;<sup>5</sup> and, in fine,  
 Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
 Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;  
 And I had that, which any inferior might  
 At market-price have bought.

DIAN. I must be patient;  
 You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
 May justly diet me.<sup>6</sup> I pray you yet,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *all impediments in fancy's course*

*Are motives of more fancy; &c.] Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.*

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty*.

JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The sense will then be this—*Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i. e. with the appearance of her being to be had as we say at present.* Shakspeare uses the word *modern* frequently, and always in this sense. So, in *King John*:

“ ——— scorns a *modern* invocation.”

Again, in *As you Like it*:

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.

“ Trifles, such as we present *modern* friends with.”

Again, in the present comedy, p. 252: “ ——— to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless.”

Mr. M. Mason says, that *modern grace* means, *with a tolerable degree of beauty*. He questions also the insufficiency of the instances brought in support of my explanation, but adduces none in defence of his own. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's last interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 68, n. 9; and p. 252, n. 9. I think with Mr. Steevens, that *modern* here, as almost every where in Shakspeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not suppose that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gamester, though he has styled her so in a former passage.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *May justly diet me.] May justly loath or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, she means, “ May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you.”* MALONE.



(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

BER. I have it not.

KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA. Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his of  
late.

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING. The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

BER. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

KING. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

DIA. Ay, my lord.

KING. Tell me, but, firrah, tell me true, I charge  
you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

PAR. So please your majesty, my master hath

Mr. Collins's interpretation is just. The allusion may be to the  
management of hawks, who were half *starved* till they became  
tractable. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— I'll watch him,

“ Till he be *dieted* to my request.”

“ To *fast*, like one who takes *diet*,” is a comparison that occurs in  
*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. STEEVENS.



been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

*KING.* Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

*PAR.* 'Faith, fir, he did love her; But how?<sup>6</sup>

*KING.* How, I pray you?

*PAR.* He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

*KING.* How is that?

*PAR.* He loved her, fir, and loved her not.

*KING.* As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion<sup>7</sup> is this?

*PAR.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*LAF.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*DIA.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

*PAR.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*KING.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*PAR.* Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I

<sup>6</sup> ——— *he did love her; But how?*] *But how* perhaps belongs to the King's next speech:

*But how, how, I pray you?*

This suits better with the King's apparent impatience and solicitude for Helena. MALONE.

Surely, all transfer of these words is needless. *Hamlet* addresses such another flippant interrogatory to himself: "The mouse-trap. Marry, how? 'Tropically.'" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *companion*—] i. e. fellow. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Why, rude *companion*, whatsoe'er thou be,

"I know thee not." STEEVENS.



know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

*KING.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;<sup>8</sup> therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say was yours?

*DIA.* Ay, my good lord.

*KING.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*DIA.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*KING.* Who lent it you?

*DIA.* It was not lent me neither.

*KING.* Where did you find it then?

*DIA.* I found it not.

*KING.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*DIA.* I never gave it him.

*LAF.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*KING.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*DIA.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*KING.* Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her; and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

*DIA.* I'll never tell you.

<sup>8</sup> — *But thou art too fine in thy evidence;*] *Too fine*, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*.

So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated Parallel: "We may rate this one secret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000l. in present money."

MALONE.



*KING.* Take her away.

*DIA.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*KING.* I think thee now some common customer.<sup>9</sup>

*DIA.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*KING.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*DIA.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

*KING.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*DIA.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [Exit Widow.

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;<sup>2</sup>  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:  
And now behold the meaning.

<sup>9</sup> ———customer.] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*:

“ I marry her!—what?—a customer!” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *He knows himself, &c.*] The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the King and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the King. JOHNSON.



*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

KING. Is there no exorcist<sup>3</sup>  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real, that I see?

HEL. No, my good lord;  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,*

<sup>3</sup> ——— *exorcist* —] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Cæsar* says—

“Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up

“My mortified spirit.”

And in the Second Part of *Henry VI.* where Bolingbroke is about to raise a spirit, he asks of Eleanor,

“Will her ladyship behold and hear our *exorcisms*?”

M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minshew in his *Dict.* 1617: “An *Exorcist*, or *Conjuror*.”—So also, “To *conjure* or *exorcise* a spirit.”

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

“The *Conjurer* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Divell to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule:—And both these differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, because the former two have personal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition.” MALONE.



*And are*<sup>3</sup> *by me with child, &c.*—This is done:  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*BER.* If she, my liege, can make me know this  
clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*HEL.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

*LAF.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—  
Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES.*] lend me a hand-  
kerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll  
make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they  
are scurvy ones.

*KING.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To DIANA.*  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

*Advancing.*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:*<sup>4</sup>  
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*

<sup>3</sup> *And are*—] The old copy reads—*And is.* Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The king's a beggar, now the play is done:*] Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from



*That you express content ; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;<sup>5</sup>  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*  
[Exeunt.]

the following lines in *King Richard II.* of some popular interlude also :

“ Our *scene* is altered from a serious thing,  
“ And now chang’d to *the beggar and the king.*”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;*] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience ; hear us without interruption. And take our parts ; that is, support and defend us. JOHNSON.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram ; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth ; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate : when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.



That you express content; which we will pay  
With haste to please you, my country day;  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our parts.  
[Exeunt.]

the following list is Ray Robert II. of some position inside  
also:  
Our view is altered from a fiction thing  
And more changed to the better and the thing.  
[Exeunt.]

**T**his play has many delightful scenes, though not new, nor pro-  
bable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor pro-  
duced by any deep knowledge of human nature. There is a  
boister and a coward, each as has always been the sort of the  
stage, but perhaps never united more perfectly or contrast than in  
the hands of Shakspeare.  
I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without  
generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a  
coward, and leaves her as a prodigal; when she is dead by his  
dishonesty, he takes her to a second marriage, is married by a  
woman whom he has wronged, before himself is dishonoured, and  
is admitted to happiness.  
The story of Bertram and Helen had been told before of Ma-  
rian and Antioch, and in contradicts the truth, cannot be  
learned a second time. [Exeunt.]

[Playe]



\* TAMING OF THE SHREW. The new edition of the Shakespearian works by the Clarendon Press, which has been the party in it is extremely desirable. I will give you a summary of the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose that the play is not originally the work of Shakespear, but adapted by him to the stage, with the style, however, of the former, and with some occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the language and the style of this work are of different kinds, or at least of a higher kind than those of the former. The former is in our opinion a good measure, and a great part of the latter in his own, or even better in. The Shakespearian character is to be certainly improved; and with this character, I suppose it to have been written by Shakespear, it must have been one of his greatest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

T A M I N G  
OF THE  
S H R E W.\*

And in this there is still an old edition, the first edition of it: "A pleasant conceited history, called the Taming of the Shrew—fanciful times acted by the most excellent comedians, which seems to have been composed by the author of the Merry play in story, where Shakespear's name is mentioned in the title of the title."—This is the title of the first edition, the character of our poet. When we read a play, we are not to be so much as to claim the play as his own; but it was not long since that years since his death, that he actually wrote it, and he died in a manner.

In support of what I have just related to the play, I have only observe further in person, that the words of Shakespear in the Clarendon, and his wife, together, but the rest of it is a great deal of the Shakespearian style, to be the name of a man. Mr. Gifford indeed made no doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Allen Cantuar. I was let Allen was much acquainted with the writer, and was very much expert to Shakespear; and I was not inclined to dispute the autho-







\* Taming of the Shrew.] We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the authour of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the latter in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play: "Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gossion, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his autho-



rity : but how was I surpris'd, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory.

FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram :

TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

" Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,

" That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found

" Sleeping) that there needed not many a word

" To make him to believe he was a lord :

" But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)

" 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.

" Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies

" Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances :

" And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)

" And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

*Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.*

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgement, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following : " Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, *The Tayminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occa-



sionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c.* published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-crofs, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comick stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earliest English original of this story, &c. at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.



## PERSONS represented.

*A Lord.*

*Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.*

*Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and  
other servants attending on the Lord.*

*Persons in the  
Induction.*

*Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.*

*Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.*

*Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

*Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

*Gremio, } Suitors to Bianca.  
Hortensio, }*

*Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.  
Biondello, }*

*Grumio, } Servants to Petruchio.  
Curtis, }*

*Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

*Katharina, the Shrew; } Daughters to Baptista.  
Bianca, her sister, }*  
*Widow.*

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.*

*SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*



## Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*,  
entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and  
printed in quarto in 1607.

*A Lord, &c.*

*Sly.*

*A Tapster.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.*

### PERSONS represented.

*Alphonfus, a merchant of Athens.*

*Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.*

*Aurelius, his son,* } *Suitors to the daughters of Al-*  
*Ferando,* } *phonfus.*  
*Polidor,* }

*Valeria, servant to Aurelius.*

*Sander, servant to Ferando.*

*Phylotus, a merchant who personates the Duke.*

*Kate,* } *Daughters to Alphonfus.*  
*Emelia,* }  
*Phylema,* }

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonfus.*

*SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.*



# T. A. M. I. N. G.

## Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of the Vainness of a Shaver,  
entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and  
printed in quarto in 1607.

W. H. E.

A. Lamb, &c.

Sty.

1. P. 1.

Page, Player, Whillock, &c.

## I. N. D. U. C. T. I. O. N.

Persons represented.

SCENE I.

Alphonse, a merchant of Athens.

Jerol, Duke of Cefira.

Archus, his son, and brother to the daughters of Al-

Fernando.

Polidor, a physician.

Valeria, a friend to Archus.

Stander, a servant to Fernando.

Phylotus, a merchant who frequents the Duke.

Enter the Duke, and his attendants.

Alphonse, a merchant of Athens.

Jerol, Duke of Cefira.

Archus, his son, and brother to the daughters of Al-

Fernando.

Polidor, a physician.

Valeria, a friend to Archus.

Stander, a servant to Fernando.

Phylotus, a merchant who frequents the Duke.

Enter the Duke, and his attendants.

Alphonse, a merchant of Athens.

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Enter the Duke, and his attendants.

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Jerol, Duke of Cefira.

Archus, his son, and brother to the daughters of Al-



T A M I N G  
OF THE  
S H R E W.

---

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

SLY. I'll pheeze you,<sup>2</sup> in faith.

HOST. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

<sup>2</sup> *I'll pheeze you,*] To *pheeze* or *feaze*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrafs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to: "To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheeze* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589:

"Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*."

— *Italis longe disjungimur oris.*

Again, *ibid.*:

"*Feaze* away the droane bees," &c. STEEVENS.



# 386 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*SLR.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:<sup>3</sup> Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;<sup>4</sup> let the world slide:<sup>5</sup> *Sessa*!

*HOSR.* You will not pay for the glassees you have burst?<sup>6</sup>

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In *The Chances*, Antonio says of Don John, "I felt him in my small guts; I am sure he has *feaz'd* me."

M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — no rogues:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marston's *Malecontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *paucas pallabris*;) *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.

THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in a following note: "What new device have they devised now? *Pocas pallabras*." In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — let the world slide:] This expression is proverbial. It is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" — will you go drink,

" And let the world slide, uncle?" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — you have burst?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says, that "John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

" God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin."



*SLY.* No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—  
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>7</sup>

Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland's translation of Plutarch's *Apophthegms*, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *braſt* and to *burſt* have the ſame meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:

“ If you forſake our father, for ſorrow he will *braſt*.”

In the ſame piece, *burſt* is uſed when it ſuited the rhyme. Again, in the old morality of *Every Man*:

“ Though thou weep till thy hart to-*braſt*.” STEEVENS.

*Burſt* is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the North of England. See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII. p. 375.

REED.

<sup>7</sup> ——— Go by, ſays *Jeronimy*;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] The old copy reads—go by S *Jeronimie*—. STEEVENS.

All the editions have coined a Saint here, for *Sly* to ſwear by. But the poet had no ſuch intentions. The paſſage has particular humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a piece of ſtage hiſtory to make it underſtood. There is a ſuſtian old play, called *Hieronimo*; or *The Spaniſh Tragedy*: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a paſſage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorouſly alluded to. *Hieronimo*, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the king for juſtice; but the courtiers, who did not deſire his wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience:

“ *Hiero.* Juſtice! O! juſtice to *Hieronimo*.

“ *Lor.* Back;—ſeeſt thou not the king is buſy?

“ *Hiero.* O, is he ſo?

“ *King.* Who is he, that interrupts our buſineſs?

“ *Hiero.* Not I:—*Hieronimo*, beware; *go by, go by*.”

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hoſteſs, cries to her in effect, “ Don't be troubleſome, don't interrupt me, *go by* ;” and to fix the ſatire in his alluſion, pleaſantly calls her *Jeronimo*.

THEOBALD.

The firſt part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronimo*.

STEEVENS.

I believe the true reading is—Go by, ſays *Jeronimo*, and that the *s* was the beginning of the word *ſays*, which, by miſtake, the printers did not complete. The quotation from the old play proves that it is *Jeronimo* himſelf that ſays, *Go by*. M. MASON.

I have not ſcrupled to place Mr. M. Maſon's judicious correction in the text. STEEVENS.



Hosr. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.<sup>8</sup> [Exit.

Surely Sly, who in a preceding speech is made to say *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to misquote a passage from the same play in which that scrap of Spanish is found, viz. *The Spanish Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a faint in form.—The similitude, however slight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be supposed the occasion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to address the Hostess by the name of *Jeronimy*, as Mr. Theobald supposed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Pistol, and many other of Shakspeare's low characters, quote scraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two passages in *The Spanish Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald, and this other:

“What outcry calls me from my *naked bed*?”

Sly's making *Jeronimy* a saint is surely not more extravagant than his exhorting his Hostess to go to her *cold bed* to *warm* herself; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the same purpose; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addresses himself.

In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he assumes the madman, utters the same words that are here put in the mouth of the tinker: “Humph; go to thy *cold bed*, and *warm* thee.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*] The old copy reads: — *I must go fetch the headborough.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had pass'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough*? The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'd fetch a *constable*: and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough*: and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*.

THEOBALD.

In the *Personæ Dramatis* to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.



*Sir.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*<sup>9</sup>

*Wind Horns.* Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,<sup>2</sup>

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country, to be co-extensive with that of the constable. *SIR J. HAWKINS.*

The office of *Thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable*, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The *headborough*, *petty constable*, and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonson in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the same officer under so many different names. In a book intitled *The Constable's Guide*, &c. 1771, it is said that "there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as in *Warwickshire* a *thirdborough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. *RITSON.*

<sup>9</sup> ——— *falls asleep.*] The spurious play, already mentioned, begins thus:

"Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie* drunken.

"*Tapf.* You whoreson drunken ilave, you had best be gone,  
"And empty your drunken panch somewhere else,  
"For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [*Exit Tapster.*

"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anone:  
"Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,  
"I doe drink it of mine own instigation. *Omne bene.*

"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster, I say,  
"Fill's a fresh cushen heere:  
"Heigh ho, here's good warme lying. [*He falls asleep.*

"Enter a noble man and his men from hunting."

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *Brach Merriman*,—the poor cur is emboss'd,] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.



And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv:—"Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well.—And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgement goes no further, than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakspeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species:

"Mastiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,  
"Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

*King Lear*, Act III. sc. v.

But it is manifest from the passage of *More* just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A. Is that your brother?  
"E. Yes, have you lost your memory?  
"A. As I live he is a pretty fellow.  
"Y. O this is a sweet *brach*."

*Scornful Lady*, Act I. sc. i. T. WARTON.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old song:

"*Cow Crumbock* is a very good cow."

*Brach* however appears to have been a particular sort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

"Four greyhounds & fix *Bratches*,  
"For hare, fox, and wild-cattes."

*Merriman* surely could not be designed for the name of a female of the canine species. STEEVENS.

It seems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Glossary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. Ulitius, p. 163, observes, that bitches have a superior sagacity of nose:—"fœminis [canibus] sagacitatis pluri-



Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good<sup>3</sup>

*mum inesse, usus docuit;*" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickness of scent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is sometimes applied to males. Our ancestors hunted much with the large southern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the scent, as *Markham* informs us. To this custom Shakspeare seems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates *brach*, from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occasion, the *brache* hunts truly by the scent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every side:

" For as the dogs pursue the filly doe,  
" The *brache* behind, the hounds on every side;  
" So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."

*Phaer's Legend of Owen Glendower.* TOLLET.

The word is certainly used by Chapman in his *Gentleman Usber*, a comedy, 1606, as synonymous to *bitch*: "*Venus*, your *brach* there, runs so proud, &c." So also our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish." The structure of the passage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this, [*And couple, &c.*] added to the circumstance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swell'd*.—Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

*Embofs'd* is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *embofs'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *embofs'd*: from the French word *boffe*, which signifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illustration from the following passage in the old comedy, intitled, *The Shoemakers Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1600, signat. C:

" — Beate every brake, the game's not farre,  
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:  
" Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,  
" He saw him take soyle, and he hallowed him,  
" Affirming him so *embofs'd*." T. WARTON.



At the hedge' corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;  
He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all;  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,  
doth he breathe?

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: Were he not  
warm'd with ale,  
This were a bed but cold to sleep so foundly.

Mr. T. Warton's first explanation may be just. Lyly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it:

"Pet. There was a boy leash'd on the fingle, because when he was *imbofs'd* he took foyle.

"Li. What's that?

"Pet. Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, because, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water." STEEVENS.

From the Spanish, *des embocar*, to cast out of the mouth. We have again the same expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— the boar of Thessaly

"Was never so *embofs'd*." MALONE.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imbofs'd* means *swelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? What has the *imboffing* of a deer to do with that of a hound? "*Imboffed sores*" occur in *As you Like it*; and in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falstaff "*imbofs'd rascal*." RITSON.

3 ——— *how Silver made it good*—] This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth make."

STEEVENS.



*LORD.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he  
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *HUN.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot  
choose.

2 *HUN.* It would seem strange unto him when he  
wak'd.

*LORD.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless  
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And, with a low submissive reverence,  
Say,—What is it your honour will command?  
Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;  
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your  
hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;



394 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.<sup>4</sup>  
This do, and do it kindly,<sup>5</sup> gentle firs;  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>6</sup>

I HUN. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our  
part,  
As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.  
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—  
[Exit Servant.

<sup>4</sup> *And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]* I rather think (with Sir  
Thomas Hanmer) that Shakspeare wrote:

*And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams.*  
The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty  
which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing should be inserted, it may be done thus:  
*And when he says he's Sly, say that he dreams.*  
The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission.  
JOHNSON.

This is hardly right; for how should the Lord know the beggar's  
name to be *Sly*? STEEVENS.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know  
by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It  
is observable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any sup-  
plemental word. In *The Tempest* a similar blank is found, which  
Shakspeare there also certainly intended:—"I should know that  
voice; it should be —; but he is drown'd, and these are devils."  
MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *This do, and do it kindly,]* *Kindly*, means naturally.  
M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suf-  
fering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.



Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

SER. An it please your honour,  
Players that offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*<sup>7</sup>

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 PLAR. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 PLAR. So please your lordship to accept our duty.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:

“ *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*

“ Now, firs, what store of plaies have you?

“ *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,

“ Or a commoditie, or what you will.

“ *The other.* A comedie thou shouldst say, founs thou’lt shame  
us all.

“ *Lord.* And what’s the name of your comedie?

“ *San.* Marrie my lord, ’tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ ’Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are married men, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of  
players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great  
houses. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland’s Household Book*, (with a  
copy of which I was honoured by the late duchess,) the following  
article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512.

“ Rewards to Playars.

“ Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas  
Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by  
stranegers in my house after xxd. every play by estimacion somme  
xxxiijs. iiijd. Which ys apoynted to be paid to the said Richard  
Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Christynmas in full contenta-  
cion of the said rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd.” STEEVENS.



LORD. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,  
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—  
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:  
 I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part  
 Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

I PLAR. I think, 'twas Soto<sup>9</sup> that your honour  
 means.

LORD. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—  
 Well, you are come to me in happy time;  
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

<sup>9</sup> *I think, 'twas Soto—*] I take our author here to be paying  
 a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, in  
 which comedy there is the character of *Soto*, who is a farmer's son,  
 and a very facetious serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope pre-  
 fix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken; but the first folio has  
 it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players  
 here introduced, and who had played the part of *Soto* with applause.

THEOBALD.

As the old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why  
 should we displace it? *Sincklo* is a name elsewhere used by Shak-  
 speare. In one of the parts of *King Henry VI. Humphrey* and  
*Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foresters.

With this observation I was favoured by a learned lady, and  
 have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Women Pleased*, is a *farmer's  
 eldest son*, but *he does not wooe any gentlewoman*; so that it may be  
 doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be  
 little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which  
 has crept in, both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* instead  
 of the name of the person represented.

Again, at the conclusion of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*  
 "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto 1600.

TYRWHITT.

If *Soto* were the character alluded to, the compliment would be  
 to the person who played the part, not to the author. M. MASON.

*Sincklo* or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the same company  
 with Shakspeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage,  
 Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*,  
 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The  
 Seven Deadlie Sinns*. MALONE.



There is a lord will hear you play to-night :  
 But I am doubtful of your modesties ;  
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
 You break into some merry passion,  
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

I *PLAY.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain our-  
 selves,  
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *in the world.*] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. These words are not in the folio, 1623. I have therefore degraded them, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the piece was written by Shakspeare :

“ *San.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes, and Ile speak for the properties.\* [*Exit Player.*]

“ My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a little vinegre to make our diuell rore.† ”

The *shoulder of mutton* might indeed be necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakspeare form'd it ; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented. STEEVENS.

\* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implemant necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

† — *a little vinegre to make our diuell rore.*] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the devil made a part. And the devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh : as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implemant to torment the devil ; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue ; where the devil continued to have a considerable part.—The mention of it here, was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces.

WARBURTON.

All that Dr. Warburton has said relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no such circumstances in any mysteries, whether in MS. or in print ; and yet both the *Chester* and *Coventry* collections are preserved in the British Museum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, some entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the acts. Between the divisions of one of the *Chester Mysteries*, I met with this marginal direction : *Here the Boy and Pig* ; and perhaps the devil in the intervals of this first comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*, might



# 398 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

LORD. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery,<sup>2</sup>  
And give them friendly welcome every one;  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.]

be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a custom observed in some of our ancient puppet-shews, might beat his wife with a shoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer says:

“ I have (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might seeme more tedious unto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities: neverthelesse now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace,” &c.

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyfes*, (by T. Preston,) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received:—*Here let a small bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient Tragedy, or rather Morality, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

“ I knew I would make him soon change his note,

“ I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.”

“ Here Satan shall cry and roar.”

Again, a little after.

“ Here he roareth and crieth.”

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following:

“ *Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.

“ *Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.

“ For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe

“ The humble bees stinging should never me grieve.

“ *Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,

“ But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.

“ *Sinne.* Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,

“ For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:

“ And if it be too little to make thereof a case,

“ Then I would be so bold to borrowe your face.”

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen sat a spectatress in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *take them to the buttery,*] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: “ —the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette.” But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.



Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,  
 [To a Servant.  
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:  
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
 And call him—madam, do him obeisance.  
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)  
 He bear himself with honourable action,  
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished:  
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
 With soft low tongue,<sup>3</sup> and lowly courtesy;  
 And say,—What is't your honour will command,  
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
 May show her duty, and make known her love?  
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting  
 kisses,  
 And with declining head into his bosom,—  
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
 Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *With soft low tongue,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“ ————— Her voice was ever *soft*,

“ Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Who, for twice seven years, &c.*] In former editions:

*Who for this seven years hath esteemed him*

*No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.*

I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon two parallel passages in the play to that purpose. THEOBALD.

The remark is just, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unnecessary by those who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both Falstaff and Orlando forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

In both these passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen*, years. The servants may well be supposed to forget the precise



And if the boy have not a woman's gift,  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion<sup>s</sup> will do well for such a shift;  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.  
 See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[Exit Servant.

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt.

period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

— *hath esteemed him* —] This is an error of the press.—We should read *himself*, instead of *him*. M. MASON.

*Him* is used instead of *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourselves* in *Macbeth*:

“ Acquaint *you* with the perfect spy o’ the time —.”

i. e. acquaint *yourselves*.

Again, in *Ovid’s Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595:

“ Sweet touch, the engine that love’s bow doth bend,

“ The fence wherewith he fees *him* deified.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *An onion* —] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ The tears live in an *onion* that should water this sorrow.”

STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*<sup>6</sup>

SLY is discovered<sup>7</sup> in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a Servant.

SLY. For God's fake, a pot of small ale.<sup>8</sup>

I SERV. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

<sup>6</sup> *A Bedchamber, &c.*] From the original stage-direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is—"Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c." So afterwards at the end of this scene—"The Presenters above speak." See the Account of our old Theatres, Vol. II.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Sly is discovered, &c.*] Thus in the original play:

"Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with Slie asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparellled, and the musick plaieng.

"One. So, firha, now go call my lord;

"And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.

"Another. Set thou some wine upon the boord,

"And then Ile go fetch my lord presently.

[Exit.

"Enter the Lord and his men.

"Lord. How now, what is all things readie?

"One. Yea, my lord.

"Lord. Then sound the musicke, and Ile wake him strait,

"And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.

"My lord, my lord, (he sleeps soundly,) my lord.

"Slie. Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh ho.

"Lord. Heere's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

"Slie. For which lord?

"Lord. For your honor, my lord.

"Slie. Who I, am I a lord?—Iesus, what fine apparell have I got!

"Lord. More richer far your honour hath to weare,

"And if it please you, I will fetch them straight.



2 *SERV.* Will't please your honour taste of these  
conservees?

3 *SERV.* What raiment will your honour wear to-  
day?

*SLY.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour,  
nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if  
you give me any conservees, give me conservees of  
beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I  
have no more doublets than backs, no more stock-  
ings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay,  
sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as  
my toes look through the overleather.

*LORD.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your ho-  
nour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*SLY.* What, would you make me mad? Am not  
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;?

“ *Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,  
“ Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace  
“ Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,  
“ That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.  
“ *Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the deere,  
“ Your hounds stands readie cuppled at the doore,  
“ Who in running will oretake the row,  
“ And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded.” *STEEVENS.*

8 ——— *small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts  
of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: “For a stande of  
*small ale* ;” I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no men-  
tion of that liquor being made on the same books, though *duble*  
*bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. *STEEVENS.*

It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV.  
sc. ii. that *single beer* and *small beer* were synonymous terms.

MALONE.

9 ——— of Burton-heath; ——— *Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of*  
*Wincot,*] I suspect we should read—*Barton-heath.* *Barton* and  
*Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of  
them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old



by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught:<sup>3</sup> Here's——

enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

*Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

Burton Dorset is a village in Warwickshire. RITSON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton Hastings*. Among Sir A. Cockayne's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games, lived.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— *I am not bestraught:*] I once thought that if our poet did not design to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read—*distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“O, if I wake, shall I not be *distraught*,” &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by Warner, 1602, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakspeare:

“Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one  
*bestrought*

“Did crie,” &c.

Again, in the old Song, beginning, “When griping grief,” &c. No. 53. *Paradyse of dainty Deuises*, edit. 1576:

“*Be-straighted* heads relyef hath founde.”

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread.”

STEEVENS.



404 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

1 *SERV.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *SERV.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*LORD.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun  
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will  
soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *SERV.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds  
are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *SERV.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

*Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distracted* or *distracted*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "*Bestraught*, a Lat. *distractus* mente. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*." MALONE.



Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*LORD.* We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3 SERV.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny  
wood;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*LORD.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

*1 SERV.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed  
for thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*SLR.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?  
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:—  
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*2 SERV.* Will't please your mightiness to wash  
your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*  
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!  
O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;  
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*SLR.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap,  
But did I never speak of all that time?



I *SERV.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—  
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;  
 And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>3</sup>  
 Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
 Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*SLR.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *SERV.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no  
 such maid;  
 Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—  
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — leet,] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor.

JOHNSON.

*And say, you would present her at the leet,*

*Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:]* The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the leet. See Kitchen *On Courts*, 4th edit. 1663. “The residue of the matters of the charge which ensue,” says that writer, on *Court Leets*, p. 21, “are enquirable and *presentable*, and are also punishable in a leet.” He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-seventh: “Also if tiplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures sealed, or not sealed, is *inquirable*.” See also *Characterismi, or Lenton's Leasures*, 12mo. 1631: “He [an informer] transforms himselfe into several shapes, to avoid suspicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the sight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their sale by *sealed quarts*, spoyles his market.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *John Naps of Greece,*] A *hart of Greece*, was a fat hart. *Graisse*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell, &c.*

“Eche of them slew a hart of *graece*,”

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of King Henry VII. among other dishes were “capons of *high Greece*.”

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was a *fat man*: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

For old *John Naps* of Greece, read—old *John Naps* o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.



And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*SLR.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*ALL.* Amen.<sup>5</sup>

*SLR.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.*<sup>6</sup>

*PAGE.* How fares my noble lord?

*SLR.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

The addition seems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf of the Green."

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "George o' the Green" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot, against Clement Perkes o' the hill."—The emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was also suggested in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer.

MALONE,

<sup>5</sup> In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old play, 1607. I have already observed that it is by no means probable, that this former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakespeare, and have therefore removed them from the text:

"*Sly.* By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed:

"What is thy name?

"*Man. Sim,* an it please your honour.

"*Sly. Sim?* that's as much as to say, *Simeon*, or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter the Page, &c.]* Thus in the original play:

"*Enter the Boy in woman's attire.*

"*Slie. Sim,* is this she?

"*Lord. I,* my lord.

"*Slie.* Masse 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?

"*Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchsafe



408 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*PAGE.* Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

*SLR.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

*PAGE.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*SLR.* I know it well:—What must I call her?

*LORD.* Madam.

*SLR.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*LORD.* Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

“ To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits!

“ Or were I now but halfe so eloquent

“ To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,

“ I know your honour then would pittie me.

“ *Slie.* Harke you, mistresse; will you eat a peece of bread?

“ Come, sit downe on my knee: *Sim*, drinke to her, *Sim*;

“ For she and I will go to bed anon.

“ *Lord.* May it please you, your honour's plaiers be come

“ To offer your honour a plaie.

“ *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave! be they my plaiers?

“ *Lord.* I my lord.

“ *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?

“ *Lord.* Yes, my lord.

“ *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim*?

“ *Lord.* Even when it please your honour; they be readie.

“ *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

“ *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.

“ *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus.

[Exit Boy.

“ *Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim*, stand by me,

“ And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

“ *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?

“ *Sound trumpets.*

“ *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*” STEEVENS.



*SLR.* Madam wife,<sup>7</sup> they say, that I have dream'd,  
and slept  
Above some fifteen year and more.

*PAGE.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*SLR.* 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her  
alone.—  
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.<sup>8</sup>

*PAGE.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two;  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed:  
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*SLR.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so  
long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams  
again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh  
and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Your honour's players, hearing your  
amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet;  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,

<sup>7</sup> *Madam wife,*] Mr. Pope gives likewise the following prefix  
to this speech from the elder play:

“*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her.” Ma-  
dam, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again,—*Sim, drink  
to her.* STEEVENS.



Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*SLR.* Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a  
commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling  
trick?<sup>9</sup>

*PAGE.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing  
stuff.

*SLR.* What, household stuff?

*PAGE.* It is a kind of history.

*SLR.* Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit  
by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er  
be younger. [*They sit down.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*  
Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It is not a commodity,*  
&c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity*  
corruptly for a comedy. BLACKSTONE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

*LUC.* Tranio, since—for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,<sup>2</sup>  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good company,  
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious<sup>3</sup> studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— for *fruitful Lombardy*,] Mr. Theobald reads *from*. The former editions, instead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *ingenious*—] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked——“*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded.”

Thus, in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:—“Me-thinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* spirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildness.”

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

“ ——— deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady.” REED.

<sup>4</sup> *Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, &c.*] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus:



412 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Vincentio his son,<sup>5</sup> brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,<sup>6</sup>  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy<sup>7</sup>

*Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentiivolii.*

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakspeare in other places expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. i: "*Mars his idiot.*" And *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iii: "*The Count his gallies.*" TYRWHITT.

Vincentio, *come of the Bentiivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written :

*Vincentio's son, come of the Bentiivolii.*

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line ; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed :

*Vincentio's son, come of the Bentiivolii,  
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Vincentio his son,*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. STEEVENS.

*Vincentio's* is here used as a quadrisyllable. Mr. Pope, I suppose, not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—*Vincentio his son*, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Could I have read the line, as a verse, without Mr. Pope's emendation, I would not have admitted it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *to serve all hopes conceiv'd,*] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Virtue, and that part of philosophy—*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to virtue* ; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies.

JOHNSON,

The word *ply* is afterwards used in this scene, and in the same manner, by Tranio :

" For who shall bear your part, &c.

" Keep house and *ply* his book ?" M. MASON.



Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*,<sup>8</sup> gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,<sup>9</sup>  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
Talk logick<sup>2</sup> with acquaintance that you have,  
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;  
Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;<sup>3</sup>  
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,

So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent,

"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Supposes*, 1566: "I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Mi perdonate*,] Old copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *Aristotle's checks*,] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions. MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>2</sup> Talk *logick*—] Old copy—*Balk*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to quicken you*;] i. e. *animate*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"*Quicken* a rock, and make you dance canary." STEEVENS.







*TRA.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*LUC.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio.

*TRA.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

*BAP.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*KATH.* A pretty peat!<sup>3</sup> 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

*BIAN.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*LUC.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva  
speak. [Aside.

*HOR.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?<sup>4</sup>  
Sorry am I, that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

<sup>3</sup> *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, little, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakspeare's :)  
“*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure  
“ To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister,” &c.  
Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Tho. Lodge; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ And God send every pretty *peate*,  
“ Heigh hoe the pretty *peate*,” &c.  
and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*.

“ He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*.” i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.



GRE. Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—  
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.  
And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,  
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men<sup>5</sup>  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up;  
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

KATH. Why, and I trust, I may go too, May I not?  
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!  
[Exit.

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts<sup>6</sup>  
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love  
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our  
nails together, and fast it fairly out;<sup>7</sup> our cake's

<sup>5</sup> ——— *cunning men,*] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *your gifts*—] *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

So, before in this comedy:

“ ——— a woman's gift,

“ To rain a shower of commanded tears.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out;*] I cannot conceive whose love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had been talking of no love but that which they themselves felt for Bianca. We must therefore read, *our love*, instead of *their*. M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read—*Your love*. In the old manner of writing *y<sup>r</sup>* stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third



dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.<sup>8</sup>

HOR. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,<sup>9</sup> it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

GRE. What's that, I pray?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband.

GRE. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GRE. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *I will wish him to her father.*] i. e. I will recommend him. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ To wish him wrestle with affection.” REED.

<sup>9</sup> — *upon advice,*] i. e. on consideration, or reflection. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ How shall I dote on her, with more *advice*,

“ That thus, without *advice*, begin to love her!”

STEEVENS.



HOR. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!<sup>9</sup> He that runs fastest, gets the ring.<sup>2</sup> How say you, signior Gremio?

GRE. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*

TRA. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible, or likely;  
But see! while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—  
That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl:  
Counsel me Tranio, for I know thou canst;  
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

<sup>9</sup> *Happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. It is used in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression, which may serve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man be his fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *He that runs fastest, gets the ring.*] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring. DOUCE.



*TRA.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
Affection is not rated<sup>3</sup> from the heart:  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,<sup>4</sup>—  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*<sup>5</sup>

*LUC.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

*TRA.* Master, you look'd so longly<sup>6</sup> on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*LUC.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor<sup>7</sup> had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kifs'd the Cretan strand.

<sup>3</sup> — is not rated —] Is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — 'tis to be chid,

“ As we rate boys.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,*] The next line from Terence shows that we should read:

*If Love hath toyl'd you, —*

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a translation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. Thus, in *As you Like it*, Rosalind says to Orlando: “Cupid hath *clapt* him on the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.” M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Redime, &c.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced also in Decker's *Bellman's Night-Walk, &c.* It may be added, that *captus est, habet*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — longly —] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — daughter of Agenor —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.



*TRA.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how  
her sister  
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*LUC.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

*TRA.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it  
stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd<sup>7</sup> with suitors.

*LUC.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

*TRA.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*LUC.* I have it, Tranio.

*TRA.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*LUC.* Tell me thine first.

*TRA.* You will be schoolmaster,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*LUC.* It is: May it be done?

*TRA.* Not possible; For who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?  
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

<sup>7</sup> ——— *she shall not be annoy'd—*] Old copy—*she will not.*  
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



LUC. Basta;<sup>8</sup> content thee; for I have it full.<sup>9</sup>  
 We have not yet been seen in any house;  
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
 For man, or master: then it follows thus;—  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house, and port,<sup>2</sup> and servants, as I should:  
 I will some other be; some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.<sup>3</sup>—  
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*  
 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient;  
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting;  
*Be serviceable to my son*, quoth he,  
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)  
 I am content to be Lucentio.  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

<sup>8</sup> *Basta*;] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in *The Mad Lover*, and *The Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. So, in *Othello*:

“ I have it, 'tis engender'd —,” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *port*,] *Port*, is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,

“ How much I have disabled mine estate

“ By something showing a more swelling *port*

“ Than my faint means would grant continuance.” REED,

<sup>3</sup> — *or mean man of Pisa.*] The old copy, regardless of metre, reads—*meaner*. STEEVENS.



*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

*BION.* Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes? Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*LUC.* Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on, And I for my escape have put on his; For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:<sup>2</sup> Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life: You understand me?

*BION.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*LUC.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth; Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*BION.* The better for him; 'Would, I were so too!

*TRA.* So would I,<sup>3</sup> 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,— That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *and fear I was descried:*] i. e. I fear I was observ'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—*I am descried*; which has been adopted by the modern editors.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *So would I,*] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



But, firrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—  
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master<sup>4</sup> Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—  
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me  
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.<sup>5</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*<sup>6</sup>

I SERV. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?

PAGE. My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!

<sup>4</sup> — your master—] Old copy—you master. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — good and weighty.] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Presenters above speak."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They sit and mark.*

MALONE.



## S C E N E II.

*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—  
Here, firrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, fir! whom should I knock? is  
there any man has rebus'd your worship? <sup>6</sup>

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, <sup>7</sup> fir? why, fir, what am I,  
fir, that I should knock you here, fir?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should  
knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET. Will it not be?

'Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; <sup>8</sup>  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

<sup>6</sup> — *has rebus'd your worship?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd*? or is it a false print for *abus'd*? TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *Knock you here,*] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *wring it;*] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.



GRU. Help, masters,<sup>9</sup> help! my master is mad.

PET. Now knock when I bid you: firrah! villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

HOR. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,  
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.<sup>2</sup>—If this be not a lawful cause for me to

<sup>9</sup> *Help, masters,*] The old copy reads—*here*; and in several other places in this play *mistress*, instead of *masters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the Mss. of our author's age *M* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

“What ho, M. [Master] Lorenzo, and M. [Mistress] Lorenzo.”  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *what he 'leges in Latin.*] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read—*Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir.*—That is, “'Tis no matter what is law, if this be not a lawful cause,” &c. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this passage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin. M. MASON.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Mason for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on some future occasion, though at the present



leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?<sup>3</sup>

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

*Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?*<sup>4</sup> And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

moment it will not operate so forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or suit the measure of his verse, he gives us in its room, "*Sir Vincentio*," and "*Sir Lucentio*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a pip out?*] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope, MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *knock me soundly?*] Shakspeare seems to design a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraseology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello*:

"I pray *talk me* of Cassio."

It occurs again, and more improperly, in heroic translation:

"—— upon advantage spide,

"Did wound *me* Molphey on the leg," &c.

Arthur Golding's *Ovid*, B. V. p. 66. b.

STEEVENS.



And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through  
the world,  
To seek their fortunes further than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,<sup>5</sup>  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to  
thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as  
we,  
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,<sup>6</sup>)  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Where small experience grows. But, in a few,]* In a few, means the same as in short, in few words. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV. Part II*:

“In few;—his death, whose spirit lent a fire,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)]* The *burthen* of a dance is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen* of his wooing song had been more proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,]* I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections.



As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

" 39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, scarves, laces, gold spangles, and other gaudy devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing of her before she was so gorgeously trim'd up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself. *Gomestius, lib. 3. de Sal. Gen. cap. 22.*" FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her:

" *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,  
 " And saw this vecke, where that she sit,  
 " Which was the lotheft wighte  
 " That ever man caste on his eye;  
 " Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,  
 " Hir eyes small, and depe sette,  
 " Hir chekes ben with teres wette,  
 " And rivelyn as an empty skyn,  
 " Hangyng downe unto the chyn;  
 " Hir lippes shronken ben for age,  
 " There was no grace in hir visage.  
 " Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,  
 " She loketh foorth as doth a more:  
 " Hir necke is shorte, hir sholders courbe,  
 " That might a mans luste distourbe:  
 " Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,  
 " And shortly to describe hir all,  
 " She hath no lith without a lacke,  
 " But like unto the woll sacke:" &c.——  
 " Though she be the *fouleste* of all," &c.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Discourse to *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, Vol. IV, p. 153. STEEVENS.



Affection's edge in me; were she as rough<sup>8</sup>  
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas:  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRU. Nay, look you, fir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;<sup>9</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:<sup>2</sup> why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HOR. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous; Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault (and that is faults enough),<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *were she as rough*—] The old copy reads—*were she is as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point.

So, in *Jeronimo*, 1605:

“And all those stars that gaze upon her face,

“Are *aglets* on her sleeve-pins and her train.”

STEEVENS.

An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French historian:—“*portant meme sur les aiguillettes [points] des petites tetes de mort.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *as many diseases as two and fifty horses*:] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: “O stumbling jade! the spavin o’ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *(and that is faults enough)*] And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—*and that is fault enough*. MALONE.



Is,—that she is intolerably curst,  
And shrewd,<sup>4</sup> and froward; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PET. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's  
effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is, Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well:—  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I  
do, she would think scolding would do little good  
upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score  
knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin  
once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>5</sup> I'll tell you

<sup>4</sup> — *shrewd*,] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*.  
The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*.

MALONE.

I believe *shrewd* only signifies *bitter, severe*. So, in *As you Like it*,  
sc. ult:

“ That have endur'd *shrewd* days and nights with us.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks*.] This is ob-  
scure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*he'll rail in his rhetorick*; *I'll*  
*tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the suc-  
ceeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-*  
*tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.



what, fir,—an she stand him<sup>6</sup> but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:<sup>7</sup> You know him not, fir.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguey*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

*Rope-tricks* we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

*Rope-tricks* is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

“ Could tell what subt’lest parrots mean,  
 “ That speak, and think contrary clean;  
 “ What member ’tis of whom they talk,  
 “ When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk.”

The following passage in Wilson’s *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: “ Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my damnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee.” This the author in the margin calls “ *rope-ripe* chiding.” So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611: “ Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — stand him—] i. e. withstand, resist him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:]

The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. In the *Castell of Laboure*, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, is the following line: “ That was as *blereyed* as a cat.”

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this allusion of Grumio:

“ Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out.”

“ A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter.”

The first is in *Ray’s Collection*, the second in *Kelly’s*.

STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.



HOR. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;  
 For in Baptista's keep<sup>6</sup> my treasure is:  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
 And her withholds from me, and other more  
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:<sup>7</sup>  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)  
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;<sup>8</sup>—  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst!  
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;  
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 To old Baptista as a school-master  
 Well seen in musick,<sup>9</sup> to instruct Bianca:  
 That so I may by this device, at least,

<sup>7</sup> ——— in Baptista's keep——] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And her withholds, &c.*] It stood thus:

*And her withholds from me.*

*Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.*

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;*] To take order is to take measures. So, in *Othello*:

“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Well seen in musick,*] *Seen* is versed, practised. So, in a very ancient comedy called *The longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art*:

“Sum would have you *seen* in stories,

“Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.

“Sum will move you to reade Scripture.

“Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

“Well *seene* in every science that mote bee.”

STEEVENS.



Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with  
books under his arm.*

GRU. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the  
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-  
gether! Master, master, look about you: Who goes  
there? ha!

HOR. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—  
Petruchio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

*[They retire.]*

GRE. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:  
All books of love, see that at any hand;<sup>2</sup>  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me:—Over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd;  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning! what a thing it is!

<sup>2</sup> — at any hand;] i. e. at all events. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — let him fetch off his drum, in any hand.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To whom they go.*] The old copy reads—*To whom they go to.*

STEEVENS.



434 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GRU. O this woodcock! what an afs it is!

PET. Peace, firrah.

HOR. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

GRE. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.  
Trow you,  
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.  
I promis'd to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:<sup>2</sup>  
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,  
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,  
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

HOR. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,  
Hath promis'd me to help me<sup>3</sup> to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GRE. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall  
prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

HOR. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GRE. So said, so done, is well:—  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *for fair Bianca:*] The old copy redundantly reads—  
“for the fair Bianca.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *help me—*] The old copy reads—*help one.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



PET. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:<sup>4</sup>  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

GRE. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were  
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wild cat?

PET. Will I live?

GRU. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

PET. Why came I hither, but to that intent?  
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'  
clang?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — old Antonio's son:] The old copy reads—*Butonio's* son.

STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and trumpets' clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

“ — an island salt and bare,

“ The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews *clang*.”

T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang*, as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this house.”



436 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,<sup>6</sup>  
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.<sup>7</sup>

GRU.

For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

GRE. Hortensio, hark!  
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

HOR. I promis'd, we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

GRU. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

“ ——— hear you the *clang*  
“ Of Scythian trumpets?” ———

Again, in *The Cobbler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ The trumpets *clang*, and roaring noise of drums.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ Hath not the *clang* of harsh Armenian troops,” &c.

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“ Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boystus founde and shryll  
“ Of trumpetes *clang* the stalles was not accustomed to fill.”

*The Trumpet's clang* is certainly the *clang* of trumpets, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *so great a blow to the ear,*] The old copy reads—to bear. STEEVENS.

This awkward phrase could never come from Shakspeare. He wrote, without question,

——— *so great a blow to th' ear.* WARBURTON.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *K. John*:

“ Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

“ But *buffets* better than a fist of France.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears*.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— are become

“ The mortal *bugs* o' the field.” STEEVENS.



*Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; and BIONDELLO.

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be  
bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

GRE. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't  
[*Aside to* TRANIO.] he you mean?<sup>8</sup>

TRA. Even he. Biondello!

GRE. Hark you, fir; You mean not her to——

TRA. Perhaps, him and her, fir; What have  
you to do?

PET. Not her that chides, fir, at any hand, I  
pray.

TRA. I love no chiders, fir:—Biondello, let's away.

LUC. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

<sup>8</sup> *He that has the two fair daughters: &c.*] In the old copy, this speech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.

It should rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*

Gre. *Hark you, fir; you mean not her too.* TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—“He that has the two fair daughters,” to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses Tranio; “is't he you mean?”

——*You mean not her to*——] I believe, an abrupt sentence was intended; or perhaps Shakspeare might have written—*her to woo*. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my first supposition. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.



438 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*HOR.* Sir, a word ere you go;—  
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

*TRA.* An if I be, fir, is it any offence?

*GRE.* No; if, without more words, you will get  
you hence.

*TRA.* Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you?

*GRE.* But so is not she.

*TRA.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*GRE.* For this reason, if you'll know,—  
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*HOR.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*TRA.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*GRE.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*LUC.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove  
a jade.

*PET.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*HOR.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*TRA.* No, fir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*PET.* Sir, fir, the first's for me; let her go by.



GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

PET. Sir, understand you this of me, infooth;—  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the elder sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRA. If it be so, fir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;  
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,<sup>9</sup>—  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

HOR. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *this* feat,] The old copy reads—*this seek*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe.

<sup>2</sup> *Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place*, and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*. As in this passage of Spenser:

“Three ages such as mortal men *contrive*.”

*Fairy Queen*, B. XI. ch. ix. WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out*, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:

“In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*

“Full many a year,” &c.



440 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,<sup>2</sup>—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRU. BION. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's  
begone.<sup>3</sup>

HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it  
so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

*Contrive*, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence.  
“Totum hunc *contrivi* diem.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *as adversaries do in law*,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not *suitors*, but *barristers*, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their *clients* seldom “eat and drink with their adversaries as friends.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— Fellows, *let's begone*.] *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 441

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong  
yourself;<sup>4</sup>  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,<sup>5</sup>—  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,<sup>6</sup> tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *nor wrong yourself,*] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Master Ford, this *wrongs* you.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *but for these other gawds,*] The old copy reads—*these other goods.* STEEVENS.

This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *I charge thee,*] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *to keep you fair.*] I wish to read—*to keep you fine.* But either word may serve. JOHNSON.



442 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while:  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATH. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.  
[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAP. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this  
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—  
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—  
For shame, thou hilding<sup>8</sup> of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong  
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.  
[Flies after BIANCA.]

BAP. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.  
[Exit BIANCA.]

KATH. Will you not suffer me?<sup>9</sup> Nay, now I see,  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a low  
wretch; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her be-  
haviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Will you not suffer me?*] The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c.  
The compositor probably caught the former word from the pre-  
ceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] “To lead apes”  
was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of  
a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along  
with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied



Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,  
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

*BAP.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

*GRE.* Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*BAP.* Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

*PET.* And you, good fir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

*BAP.* I have a daughter, fir, call'd Katharina.

*GRE.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

*PET.* You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, fir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
Her affability, and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—  
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about Nothing*:  
“Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take six-pence in earnest of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell.” MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEVENS.



444 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I do present you with a man of mine,  
[Presenting HORTENSIO.

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good  
fake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see, you do not mean to part with her;  
Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his  
fake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Baccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

“ *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

“ Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?”

“ *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,

“ Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he.”

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sayes and Adages*: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden.

FARMER.



PET. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would  
fain be doing.

GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your  
wooing. —

Neighbour,<sup>4</sup> this is a gift<sup>5</sup> very grateful, I am sure  
of it. To express the like kindness myself, that  
have been more kindly beholden to you than any,  
I freely give unto you this young scholar,<sup>6</sup> [*Presenting*  
LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims;  
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,  
as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name  
is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of *The Repentance of Mary*  
*Magdalene*, 1567:

“Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you must stand apart:

“You love me best, I trow, mystresse Mary.”

Again, in John Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: “The masculine gender is  
more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, *Backare*.”

Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: “—— yet  
wrested he so his effeminate bande to the siege of *backward* affection,  
that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their larum, but  
*Baccare, Baccare*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Neighbour,] The old copy has—*neighbours*. Corrected by  
Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. —

Neighbour, this is a gift —] The old copy gives the passage  
as follows:

*I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse*

*Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift —.* STEEVENS.

This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt*  
*it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift,*  
&c. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> I freely give unto you this young scholar,] Our modern editors  
had been long content with the following sophisticated reading:  
—— *free leave give to this young scholar, —.* STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads—  
*freely give unto this young scholar.* We should read, I believe—

*I freely give unto you this young scholar,*

*That hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning*

*In Greek, &c.* TYRWHITT.

If this emendation wanted any support, it might be had in the



446 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*BAP.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To TRANIO.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*TRA.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:<sup>6</sup> If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*BAP.* Lucentio is your name?<sup>7</sup> of whence, I pray?

*TRA.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

preceding part of this scene, where Petruchio, presenting Hortensio to Baptista, uses almost the same form of words:

“ And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

“ *I do present you with a man of mine,*

“ *Cunning in musick,*” &c.

*Free leave give,* &c. was the absurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *this small packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> *Lucentio is your name?*] How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.



BAP. A mighty man of Pisa; by report  
 I know him well:<sup>8</sup> you are very welcome, fir.—  
 Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*]  
                   the set of books,  
 You shall go see your pupils presently.  
 Holla, within!—

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead  
 These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them  
                   both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,  
                   and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
 And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,  
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

<sup>8</sup> *I know him well:*] It appears in a subsequent part of this play, that Baptista was not *personally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, must mean, “I know well who he is.” Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio’s father: “I know him well; you are welcome for his sake”—where they must have the same meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio’s father is supposed to have died before the commencement of this play.

Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus:

*A mighty man of Pisa; by report  
 I know him well.*—

but it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him.” MALONE,



And every day I cannot come to woo.<sup>9</sup>  
 You knew my father well; and in him, me,  
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
 Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,  
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands;  
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
 Her widowhood,<sup>2</sup>—be it that she survive me,—  
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever:  
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
 This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

PET. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
 And where two raging fires meet together,  
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:  
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:  
 So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

<sup>9</sup> *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio*:

“And I cannot come every day to wooe.”

It appears also from a quotation in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled *The Woer*:

“Iche pray you good mother tell our young dame

“Whence I am come, and what is my name;

“*I cannot come a wooing every day.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Ill assure her of*

*Her widowhood,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood. The reading of the old copy is harsh to our ears, but it might have been the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*on* her widowhood. In the old copies *on* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded, through the printers' inattention. STEEVENS.



BAP. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed!  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for  
winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

BAP. How now, my friend? why dost thou look  
so pale?

HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-  
sician?

HOR. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the  
lute?

HOR. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to  
me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,<sup>3</sup>  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
*Frets, call you these?* quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*  
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way;  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:  
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

<sup>3</sup> — *her frets,*] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.



450 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And—twangling Jack;<sup>3</sup> with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had<sup>4</sup> studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-  
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—  
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and  
HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *And—twangling Jack;*] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the precise meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Rastell:

“ —ye wene I were some hafter,

“ Or ellys some *jangelynge jacke* of the vale.” STEEVENS.

To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition.

HENLEY.

*Twangling Jack* is, mean, paltry lutanist. MALONE.

I do not see with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means “paltry lutanist,” though it may “paltry musician.” DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> —*she had*—] In the old copy these words are accidentally transposed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:*] Milton has honoured this image by adopting it in his *Allegro*:

“ And fresh-blown roses *wash'd in dew.*” STEEVENS.



Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 As though she bid me stay by her a week;  
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—  
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good morrow, Kate;<sup>6</sup> for that's your name, I  
 hear.

- <sup>6</sup> *Good-morrow, Kate; &c.*] Thus in the original play:  
 “ *Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate*.  
 “ *Kate.* You jest I am sure; is she yours already?  
 “ *Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov’st me wel.  
 “ *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you so?  
 “ *Feran.* My mind, sweet *Kate*, doth say I am the man,  
 “ Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.  
 “ *Kate.* Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this?  
 “ *Feran.* I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.  
 “ *Kate.* Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;  
 “ Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.  
 “ *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,  
 “ And I like thee better, for I would have thee so.  
 “ *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.  
 “ *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.  
 “ *Kate.* Yfaith, fir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.  
 “ *Feran.* But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.  
 “ *Alfon.* How now, *Ferando*? what [says] my daughter?  
 “ *Feran.* Shee’s willing, fir, and loves me as her life.  
 “ *Kate.* ’Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.  
 “ *Alfon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,  
 “ To him that I have chosen for thy love;  
 “ And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.  
 “ *Kate.* Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,  
 “ To give me thus unto this brainficke man,  
 “ That in his mood cares not to murder me?  
*She turnes aside and speaks.*  
 “ But yet I will consent and marry him,



*KATH.* Well have you heard, but something hard  
of hearing;<sup>7</sup>

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

*PET.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain  
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,  
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*KATH.* Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd  
you hither,  
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

*PET.* Why, what's a moveable?

*KATH.* A joint-stool.<sup>8</sup>

“ (For I methinks have liv'd too long a maide,)

“ And match him too, or else his manhood's good.

“ *Alfon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee well,

“ And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.

“ Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,

“ And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.

“ *Feran.* Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man?

“ Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.

“ Provide yourselves against our marriage day,

“ For I must hie me to my country house

“ In haste, to see provision may be made

“ To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;*] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

“ Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool.”



PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade, fir,<sup>9</sup> as you, if me you mean.

PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee: For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should buz.

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.<sup>2</sup>

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

See Ray's *Collection*. It is likewise repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *No such jade, fir,*] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, Piston says of *Basilisco*, “He just like a knight! He'll just like a *jade*.”

FARMER.

So, before, p. 438: “I know *he'll* prove a *jade*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better—

*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*.

JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“——hast no more skill,

“Than take a *faulcon* for a *buzzard*?” STEEVENS.



KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear  
his sting?

In his tail.

KATH. In his tongue.

PET. Whose tongue?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails;<sup>3</sup> and so fare-  
well.

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,  
come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATH. That I'll try.

[Striking him.

PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH. So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET. A comblefs cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a  
craven.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Yours, if you talk of tails;*] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—“Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale*.” Our author is very fond of using words of similar sounds in different senses.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a craven.*] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

“That he will pull the *craven* from his nest.”

STEEVENS.



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 455

PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look  
so four.

KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look  
not four,

KATH. There is, there is.

PET. Then show it me.

KATH. Had I a glafs, I would.

PET. What, you mean my face?

KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one.

PET. Now, by faint George, I am too young for  
you.

KATH. Yet you are wither'd.

PET. 'Tis with cares.

KATH. I care not.

PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape  
not so.

KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

PET. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ful-  
len,

And now I find report a very liar;  
For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous;  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:  
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

*Craven* was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See note on *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*. Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 10. edit. 1780. REED.



Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;  
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
 Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?  
 O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,  
 Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue  
 As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-  
 mand.<sup>5</sup>

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?  
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;  
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH. A witty mother! witless else her son.

PET. Am I not wise?

KATH. Yes; keep you warm.<sup>6</sup>

PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy  
 bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

<sup>5</sup> *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.*] This is exactly the  
 Πασσάμεν ἐπιτάσσει of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I  
 would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a trans-  
 lation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> *Pet. Am I not wise?*

*Kath. Yes; keep you warm.*] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's  
*Scornful Lady*:

“—— your house has been kept warm, fir.

“ I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are wise too.”

Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“—— that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm.”

STEEVENS.



And, will you, nill you,<sup>7</sup> I will marry you.  
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)  
 Thou must be married to no man but me:  
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;  
 And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate<sup>8</sup>  
 Conformable, as other household Kates.  
 Here comes your father; never make denial,  
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*BAP.* Now,  
 Signior Petruchio: How speed you with  
 My daughter?

*PET.* How but well, fir? how but well?  
 It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

*BAP.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in  
 your dumps?

*KATH.* Call you me, daughter? now, I promise  
 you,  
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
 To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

<sup>7</sup> — nill you,] So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*,  
 1601:

“Will you or nill you, you must yet go in.”

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:

“Neede hath no law; will I, or nill I, it must be done.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — a wild cat to a Kate—] The first folio reads—

— a wild Kate to a Kate, &c.

The second folio—

— a wild Kat to a Kate, &c. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio with some probability reads—  
 from a wild Kat (meaning certainly *cat*.) So before: “But will  
 you woo this wild cat?” MALONE.



458 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the  
world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curst, it is for policy:  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;<sup>9</sup>  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:  
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well to-  
gether,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee  
hang'd first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night  
our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for  
myself;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—

<sup>9</sup> ——— a second Grissel; &c.] So, in *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. 1:

“ I will become as mild and dutiful

“ As ever *Grissel* was unto her lord,

“ And for my constancy as *Lucrece* was.”

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called  
“ The plaie of *Patient Grissel*.” Bocaccio was the first known  
writer of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxen-  
forde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

The story of *Grisel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found  
among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.



She hung about my neck; and kifs on kifs  
 She vied so fast,<sup>2</sup> protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,<sup>3</sup>  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock wretch<sup>4</sup> can make the curstest shrew.—  
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

<sup>2</sup> ——— *kifs on kifs*

*She vied so fast,*] *Vye and revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, “time *revyes* us,” which has been unnecessarily altered. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says, “We must not permit *vying and revying* upon one another.” FARMER.

It appears from a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the game of *Gleek*—“I *vie* it.”—“I'll none of it;”—“nor I.”

The same expression occurs in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

“All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,

“For every silver hair upon my head,

“A piece of gold.” STEEVENS.

*Vie* and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the fashionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. “Let us play at *Primero* then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, fir, I hould it, and *revye* it.”

To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: “Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *'tis a world to see,*] i. e. it is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers. So, in *Holinshed*, Vol. I. p. 209: “It is a world to see how many strange heartes,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *A meacock wretch*—] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1604:

“A woman's well holp up with such a *meacock*.”

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

“They are like my husband; mere *meacocks* verily.”

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

“As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a *meacock*.”

STEEVENS.



To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;  
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say : but give me your  
hands ;  
God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;  
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :—  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, severally.*]

GRE. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly ?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's  
part,  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.<sup>5</sup>

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—  
Now is the day we long have looked for ;  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one, that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

GRE. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — in the match.] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> But thine doth fry.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell :



Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GRE. First, as you know, my house within the  
city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,<sup>7</sup>

“ The fire of love in youthful blood,

“ Like what is kindled in brush-wood,

“ But for the moment burns: —

“ But when crept into aged veins,

“ It slowly burns, and long remains;

“ It glows, and with a fullen heat,

“ Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;

“ And though the flame be not so great,

“ Yet is the heat as strong.” JOHNSON.

So also, in *A Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:

“ My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner.”

The thought, however, might originate from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

“ Let not old age disgrace my high desire,

“ O heavenly soule, in humane shape contain'd!

“ Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the bravest fire,

“ When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— counterpoints,] So, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ Then I will have rich counterpoints and musk.”

These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.



Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,<sup>8</sup>  
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
 Pewter<sup>9</sup> and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

TRA. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,  
 I am my father's heir, and only son:

*Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patchwork, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

*Counterpoints* were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— tents, and canopies,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches. STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time.

MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillon*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Pewter*—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland," &c. that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This household-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.



If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!  
 My land amounts not to so much in all:  
 That she shall have; besides<sup>2</sup> an argosy,<sup>3</sup>  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—  
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

TRA. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Gre. *Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!*

*My land amounts not to so much in all:*

*That she shall have; besides—*] Though all copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning, something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes: says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet she shall have *that*: I'll endow her with the *whole*; and consign a rich vessel to her use over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his sub-joining:

*What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?* HEATH.

<sup>3</sup> *That she shall have; besides an argosy,*] She shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above. HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> — *two galliasses,*] A *galeas* or *gallias*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of



And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have;—  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
world,  
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.<sup>5</sup>

BAP. I must confess, your offer is the best;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRA. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as  
old?

BAP. Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to signior Gremio:  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[Exit.

GRE. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee  
not;

the nature of a ship and a galley. So, in *The Noble Soldier*,  
1634:

“——to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then  
they are sure to build *galliaffes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——*out-vied*.] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When  
one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. So,  
in Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: “They draw a card, and  
the barnacle *vies*, and the countryman *vies* upon him,” &c.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

“Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it;

“They will *out-vie* thy pleasures.” STEEVENS.



# TAMING OF THE SHREW. 465

Sirrah, young gamester,<sup>6</sup> your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,  
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*TRA.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Sirrah, young gamester,*] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the last note. MALONE.

*Gamester*, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming, and only signifies—a wag, a frolicksome character. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.*] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So, Skelton:

“Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

“And so outface him with a *card of ten*.”

And, Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*:

“—— a *Hart of ten*

“I trow he be.”

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A *hart of ten* has no reference to *cards*, but is an expression taken from *The Laws of the Forest*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years old, he is generally called a *hart of ten*. See *Forest Laws*, 4to. 1598.

Again, in the sixth scene of *The Sad Shepherd*:

“—— a great large deer!

“*Rob.* What head?

“*John.* Forked. A *hart of ten*.”

The former expression is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“I may be out-fac'd with a *card of ten*.”

Mr. Malone is of opinion that the phrase was “applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion.”

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses. So, Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*:

“When she is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,

“Some may be *coats*, as in the cards.”



466 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—  
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;  
 And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,  
 Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.<sup>6</sup>  
 [Exit.]

Again, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"She had in her hand the ace of harts and a *coat-card*. She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her *coat*; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up started a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621:

"You have been at *noddy*, I see.

"Ay, and the first *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.

"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.

"Then thou must needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*if I fail not of my cunning*.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet design'd a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child shall *get* a fire."

After this, the former editors add,

"Sly. Sim, when will the fool come again?\*

"Sim. Anon, my lord.

"Sly. Give us some more drink here; where's the tapster?

"Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

"Sim. I do, my lord.

"Sly. Here, Sim, I drink to thee."

These speeches of the presenters, (as they are called,) are not in the folio. Mr. Pope, as in some former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, might be meant *Sander* the servant to *Ferando* (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakspeare) or *Ferando* himself.

\* ——— [*when will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

*LUC.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

*HOR.* But, wrangling pedant, this is<sup>8</sup>  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*LUC.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!  
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

It appears however from the following passage in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, edit. 1660, that it was the constant office of the Fool to preserve the stage from vacancy:

" 79. When Stage-plays were in use, there was in every place one that was called the *Foole*; as the Proverb saies, *like a Fool in a Play*. At the Red Bull Play-house it did chance that the *Clown* or the *Fool*, being in the attireing house, was suddenly called upon the stage, for it was empty. He suddenly going, forgot his Fooles-cap. One of the players bad his boy take it, and put it on his head as he was speaking. No such matter (saies the Boy) there's no manners nor wit in that, nor wisdom neither; and my master needs no cap, for he is known to be a Fool without it, as well as with it." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this is* —] Probably our author wrote—*this lady is*, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being used as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

We should read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

*But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is.* RITSON.



468 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar<sup>9</sup> in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

HOR. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

LUC. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

BIAN. Where left we last?

LUC. Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIAN. Construe them.

LUC. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>2</sup>

HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Returning.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *no breeching scholar*——] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1598:

“ Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy.”

Again, in *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614:

“ ——— he went to fetch whips, I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me.”

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1618:

“ If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have *breech'd* him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *pantaloon*.] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.



BIAN. Let's hear:— [HORTENSIO plays.  
O fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUC. All but the base.

HOR. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:  
*Pedascule*,<sup>3</sup> I'll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.<sup>4</sup>

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*  
Was Ajax,<sup>5</sup>—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my master; else, I promise  
you,

<sup>3</sup> *Pedascule*,] He should have said, *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's, it is more probable that it lay in his way, and he found it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —for, sure, *Æacides*, &c.] This is only said to deceive Hortensio who is supposed to listen. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book XIII;

“ —The highest Jove of all

“ Acknowledgeth this *Æacus*, and dooth his sonne him call.

“ Thus am I *Ajax* third from Jove.” STEEVENS.



470 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :  
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—  
Good masters,<sup>5</sup> take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HOR. You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and  
give me leave awhile ;  
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

LUC. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,<sup>6</sup>  
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside*

HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art ;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all  
accord,*

A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion ;*

B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

C faut, *that loves with all affection :*

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I ;*

E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :  
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for odd inventions.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Good masters,] Old copy—*master*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.  
MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — but *I be deceiv'd*,] But has here the signification of *unless*.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> To change true rules for odd inventions.] The old copy reads—  
To charge true rules for old inventions : The former emendation was



*Enter a Servant.*<sup>8</sup>

*SERV.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*BIAN.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

*LUC.* 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

*HOR.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant; Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:— Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale, Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging, Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*

made by the editor of the second folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald. *Old*, however may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote

*To change new rules for old inventions.*

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Enter a Servant.*] The old copy reads—*Enter a Messenger*—who, at the beginning of his speech is called—*Nicke*. RITSON.

Meaning, I suppose, *Nicholas Tooley*. See Mr. Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*BAP.* Signior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the  
'pointed day  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*KATH.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,  
be forc'd  
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;<sup>8</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *full of spleen;*] That is, *full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.* JOHNSON.

So, in the First Part of *Henry IV*:

“ A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen*.”

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;*] Mr. Malone reads:

*Make friends, invite them, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion—

*Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim, &c.* MALONE.



Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*  
*If it would please him come and marry her.*

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista  
too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATH. 'Would, Katharine had never seen him  
though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and Others.*]

BAP. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
For such an injury would vex a faint,<sup>2</sup>  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

BION. Master, master! news, old news,<sup>4</sup> and such  
news as you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's  
coming?

BAP. Is he come?

BION. Why, no, fir.

<sup>2</sup> — *vex a faint,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*vex a very faint.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *of thy impatient humour.*] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *old news,*] These words were added by Mr. Rowe, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken, *old laughing—old utis*, &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspeare. See note on *Henry IV.* Part II. Act II. sc. iv.



BAP. What then?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here?

BION. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRA. But, say, what :—To thine old news.

BION. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelefs; with two broken points:<sup>4</sup> His horse hip'd with an old mothy faddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the

<sup>4</sup> ——— a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelefs; with two broken points:] How a sword should have two broken points, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of point to sword. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapelefs. JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's belt are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the doublet.—Two broken points might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness.

STEEVENS.

The broken points might be the two broken tags to the laces.

TOLLET.

——— that have been candle-cases,] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other places, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Case is Alter'd, How?*—"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor candle-cases."

And again, in *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a candle-case." STEEVENS.



lampas, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,<sup>6</sup> stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back,<sup>7</sup> and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legg'd before,<sup>8</sup> and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>9</sup> which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

<sup>6</sup> ——— infected with the fashions, ——— past cure of the fives,] *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

*Fives*. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

GREY.

Shakspeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Shad. What shall we learn by travel?

"Andel. *Fashions*.

"Shad. That's a beastly disease."

Again, in *The New Ordinary*, by Brome:

"My old beast is infected with the *fashions*, fashion-sick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and *horses* died of it." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— sway'd in the back,] The old copy has—*waied*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— ne'er legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrain'd, to keep him from *stumbling*,"—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— crupper of velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in *The World tossed at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lined soldier (with valour,

"Not *velure*) keep me warm."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— an old hat,

"Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.



*BAP.* Who comes with him?

*BION.* O, fir, his lackey, for all the world carparifon'd like the horfe; with a linen ftock<sup>9</sup> on one leg, and a kerfey boot-hofe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue lift; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather:<sup>2</sup> a

<sup>9</sup> ——— *ftock* —] i. e. ftocking. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “ — it [his leg] does indifferent well in a flame-coloured *ftock*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *an old hat, and The humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was fome ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His fpeakers are perpetually quoting scraps and ftanzas of old ballads, and often very obfcurely; for, fo well are they adapted to the occafion, that they feem of a piece with the reft. In Shakfpeare's time, the kingdom was overrun with thefe doggrel compositions, and he feems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick fay, “ Prove that ever I lofe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen.” As the bluntnefs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Creffida*, Pandarus in his diftreffs having repeated a very ftupid ftanza from an old ballad, fays, with the higheft humour, “ There never was a truer rhyme; let's caft away nothing, for we may live to have need of fuch a verfe. We fee it, we fee it.”

WARBURTON.

I have fome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been fome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, defcribing “ an indigent and difcontented foldat,” fays, “ he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a fword or rapier, that perhaps being fomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for *fashion-fake*.” This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but fome fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's Epigrams, 1598, may alfo add fupport to my interpretation:

“ Nor for thy love will I once gnafh a bricke,

“ Or fome *pie'd colours* in my bonnet *fticke*.”

A *fancy*, however, meant alfo a love-fong or fonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: “ I muft now fall from



monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

*TRA.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

*BAP.* I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

*BION.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*BAP.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*BION.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*BAP.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*BION.* No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

*BAP.* Why, that's all one.

*BION.* Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them.

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have strengthened his supposition by observing, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV*: "—sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty Fancies* a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known *Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie*.—*A Paradise of dainty Devises*.—*The Arbor of amorous Conceits*.—*The Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*.—*The Forest of Histories*.—*The Ordinary of Humors*, &c. Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant. STEEVENS.



*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*<sup>3</sup>

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

BAP. You are welcome, sir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

PET. Were it better I should rush in thus.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*] Thus, in the original play:

“ *Enter Ferando, basely attired, and a red cap on his head.*

“ *Feran.* Good morrow, father: *Polidor* well met,

“ You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long.

“ *Alfon.* Yea, marry sonne: we were almost perswaded

“ That we should scarce have had our bridegroom heere:

“ But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

“ *Feran.* Thus richly, father, you should have faide;

“ For when my wife and I are married once,

“ Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,

“ Sheele pull my costly futes over mine ears,

“ And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:

“ For many things I tell you's in my head,

“ And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I;

“ For we shall live like lambes and lions sure:

“ Nor lambes to lions never were so tame,

“ If once they lie within the lions pawes,

“ As *Kate* to me, if we were married once:

“ And therefore, come, let's to church presently.

“ *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attired: for shame,

“ Come to my chamber, and there suite thyselfe,

“ Of twenty futes that I did never weare.

“ *Feran.* Tush, *Polidor*, I have as many futes

“ Fantastike made to fit my humour so,

“ As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought

“ As was the massie robe that late adorn'd

“ The stately legat of the *Persian* king,

“ And this from them I have made choise to weare.

“ *Alfon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,

“ Before thou go'st unto the church with us,

“ To put some other sute upon thy backe.

“ *Feran.* Not for the world,” &c. STEEVENS.



But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you  
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*BAP.* Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-  
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eyefore to our solemn festival.

*TRA.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*PET.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress;<sup>4</sup>  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*TRA.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

*PET.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

*BAP.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*PET.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done  
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

<sup>4</sup> ——— to digress;] To deviate from my promise.



When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kifs?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

TRA. But, fir, to her love<sup>5</sup> concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted<sup>6</sup> to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

<sup>5</sup> Tra. *But, fir, to her love—*] Mr. Theobald reads—*our* love.

STEEVENS.

*Our* is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads—*But, fir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, should be thus corrected:

*But fir, to her love concerneth us to add*

*Her father's liking.—*

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood. A similar licence may be found in *Coriolanus*:

“ *Remains* that in the official marks invested,

“ *You anon do meet the senate.*”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ *The beauty that is borne here in the face*

“ *The bearer knows not, but commends itself*

“ *To others' eyes.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As I before imparted—*] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio; but with his usual inaccuracy was inserted in the wrong place.

MALONE.

The second folio reads:

*As before I imparted, &c.*

As this passage is now pointed, where is the inaccuracy of it? or, if there be any, might it not have happened through the carelessness of the compositor? STEEVENS.



And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
 And make assurance, here in Padua,  
 Of greater sums than I have promised.  
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*LUC.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*TRA.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
 And watch our vantage in this business:  
 We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,  
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;  
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*GRE.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.<sup>1</sup>

*TRA.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*GRE.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*TRA.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*GRE.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*TRA.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

<sup>1</sup> *As willingly, &c.*] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.



GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.  
 I'll tell you, fir Lucentio; When the priest  
 Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,  
*Ay, by gogs-wouns,* quoth he; and swore so loud,  
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:  
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
 That down fell priest and book, and book and  
 priest;  
*Now take them up,* quoth he, *if any list.*

TRA. What said the wench, when he arose again?

GRE. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,  
 and swore,  
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.  
 But after many ceremonies done,  
 He calls for wine:—*A bealth,* quoth he; as if  
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
 After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> — *Quaff'd off the muscadel,*] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the two Maids of More-clacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

“*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

“*Maid.* Strew, strew.

“*Man.* The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

“The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend

“To make them man and wife.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“—and when we are at church, bring the wine and cakes.”

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occasion is called a “*knitting cup*.”

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

“Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*.”

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

“Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine*,

“Worne of paramours.”

*Hobbinol's Dittie*, &c. by Spenser.



And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
Having no other reason,—

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful-Lady*:

“ Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all  
“ The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;  
“ Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands  
“ Of bachelors to lead me to the church,” &c.

Again, in the *Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household*: Article—“ For the Marriage of a Princess.”—  
“ Then pottes of *Ippocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606:

“ *Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a dealing.*” FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554: “ The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remained untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both.” *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

I insert the following quotation merely to show that the custom remained in Shakspeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter, the day of February, 1612, we are told by one who assisted at the ceremonial: “ —In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and seconded with congratulation of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the prosperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and answered by the princess) After which were served up by six or seven barons so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that work was consummate.” *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11.

REED.

This custom is of very high antiquity; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors.—“ *Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ, propinat sponsæ & simul morgennaticam [dotalitium*



484 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,  
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.  
This done, he took the bride about the neck;  
And kifs'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.<sup>9</sup>  
I, seeing this,<sup>2</sup> came thence for very shame;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:  
Such a mad marriage never was before:  
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:  
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*ob virginitatem*] promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recoleus, pari ratione  
et modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa,  
poculum, uti nostrates vocant, uxorium leviter delibans, amorem,  
fidem, diligentiam, et subjectionem promittit." Stiernhook *de Jure*  
*Sueonum et Gothorum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And kifs'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.] It appears from  
the following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, that this was  
also part of the marriage ceremonial:  
"The kisse thou gav'st me in the church, here take."  
STEEVENS.

This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following  
rubrick, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr.  
Bowle. "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus  
pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eam, et neminem alium,  
nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69.  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> I, seeing this,] The old copy has,—And I seeing—. And was  
probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The  
emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.



BAP. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come:—  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay 'till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you.<sup>3</sup>

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay?

PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. Grumio, my horses.<sup>4</sup>

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten  
the horses.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Let me entreat you.*] At the end of this speech, as well as of the next but one, a syllable is wanting to complete the measure. I have no doubt of our poet's having written—in both instances—

*Let me entreat you stay.* STEEVENS,

<sup>4</sup> — *my horses.*] Old copy—*horse.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the oats have eaten the horses.*] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *that their heads are too big for the stable-door.* I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly expressed, as follows, in the original play:

“ *Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor, and Emilia, and Aurelius and Phylema.*

“ *Feran.* Father, farewell; my Kate and I must home;



KATH. Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till<sup>4</sup> I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

" Sirrha, go make ready my horse presently.

" *Alfon.* Your horse! what son, I hope you do but jest;

" I am sure you wil not go so suddainely.

" *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay;

" And not to travel on my wedding day.

" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we must needes go home:

" Vilaine, hast thou fadled my horse?

" *San.* Which horse? your curtall?

" *Feran.* Souns you slave, stand you prating here?

" Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

" *Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go.

" *San.* *The ostler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*

" *For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.*

" *Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him strait.

" *San.* Shall I give them another pecke of lavender?

" *Feran.* Out slave, and bring them presently to the dore.

" *Alfon.* Why son, I hope at least youle dine with us.

" *San.* I pray you, master, lets stay til dinner be done.

" *Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [Exit Sander.

" Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.

" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:

" Ile have my wil in this as wel as you;

" Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,

" Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

" *Feran.* I *Kate* so thou shalt, but at some other time:

" When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,

" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,

" In better fort then now we can provide;

" For heere I promise thee before them all,

" We will ere longe returne to them againe:

" Come, *Kate*, stand not on termes; we will away;

" This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,

" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.

" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;

" It will be late before that we come home.

[Exeunt Ferando and Kate.

" *Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, since you will be gone.

" *Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never see," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — nor till —] Old copy—not till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.



You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;  
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—  
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PET. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not  
angry.

KATH. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—  
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

GRE. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—  
I see, a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-  
mand:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves;  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,<sup>5</sup>  
My horse, my ox, my ass,<sup>6</sup> my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

<sup>5</sup> *My household-stuff, my field, my barn,*] This defective verse  
might be completed by reading, with Hanmer—

*She is my household-stuff, my field, my barn;*

or,

*My household-stuff, my field, my barn, my stable—*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *my house,——my ox, my ass,*] Alluding to the tenth  
commandment: “—thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,——  
nor his ox, nor his ass,—” RITSON.



488 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;  
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and GRUMIO.

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I should die with  
laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

LUC. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIAN. That, being mad herself, she's madly  
mated.

GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and  
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,  
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

BAP. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen  
let's go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad  
masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so  
beaten? was ever man so ray'd?<sup>s</sup> was ever man so

<sup>s</sup> ——— *was ever man so ray'd?*] That is, was ever man so mark'd  
with lashes. JOHNSON.



weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,<sup>6</sup> my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.*

CURT. Who is that, calls so coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.<sup>7</sup>

It rather means *be-wray'd*, i. e. made dirty. So, Spenser speaking of a fountain:

“ Which she increased with her bleeding heart,  
“ And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*.”

Again, B. III. c. viii. st. 32:

“ Who whiles the piteous lady up did rise,  
“ Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy foil.” TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600: “ Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *a little pot, and soon hot*,] This is a proverbial expression. It is introduced in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:

“ — Though I be but a *little pot*, I shall be as *soon hot* as another.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *fire, fire; cast on no water*.] There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

“ Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

“ Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;

“ Cast on some more water.” BLACKSTONE.



CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.<sup>8</sup>

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool!<sup>9</sup> I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is

<sup>8</sup> ——— *winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis, &c.*] “*Winter*, says Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beast*; for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself, fellow Curtis*.——Away, you three-inch fool, replies Curtis, *I am no beast*.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis, fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis* a *beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word, “let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*”

In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, “What says my *Fellow Onion?*” quoth *Christophero*.——“All of a house, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows*.”

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university-men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden spouts—very illiterate*. “Few of the university (says Kempe) pen plays well; *they* smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakspeare* puts them all down.” FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

“Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Away, you three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself:—“Now, were not I a *little pot*—.” His answer likewise, “—and so *long* am I, at the least,”—shows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's *skull*. MALONE.



a foot; and so long am I, at the least.<sup>2</sup> But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

CURT. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

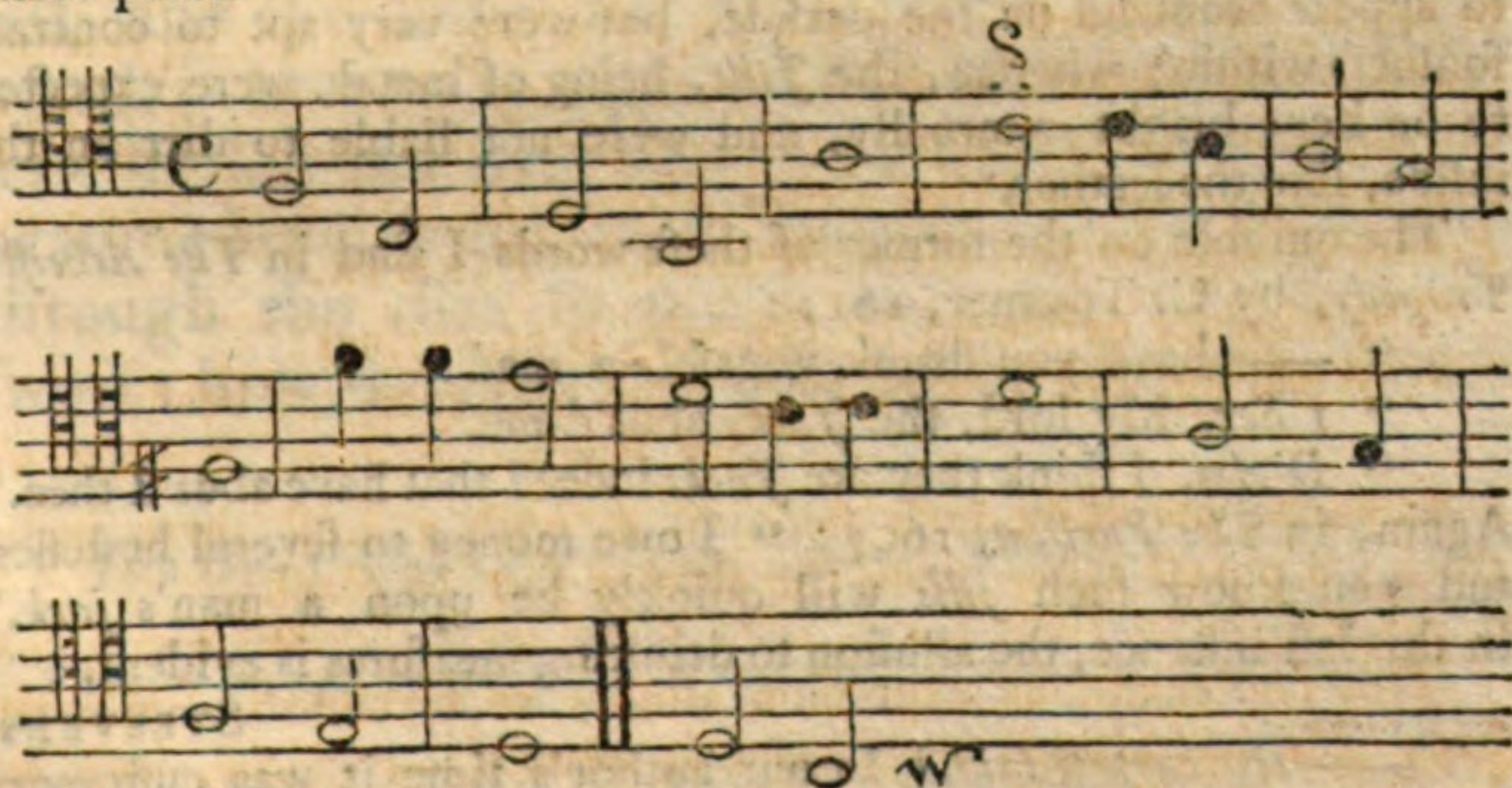
GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRU. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*<sup>3</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>4</sup> — *as thou wilt.*] Old copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



CURT. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

GRU. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings,<sup>5</sup> and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,<sup>6</sup> the carpets laid,<sup>7</sup> and every thing in order?

CURT. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— their *white stockings*,] The old copy reads—*the white*—. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without*,] i. e. are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

*Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?*

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not. Warburton.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: "Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dress'd; and the maids, who are waiting within, dress'd too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Tourner, 1611:

"———have you drunk yourselves mad?

"1 Ser. My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

"D'Am. I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the carpets laid*,] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I pray thee, news?*] I believe the author wrote—*I pray, thy news*. MALONE.



GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There. *[Striking him.]*

CURT. This is<sup>9</sup> to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CURT. Both on one horse?<sup>2</sup>

GRU. What's that to thee?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd;<sup>3</sup> how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *This is—*] Old copy—*This 'tis—*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — on one horse?] The old copy reads—*of* one horse? STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — bemoil'd;] i. e. be-draggled; bemired. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before;] These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *King Lear*, published before that of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.



how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;<sup>4</sup> how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed,<sup>5</sup> and their garters of an indifferent knit:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *was burst;*] i. e. broken. So, in the first scene of this play: “You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *their blue coats brush'd,*] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, fig. E. 3: “—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes.” Again, in *The Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2: “Not a *serving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy.” REED.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *garters of an indifferent knit:*] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their *garters* should be *fellowes: indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

“As the *indifferent* children of the earth.”

Again, in *King Richard II.*:

“Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye.”

i. e. an impartial one. STEEVENS.

Perhaps by “garters of an *indifferent* knit,” the author meant *parti-coloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. Thus Speed, (*Hist. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says, “—the face of these hoasts were diverse and *indifferent*.”

That garters of a *different* knit were formerly worn, appears from *TEXNOFAMIA, or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs. “Phantastes in



let them curt'fy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio.

PHIL. How now, Grumio?

JOS. What, Grumio!

NICH. Fellow Grumio!

NATH. How now, old lad?

GRU. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATH. All things is ready:<sup>7</sup> How near is our master?

a branched velvet jerkin,—red silk stockings, and *parti-coloured garters.*" MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *All things is ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; because the language suits the character. MALONE.



496 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence !——I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*<sup>8</sup>

PET. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Enter Petruchio, &c.] Thus the original play :*

*“ Enter Ferando and Kate.*

*“ Ferand. Now welcome Kate. Wheres these villaines,  
“ Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord !  
“ Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all !  
“ Where's that villaine that I sent before ?*

*“ San. Now, adsum, fir.*

*“ Feran. Come hither you villaine ; Ile cut your nose  
“ You rogue : help me off with my bootes : wil't please  
“ You to lay the cloth ? Sowns the villaine  
“ Hurts my foote : pull easly I say : yet againe ?*

*[He beats them all. They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*

*“ Sowns, burnt and scorch't ! who drest this meate ?*

*“ Will. Forsooth, John Cooke.*

*[He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.*

*“ Feran. Goe, you villaines ; bring me such meate ?  
“ Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence.*

*“ Come, Kate, wee'l have other meate provided :*

*“ Is there a fire in my chamber, fir ?*

*“ San. I, forsooth.*

*[Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*

*“ Manent serving men, and eate up all the meate.*

*“ Tom. Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my master's madde  
since he was married.*

*“ Will. I laft what a box he gave Sander*

*“ For pulling off his bootes.*

*“ Enter Ferando again.*

*“ San. I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.*

*“ Feran. Did you so, you damned villaine ?*

*[He beates them all out againe.*

*“ This humour must I hold me to a while,  
“ To bridle and holde back my head-strong wife,  
“ With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe :  
“ Nor sleep nor meate shall she enjoy to-night ;  
“ Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,  
“ And make her gently come unto the lewre :*



To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*ALL SERV.* Here, here, fir; here fir.

*PET.* Here, fir! here, fir! here, fir! here, fir!—  
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*GRU.* Here, fir; as foolish as I was before.

*PET.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*GRU.* Nathaniel's coat, fir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,<sup>2</sup>  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath-  
ing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*PET.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—  
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

“ Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength  
“ As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,  
“ That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,  
“ Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,  
“ As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre.”

[*Exit.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———at door,] *Door* is here, and in other places, used as a disyllable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ———no link to colour Peter's hat,] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mibil Mumchance*, says—“ This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke.*” STEEVENS.



498 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Where is the life that late I led*<sup>3</sup>— [Sings.  
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and wel-  
come.

Soud, foud, foud, foud!<sup>4</sup>

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be  
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,*<sup>5</sup> [Sings.  
*As he forth walked on his way:—*

<sup>3</sup> *Where, &c.*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, "*A gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*" RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handeful of pleasant delites, containing sundrie new sonets, &c.* by Clement Robinson, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth himselfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led*:"

"The life that erst thou led'st, my friend,  
"Was pleasant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Soud, foud, &c.*] That is, *sweet, sweet*. Soot, and sometimes sooth, is *sweet*. So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"He'll hang handsome young men for the soote sinne of love." STEEVENS.

These words seem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or some kind of ejaculation, for which it is not necessary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the



Out, out, you rogue!<sup>6</sup> you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—  
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you  
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:<sup>7</sup>—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted  
with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some  
water? [A basin is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash,<sup>8</sup> and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Out, out, you rogue!*] The second word was inserted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the same line, the compositor very frequently omits one of them.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:*] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Come, Kate, and wash,*] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first—. What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring some water (says one of the company) when dinner is



500 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

You whorson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

KATH. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PET. A whorson, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What is this? mutton?

I SERV.

Ay.

PET.

Who brought it?

I SERV.

I.

PET. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat: What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

ended,) to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash."

That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our supper brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my handes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." MALONE.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 501

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried  
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.

NATH. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?

CURT. In her chamber,  
Making a sermon of continency to her:  
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,\*

\* — *full-gorg'd, &c.*] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

“ And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,

“ At random flies, and wots not where he is.”



For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,<sup>2</sup>  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
 That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,<sup>3</sup>  
 That bate,<sup>4</sup> and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not;  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,<sup>5</sup>  
 That all is done in reverend care of her;  
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,

Again, in *The Booke of Haukyng*, bl. l. no date:

“—ye shall say your hauke is *full-gorg'd*, and not cropped.”

The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to man my haggard,] A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— watch her, as we watch these kites,] Thus in the same book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*: “And then the same night after the teding, wake her all night, and on the morrowe all day.”

Again, in *The Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: “We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; watching you until you leave your wildness.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> That bate,] i. e. flutter. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.” STEEVENS.

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— amid this hurly, I intend,] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

“Intending deep suspicion.” MALONE.



And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong hu-  
 mour:—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to show. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.<sup>6</sup>

Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*TRA.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca?  
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

<sup>6</sup> *Scene II. Padua, &c.]* This scene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I cannot pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* act: in doing which, he has shown the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, called *ὕψιστον ἀποτέλεσμα*; but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's authority. Again, by this mis-placing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio, whom he was to personate: but his second *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipped like Vincentio. If such a critic be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order, in which I found them in the old books. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *that Bianca—*] The old copy redundantly reads—*that mistress Bianca.* STEEVENS.



504 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.  
[*They stand aside.*]

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIAN. What, master, read you? first, resolve me  
that.

LUC. I read that I profess, the art to love.

BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your  
art!

LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of  
my heart. [*They retire.*]

HOR. Quick proceeders, marry!<sup>7</sup> Now, tell me,  
I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none<sup>8</sup> in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRA. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-  
kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HOR. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;

<sup>7</sup> *Quick proceeders, marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, &c. is the academical term.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Lov'd none—*] Old copy—*Lov'd me—*. Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.



And since mine eyes are witnesses of her lightness,  
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HOR. See, how they kiss and court!——Signior  
Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—  
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.<sup>9</sup>

TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—  
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:  
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

HOR. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite  
forsworn!  
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA  
advance.]

TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

BIAN. Tranio, you jest; But have you both for-  
sworn me?

TRA. Mistress, we have.

LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.

<sup>9</sup> *That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.*] The old copy reads—  
*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the  
third folio. MALONE.



506 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*TRA.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*BIAN.* God give him joy!

*TRA.* Ay, and he'll tame her.<sup>9</sup>

*BIAN.* He says so, Tranio.

*TRA.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*BIAN.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

*TRA.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

*BION.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>3</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

<sup>9</sup> *Ay, and he'll tame her, &c.*] Thus in the original play:

“ ———he means to tame his wife ere long.

“ *Val.* Hee saies so.

“ *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.

“ *Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?

“ *Aurel.* I; and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *King Henry VI.*  
P. III:

“ Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *An ancient angel* —] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him  
Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *engble*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is sometimes used by Ben Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original



TRA. What is he, Biondello?

BION. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,<sup>4</sup>  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.<sup>5</sup>

copies of Shakspeare. I have also reason to suppose that the true import of the word *engble* is such as can have no connection with this passage, and will not bear explanation.

*Angel* primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

“ ——— the dear good *angel* of the spring,  
“ The nightingale ———.”

And Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*. See particularly B. xxiv.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called

“ ——— old *angel* of gold.”

It is possible, however, that instead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whose business it was to negotiate money. He is afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and professes himself to be one who has bills of exchange about him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: “He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings.”

STEEVENS.

*Mercatantè,*] So, Spenser, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*:

“ Sleeves dependant Albanesè wife.”

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

—— *pedant,*] *Charon*, the sage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant*, as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See *Charon on Wisdom*, 4to, 1640. Lennard's *Translation*, p. 158. REED.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *surely like a father.*] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.



508 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

LUC. And what of him, Tranio?

TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

*Enter a Pedant.*

PED. God save you, fir!

TRA. And you, fir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

PED. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:  
But then up further; and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

TRA. What countryman, I pray?

PED. Of Mantua.

TRA. Of Mantua, fir?—marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

PED. My life, fir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

TRA. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua;<sup>7</sup> Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke

The editor of the second folio reads—*furly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the pedant, in support of the emendation:

“ 'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,

“ With such *austerity* as *longeth* to a father.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Take in your love, and then let me alone.*] The old copies exhibit this line as follows, disjoining it from its predecessors.

Par. *Take me your love, and then let me alone.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *'Tis death for any one in Mantua, &c.*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ ——— if any Syracusan born

“ Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.” STEEVENS.



(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,) Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly: 'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come, You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PED. Alas, fir, it is worse for me than so; For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence, and must here deliver them.

TRA. Well, fir, to do you courtesy, This will I do, and this will I advise you;— First, tell me, have you ever been at Pifa?

PED. Ay, fir, in Pifa have I often been; Pifa, renowned for grave citizens.<sup>8</sup>

TRA. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him; A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRA. He is my father, fir; and, sooth to say, In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

BION. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. *[Aside.*

TRA. To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do you for his sake; And think it not the worst of all your fortunes, That you are like to fir Vincentio. His name and credit shall you undertake, And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;— Look, that you take upon you as you should; You understand me, fir;—so shall you stay Till you have done your business in the city: If this be courtesy, fir, accept of it.

PED. O, fir, I do; and will repute you ever The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good. This, by the way, I let you understand;—

<sup>8</sup> *Pifa, renowned for grave citizens.*] This line has been already used by Lucentio. See Act I. sc. i. RITSON.



510 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance<sup>8</sup> of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:  
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you."

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A Room in Petruchio's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*<sup>2</sup>

GRU. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears:

<sup>8</sup> *To pass assurance—*] *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common assurances of the realm," because thereby each man's property is assured to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, "they are busied about a counterfeit assurance." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Go with me, sir, &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*sir*. STEEVENS.

*Go with me, &c.*] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakespeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæfse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Katharina and Grumio.*] Thus the original play:

"*Enter Sander and his mistress.*

"*San.* Come, mistress.

"*Kate.* Sander, I prethee helpe me to some meat;

"I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

"*San.* I marry mistress: but you know my maister

"Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,

"But that which he himself giveth you.



What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

" *Kate*. Why man, thy master needs never know it.

" *San*. You say true, indeed. Why looke you, mistris;

" What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?

" *Kate*. Why, I say, 'tis excellent meat; canst thou helpe me to some?

" *San*. I, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt

" The mustard is too chollerick for you.

" But what say you to a sheepes head and garlicke?

" *Kate*. Why any thing; I care not what it be.

" *San*. I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke; and then my master will course me for letting you eate it. But what say you to a fat capon?

" *Kate*. That's meat for a king; sweete *Sander* help me to some of it.

" *San*. Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we must not meddle with the king's meate.

" *Kate*. Out villaine! dost thou mocke me?

" Take that for thy sawfinesse. [*She beates him.*]

" *San*. Sounes are you so light-fingred, with a murrin;

" Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.

" *Kate*. I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the flesh off

" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

" *San*. Here comes my master now: heele course you.

" *Enter Ferando with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and Polidor with him.*

" *Feran*. See here, *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee:

" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?

" Go, firha, take it away againe, you shall be

" Thankful for the next you have.

" *Kate*. Why, I thanke you for it.

" *Feran*. Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, firha, and take it hence, I say.

" *San*. Yes, fir, Ile carrie it hence: Master, let hir

" Have none; for she can fight, as hungry as she is.

" *Pol*. I pray you, fir, let it stand; for ile eat

" Some with her myfelfe.

" *Feran*. Wel, firha, set it downe againe.

" *Kate*. Nav, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,

" And keepe it for your own diet, for ile none;

" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:

" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,

" Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,

" For I will home againe unto my father's house.

" *Feran*. I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:



Upon entreaty, have a present alms;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,  
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,—  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:  
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love;  
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,  
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—  
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot?

KATH. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

GRE. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:<sup>3</sup>—  
 How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

KATH. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.  
 What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

“I know your stomacke is not yet come downe,

“Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat:

“And I will go unto your father's house.

“Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;

“And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,

“That thou and I shall lovingly agree.”

The circumstance of *Ferundo* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the same manner. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:*] So before:

“And I expressly am forbid to touch it;

“For it engenders *choler*.”

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preserves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from *φλεγμων*, might anciently have been a word in physical use, signifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at present. STEEVENS.



KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.<sup>4</sup>

KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the  
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRU. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding  
slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and  
HORTENSIO.*

PET. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all  
amort?<sup>5</sup>

HOR. Mistress, what cheer?

KATH. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glass of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is said, "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roasted mutton. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — *What, sweeting, all amort?*] This Gallicism is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"Why how now, Sophos, all amort?"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"What all amort! What's the matter?" STERVENS.

That is, all funk and dispirited. MALONE.



PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:<sup>6</sup>——  
Here, take away this dish.

KATH. 'Pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PET. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—  
[Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *And all my pains is sorted to no proof:*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it sorted not." Bacon. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *farthingales, and things;*] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

*We will have rings and things, and fine array.*

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

" 'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,

" And golden rings," &c.



With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,  
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy lei-  
     sure,  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.<sup>8</sup>—

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*with his ruffling treasure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *rustling*, I think, without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play,—“*Prouder than rustling in unpaid for silk;*” but *ruffling* is sometimes used in *nearly* the same sense. Thus, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— the high winds

“ Do sorely *ruffle.*”

There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time signified a *noisy* and turbulent swaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

“ And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,

“ That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,

“ As strangers in the court take her for queen.”

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: “There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotously given, that having lately sold a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new sute*, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?”

Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk, and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited*; in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. Petruchio has just before told Catharine that she “should revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;” from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of *plaited*, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one from Lyly's *Euphues, and his England*, 1580: “Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with robes?”

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

“ With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the sky.”

MALONE.



*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Haberdasher.*<sup>3</sup>

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, fir?

*HAB.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

<sup>2</sup> *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;*] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. So, in the Epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1580: "If a *taylor* make your *gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Haberdasher.*] Thus in the original play:

"*San.* Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap here.

"*Feran.* Come hither, sirha: what have you there?

"*Haber.* A velvet cap, fir, and it please you.

"*Feran.* Who spoke for it? Didst thou, *Kate*?

"*Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, sirha, give me the cap; I'll see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

"*Feran.* O monstrous! why it becomes thee not.

"Let me see it, *Kate*: here, sirha, take it hence;

"This cap is out of fashion quite.

"*Kate.* The fashion is good enough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

"*Feran.* Why true, he means to make a fool of thee,

"To have thee put on such a curtd cap:

"Sirha, begone with it.

*Enter the Taylor, with a gowne.*

"*San.* Here is the Taylor too with my mistress gowne.

"*Feran.* Let me see it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?

"*Sounes,* thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

"*Taylor.* Why, fir, I made it as your man gave me direction;

"You may read the note here.

"*Feran.* Come hither, sirha: Taylor, read the note.

"*Taylor.* Item, a faire round compass'd cape.

"*San.* I, that's true.

"*Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeve.

"*San.* That's a lie maister; I said two truncke sleeves.

"*Feran.* Well, fir, go forward.

"*Taylor.* Item, a loose-bodied gowne.

"*San.* Maister, if ever I said loose bodies gowne,



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 517

PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;<sup>4</sup>

" Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death

" With a bottom of browne thred.

" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

" *San.* I say the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou sayest it.

" *Tay.* Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, firha, for I feare you not.

" *San.* Dooft thou heare, Tailor? thou hast braved many men:

" Brave not me. Th'ast fac'd many men.

" *Taylor.* Wel, fir.

" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough;

" Heere's more adoe than needes; I'le have it, I;

" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:

" I thinke I shall have nothing, by your will.

" *Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use!

" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:

" Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

" *Feran.* Well, fir, what's your conceit of it?

" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:

" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

" *Taylor.* I thanke you, fir. [Exit Tailer.

" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go see thy father's house,

" Even in these honest meane abiliments;

" Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,

" To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage;

" And that's inough, what should we care for more?

" Thy sisters, *Kate*, to-morrow must be wed,

" And I have promised them thou should'st be there:

" The morning is well up; let's haste away;

" It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.

" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in the towne.

" *Feran.* I say 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.

" *Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.

" *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:

" Come backe againe; we will not goe to day:

" Nothing but crossing me stil?

" Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe. [Exeunt omnes." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — on a porringer;] The same thought occurs in *King Henry VIII*: " — rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head." STEEVENS.



A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:  
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,  
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;  
 Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

KATH. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
 And not till then.

HOR. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

KATH. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;<sup>5</sup>  
 And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;  
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:  
 And, rather than it shall, I will be free  
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,  
 A custard-coffin,<sup>6</sup> a bauble, a filken pie:  
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

<sup>5</sup> *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.*] Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *A custard-coffin,*] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

“——if you spend

“The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth, sir,

“Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all

“Return'd,” &c.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

“And *coffin'd in crust* 'till now she was hoary.”

STEEVENS.



*KATH.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*PET.* Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let  
us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:  
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
Like to a censer<sup>6</sup> in a barber's shop:—  
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou  
this?

*HOR.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor  
gown. [*Aside.*]

*TAI.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion, and the time.

*PET.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, fir:  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Again, in a receipt to bake lampreys. *MS. Book of Cookery.*  
Temp. Hen. 6:

“ — and then cover the *coffyn*, but save a litell hole to blow  
into the *coffyn*, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly stoppe,  
that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the *coffyn* that it falle nott  
down.” DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> — *censer* —] *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused, but  
they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the  
emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of  
interstices. JOHNSON.

In *K. Henry VI.* Part II. Doll calls the beadle “thou thin man  
in a *censer*.” MALONE.

I learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape  
our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood  
on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but  
to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. See note on *King*  
*Henry IV.* Part II. Act V. sc. iv. STEEVENS.



KATH. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of  
thee.

TAI. She says, your worship means to make a  
puppet of her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou  
thread,

Thou thimble,<sup>8</sup>

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete<sup>9</sup> thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAI. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

TAI. But how did you desire it should be made?

GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAI. But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU. Thou hast faced many things.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *thou thread,*

*Thou thimble,*] We should only read:

*O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.*

He calls him afterwards—a skein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always  
been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *be-mete* —] i. e. be-measure thee. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *faced many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with  
*facings*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“To *face* the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour.” STEEVENS.



TAI. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;<sup>3</sup> brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:<sup>4</sup> *ergo*, thou liest.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

TAI. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,<sup>5</sup> sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. *With a small compass'd cape;*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — braved *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:] This scene appears to have been borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caultrop, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — loose-bodied gown,] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body's* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. Thus, in *The Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEVENS.

See Doddsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 479, edit. 1780. REED.

<sup>6</sup> — a small compass'd cape;] A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to come round. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, a circular bow window is called a—*compassed* window.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capas* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or



GRU. I confefs the cape.

TAI. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

GRU. I confefs two sleeves.

TAI. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i'the bill, fir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,<sup>7</sup> give me thy mete-yard,<sup>8</sup> and spare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PET. Well, fir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i'the right, fir; 'tis for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PET. Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?

else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose theatre, (a manuscript of which an account has been given in Vol. II: "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvis." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *take thou the bill,*] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *thy mete-yard,*] i. e. thy measuring-yard. So, in *The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"Be not a bar between us, or my sword

"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 523

GRU. O, fir, the conceit is deeper than you think  
for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
O, fie, fie, fie!

PET. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor  
paid:— [Aside.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HOR. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.

PET. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your  
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

KATH. I dare assure you, fir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:



Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do;  
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:  
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*HOR.* Why, so! this gallant will command the fun.  
 [Exeunt.<sup>2</sup>

S C E N E IV.<sup>9</sup>

*Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like*  
*VINCENTIO.*

*TRA.* Sir, this is the house;<sup>2</sup> Please it you, that I  
 call?

*PED.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,<sup>3</sup>  
 Signior Baptista may remember me,  
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where  
 We were lodgers at the Pegasus.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Exeunt.*] After this exeunt, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original so often mentioned in the former notes.

“ *Lord.* Who's within there?

“ *Enter Servants.*

“ Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

“ *Serv.* It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.” [They bear off Sly. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Sir, *this is the house*;] The old copy has—*Sirs.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —but *I be deceived*,] But, in the present instance, signifies, *without, unless.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ But being charg'd, we will be still by land.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *We were lodgers at the Pegasus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no pro-



*TRA.* 'Tis well;  
And hold your own, in any case, with such  
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*PED.* I warrant you: But, fir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*TRA.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*BION.* Tut! fear not me.

*TRA.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*BION.* I told him, that your father was at Venice;  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*TRA.* Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, fir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.<sup>5</sup>*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;

priety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

“Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheap-side.” *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

“A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,

“Bravely carous'd, is more restorative.”

The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumstance, became a popular sign. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*] and (according to the old copy) *Pedant, booted and bareheaded.* RITSON.



I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And,—for the good report I hear of you;  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like  
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing<sup>4</sup>  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:  
For curious I cannot be with you,<sup>5</sup>  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—  
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Me shall you find most ready and most willing—*] The repeated word *most*, is not in the old copy, but was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For curious I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 888: “The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office,” Again, p. 890: “—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,*] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. “and thereby to *pass* and convey” the premises to the grantee. RITSON.



The match is fully made, and all is done:<sup>8</sup>  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know  
best,  
We be affied;<sup>9</sup> and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:  
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;  
And, happily, we might be interrupted.<sup>2</sup>

TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:<sup>3</sup>  
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well:  
Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—

<sup>8</sup> *The match is fully made, and all is done:]* The word—*fully* (to complete the verse) was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who might have justified his emendation by a foregoing passage in this comedy:

“Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *We be affied;]* i. e. betrothed. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

“For daring to *affy* a mighty lord

“Unto the daughter of a worthless king.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And, happily, we might be interrupted.]* Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

*And haply then we might be interrupted.* STEEVENS.

*Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> — *an it like you, sir:]* The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.



528 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*LUC.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!<sup>9</sup>

*TRA.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.<sup>2</sup>  
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?  
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:  
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

*BAP.* I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.

*BION.* Cambio.—

*LUC.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

*BION.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*LUC.* Biondello, what of that?

*BION.* 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here  
behind, to expound the meaning or moral<sup>3</sup> of his  
signs and tokens.

*LUC.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*BION.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with  
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*LUC.* And what of him?

*BION.* His daughter is to be brought by you to  
the supper.

*LUC.* And then?—

<sup>9</sup> *Luc. I pray, &c.*] In the old copy this line is by mistake  
given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.*] Here the old copy  
adds—*Enter Peter.* RITSON.

—*get thee gone.*] It seems odd management to make Lu-  
centio go out here for nothing that appears, but that he may return  
again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose  
that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to  
talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*or moral*—] i. e. the secret purpose. See Vol. IV. p. 491.  
MALONE.



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 529

*BION.* The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*LUC.* And what of all this?

*BION.* I cannot tell; except<sup>4</sup> they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:<sup>5</sup> to the church; <sup>6</sup>—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

*LUC.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*BION.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

*LUC.* I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> *I cannot tell; except—*] The first folio reads *expect*.

MALONE.

*Except* is the reading of the second folio. *Expect*, says Mr. Malone, means—wait the event. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:] It is scarce necessary to observe that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted for printing them. REED.

<sup>6</sup> — *to the church*;] i. e. go to the church, &c.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again, and the scene continues thus:



## S C E N E V.

*A publick Road.**Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.*

PET. Come on, o'God's name ; once more toward  
our father's.

" *Slie.* Sim, must they be married now ?

" *Lord.* I, my lord.

" *Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.*

" *Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring them to  
the backe-gate presently.

" *Sau.* I wil, fir, I warrant you.

[*Exit Sander.*

" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*: the moone shines cleere to-night, me-  
thinks.

" *Kate.* The moone ; why husband you are deceiv'd ; it is the  
sun.

" *Feran.* Yet againe ? come backe againe ; it shal be the moone  
ere we come at your fathers.

" *Kate.* Why Ile say as you say ; it is the moone.

" *Feran.* *Iesus*, save the glorious moone !

" *Kate.* *Iesus*, save the glorious moone !

" *Feran.* I am glad, *Kate*, your stomacke is come downe ;

" I know it well thou knowst it is the sun,

" But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,

" And crosse me now as thou hast done before :

" And trust me, *Kate*, hadst thou not namde the moone,

" We had gone backe againe as sure as death.

" But soft, who's this that's comming here ?

" *Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.*

" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,

" And left my princely court, and noble traine,

" To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise

" To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.

" But stay ; here's some it may be travels thither :

" Good fir, can you direct me the way to *Athens* ?

[*Ferando speaks to the old man.*

His speech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope  
in page 532. STEEVENS.



Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—  
Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say, it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is.<sup>8</sup>

PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.<sup>9</sup>

KATH. Then, God be blest'd, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;  
And the moon changes, even as your mind.

<sup>8</sup> *I know it is.*] The old copy redundantly reads—I know it is the moon. STEEVENS.

The humour of this scene bears a very striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Persian proverb, "If the King saith at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the stars." *History of the Mogul Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *it is the blessed sun:*] For *is* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.



532 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;  
And so it shall be so,<sup>9</sup> for Katharine.

HOR. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl  
should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.—  
But soft ; what company is coming here ?<sup>2</sup>

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[*To VINCENTIO.*

Tell me, sweet Kate,<sup>3</sup> and tell me truly too,

<sup>9</sup> *And so it shall be so,]* A modern editor very plausibly reads—  
*And so it shall be, Sir.* MALONE.

Read :

*And so it shall be still, for Katharine.* RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> *But soft ; what company is coming here ?]* The pronoun—*what*, which is wanting in the old copy, I have inserted by the advice of Mr. Ritson, whose punctuation and supplement are countenanced by the corresponding passage in the elder play :

“ But soft ; who's this that's coming here ? ”

See p. 530. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Tell me, sweet Kate,]* In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakspeare, though the rest of that play is far inferior :

“ Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
“ More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
“ Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
“ Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth ——  
“ —— Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman——  
“ *Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,  
“ Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird ;  
“ As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
“ Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
“ And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
“ Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
“ Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
“ Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
“ With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.” POPE.



Haft thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a wo-  
man<sup>4</sup> of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,  
and sweet,  
Whither away; or where is thy abode?<sup>5</sup>  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!<sup>6</sup>

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakspeare. Such, I believe, are, *sardonix*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *unhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in *Richard II*:

“ Or any other ground *inhabitable*.”

These instances may serve as some slight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakspeare: but I have since observed that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *unhabitable*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to make a woman*—] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *where is thy abode?*] Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!*] This is borrowed from Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, Book IV. edit. 1587, p. 56:

“ ——— right happie folke are they

“ By whome thou camst into this world; right happie is  
(I say)



534 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PET. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green:<sup>6</sup>  
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET. Do, good old grandfire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VIN. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,<sup>7</sup>—  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;

My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;  
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

“ Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be :) good hap

“ That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth  
hir pap.

“ But far above all other far, more blisse than these is  
shee

“ Whome thou thy wife and bed-fellow vouchsafest for to  
bee.”

I should add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the sixth Book of the *Odyssey*, 154, &c.

Τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,

Τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασιγνήτοί· μαλακὰ πᾶς &c.

Κεῖνος δ' αὖ περὶ κῆρ' μακάρτατος ἔρχομαι ἄλλων,

Ὅς κέ σ' εἰδοῖσι βρίσας οἰκόνδ' ἀγώνηται. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *That every thing I look on seemeth green:*] Shakspeare's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>7</sup> —mistress,] is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.



PET. What is his name?

VIN. Lucentio, gentle fir.

PET. Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee—my loving father;  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VIN. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.]

HOR. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Padua. Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;  
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

*BION.* Softly and swiftly, fir; for the priest is ready.

*LUC.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*BION.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.<sup>8</sup>

*[Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]*

*GRE.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*PET.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the marketplace; Thither must I, and here I leave you, fir.

*VIN.* You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.]*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *and then come back to my master as soon as I can.* The editions all agree in reading *mistress*; but what mistress was Biondello to come back to? he must certainly mean—"Nay, faith, fir, I must see you in the church; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my *master*."

THEOBALD.

Probably an M was only written in the MS. See p. 425.

The same mistake has happened again in this scene: "Didst thou never see thy *mistress*' father, Vincentio?" The present emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes rightly, that by "*master*" Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio. MALONE.



GRE. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

*Enter Pedant above, at a window.*

PED. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VIN. Is signior Lucentio within, fir?

PED. He's within, fir, but not to be spoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, fir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa,<sup>9</sup> and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, fir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCEN.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *from Pisa,*] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*; but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*. MALONE.



538 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*PED.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*BION.* I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*VIN.* Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

*BION.* I hope, I may choose, fir.

*VIN.* Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

*BION.* Forgot you? no, fir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*VIN.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?<sup>2</sup>

*BION.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, fir; see where he looks out of the window.

*VIN.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*

*BION.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*PED.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*

*PET.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— *thy master's father, Vincentio?*] Old copy—*thy mistress's father.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



*Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

*TRA.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my fervant?

*VIN.* What am I, fir? nay, what are you, fir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A filken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!<sup>3</sup>—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my fervant spend all at the university.

*TRA.* How now! what's the matter?

*BAP.* What, is the man lunatick?

<sup>3</sup> *TRA.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, fir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*VIN.* Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a copatain-hat!*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

“A *copatank* hat made on a Flemish block.”

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

“With high *cop* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.”

In Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter “on the hattes of England,” beginning thus:

“Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a sailmaker in Bergamo.*] Chapman has a parallel passage in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

“——he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandfire cried coney-skins in Sparta.”

STEEVENS.



*BAP.* You, mistake, fir; you mistake, fir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

*VIN.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

*PED.* Away, away, mad afs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior Vincentio.

*VIN.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*TRA.* Call forth an officer: <sup>5</sup> [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forthcoming.

*VIN.* Carry me to the gaol!

*GRE.* Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

*BAP.* Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

*GRE.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd <sup>6</sup> in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

*PED.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

<sup>5</sup> *Call forth an officer: &c.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again:

“*Slie.* I say wee have no sending to prison.

“*Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

“*Slie.* I tell thee *Sim*, wee have no sending

“To prison, that's flat: why *Sim*, am not I don *Christo Vari*?

“Therefore, I say, they shall not goe to prison.

“*Lord.* No more they shall not, my lord:

“They be runne away.

“*Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim*? that's well:

“Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

“*Lord.* Here, my lord.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *coney-catch'd* —] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.



GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—  
O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

BION. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]*

VIN. Lives my sweetest son?

*[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.]*

BIAN. Pardon, dear father. *[Kneeling.]*

BAP. How hast thou offended?—  
Where is Lucentio?

LUC. Here's Lucentio,  
Right son unto the right Vincentio;  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,  
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *run out.*] The old copy says—as fast as may be. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which, on the present occasion is sufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: “—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *supposes*.” Shakspeare uses the word in *Troilus and Cressida*: “That we come short of our *suppose* so far,” &c. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind. “After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to



542 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GRE. Here's packing,<sup>8</sup> with a witness, to deceive us all!

VIN. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIAN. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arriv'd at last Unto the wished haven of my blifs:— What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAP. But do you hear sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

prattle," &c. Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *K. John* to *Martilda*:

"And tells me those are shadows and *supposes*."

*To blear the eye*, was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive*. So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17202, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*."

Again, in the 10th pageant of *The Coventry Plays*, in the British Museum, MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII:

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,

"If I chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,

"*Blere mine ey*, and pyke out a mote." STEEVENS.

The ingenious editor's explanation of *blear the eye*, is strongly supported by Milton, *Comus*, v. 155:

"Spells——

"Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion."

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> *Here's packing,*] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. So, in *K. Lear*:

"Snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.



VIN. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:  
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

BAP. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.  
[*Exit.*

LUC. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not  
frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

GRE. My cake is dough:<sup>9</sup> But I'll in among the  
rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

KATH. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of  
this ado.

PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street?

PET. What, art thou aham'd of me?

KATH. No, sir; God forbid: but aham'd to kifs.

PET. Why, then let's home again:—Come, firrah,  
let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,  
love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;  
Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expression which  
also occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

“Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:

“Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as mine.” STEEVENS.

It was generally used when any project miscarried. MALONE.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every  
appearance or expectation. Howell in one of his letters, men-  
tioning the birth of Lewis the Fourteenth, says—“The Queen is  
delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulest thing of this kind that  
any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since  
she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So  
that now Monsieur's *cake is dough.*” REED.



## S C E N E II.

*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others, attending.*

*LUC.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:  
And time it is, when raging war is done,<sup>9</sup>  
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—  
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;  
My banquet<sup>2</sup> is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

*[They sit at table.]*

*PET.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*BAP.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*PET.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *when raging war is done,*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—*when raging war is come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—*when raging war is calm* formerly spelt *calme*. So, in *Othello*:

“If after every tempest come such *calms*—.”

The word “overblown,” in the next line, adds some little support to this conjecture. MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's conjecture is justified by a passage in *Othello*:

“News, lords! our *wars are done*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My banquet*—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.



HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.<sup>3</sup>

WID. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

PET. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;<sup>4</sup>  
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WID. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

PET. Roundly replied.

KATH. Mistrefs, how mean you that?

WID. Thus I conceive by him.

PET. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PET. Very well mended: Kifs him for that, good widow.

KATH. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:<sup>5</sup>  
And now you know my meaning.

KATH. A very mean meaning.

WID. Right, I mean you.

<sup>3</sup> ——— fears *his widow*.] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense*;<sup>]</sup> The old copy redundantly reads—You are *very* sensible. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *shrew*, ——— *woe* :] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that anciently the word—*shrew* was pronounced as if it had been written—*shrow*. See the *finale* of the play, p. 557. STEEVENS.



KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

PET. To her, Kate!

HOR. To her, widow!

PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HOR. That's my office.<sup>3</sup>

PET. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.<sup>4</sup>

[Drinks to HORTENSIO.

BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body  
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIAN. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll  
sleep again.

PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have be-  
gun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ———— *put her down.*

*That's my office.*] This passage will be best explained by another, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “Lady, you have *put him down*.—So I would not *be should do me*, my lord, lest I should prove *the mother of fools*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Ha to thee, lad.*] The old copy has—to *the*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Have at you for a bitter jest or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jest. The emendation, (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the smallest doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the present play:

“Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Too *bitter* is thy *jest*.”

Again, in *Bastard's Epigrams*, 1598:

“He shut up the matter with this *bitter jest*.” MALONE.

I have received this emendation; and yet “a *better* jest” may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* degree. So, in *K. Lear*:

“——her smiles and tears

“Were like a *better* day.”



BIAN. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

PET. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior  
Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRA. O, fir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-  
hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift<sup>6</sup> simile, but something currish.

TRA. 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for yourself;  
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.<sup>7</sup>

HOR. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.<sup>8</sup>

BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“——go not my horse the *better*——.”

i. e. if he does not go *well*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——*swift*——] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As you Like it*, the Duke says of the Clown, “He is very *swift* and sententious.” *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——*that gird, good Tranio*.] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: “Curculio may chatte till his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——*you two outright*.] Old copy—you *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



548 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PET. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,<sup>9</sup>  
Let's each one send unto his wife;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— for *assurance*,] Instead of *for* the original copy has *for*.  
Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Let's each one send unto his wife*;] Thus in the original play:  
“ *Feran*. Come, gentlemen; now that supper's done,  
“ How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?  
“ *Aurel*. Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,  
“ Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.  
“ *Pol*. Nay, then, *Ferando*, he must needs sit out;  
“ For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,  
“ Before his wife wil come before she list.  
“ *Feran*. 'Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives:  
“ Yet in this trial wil I not sit out;  
“ It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as I do send.  
“ *Aurel*. My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound.  
“ *Pol*. I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,  
“ That my wife comes as soone as I do send.  
“ *Aurel*. How now, *Ferando*! you dare not lay, belike.  
“ *Feran*. Why true, I dare not lay indeed:  
“ But how? So little mony on so sure a thing.  
“ A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much  
“ Upon my dog in running at a deere.  
“ She shall not come so far for such a trifle:  
“ But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?  
“ And whose wife soonest comes, when he doth cal,  
“ And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,  
“ Let him injoy the wager I have laid:  
“ Now what say you? Dare you adventure thus?  
“ *Pol*. I, were it a thousand pounds, I durst presume  
“ On my wife's love: and I wil lay with thee.

*Enter Alfonso.*

“ *Alfon*. How now sons! What in conference so hard?  
“ May I, without offence, know where about?  
“ *Aurel*. Faith, father, a waighty cause, about our wives:  
“ Five hundred markes already we have laid;  
“ And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,  
“ He must injoy the wager to himselfe.  
“ *Alfon*. Why then *Ferando*, he is sure to lose it:  
“ I promise thee son, thy wife wil hardly come;  
“ And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.  
“ *Feran*. Tush, father; were it ten times more,



And he, whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

“ I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*:—

“ But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shal you.

“ *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I lose, Ile pay.

“ *Pol.* And so wil I upon my faith, I vow.

“ *Feran.* Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.

“ *Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

“ *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first: *Valeria*,

“ Go bid your mistress come to me.

“ *Val.* I wil, my lord.

[*Exit Valeria.*

“ *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—

“ Would any lay ten hundred more with me,

“ I know I should obtain it by her love.

“ *Feran.* I pray God, you have laid too much already.

“ *Aurel.* Trust me, *Ferando*, I am sure you have;

“ For you, I dare presume, have lost it al.

“ *Enter Valeria againe.*

“ Now, sirha, what saies your mistress?

“ *Val.* She is something busie, but sheele come anone.

“ *Feran.* Why so: did I not tel you this before?

“ She was busie, and cannot come.

“ *Aurel.* I pray God, your wife send you so good an answere:

“ She may be busie, yet she saies sheele come.

“ *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, send you for your wife.

“ *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, desire your mistress to come hither.

“ *Boy.* I wil, sir.

[*Exit,*

“ *Feran.* I, so, so; he desires hir to come.

“ *Alfon.* *Polidor*, I dare presume for thee,

“ I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;

“ And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,

“ That your wife came not when you sent for her.

“ *Enter the Boy againe.*

“ *Pol.* Now, wher's your mistress?

“ *Boy.* She bade me tell you that shee will not come:

“ And you have any businesse, you must come to her.

“ *Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,

“ Worse then a blasing star, or snow at midsummer,

“ Earthquakes, or any thing unseasonable!

“ She will not come; but he must come to hir.

“ *Pol.* Wel, sir, I pray you, let's heare what

“ Answere your wife will make.

“ *Feran.* Sirha, command your mistress to come

“ To me presently.

[*Exit Sander.*



550 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HOR. Content;—What is the wager?

LUC. Twenty crowns.

- “ *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all she did not come,  
 “ Wil prove most kind; for now I have no feare,  
 “ For I am sure *Ferando's* wife, she will not come.  
 “ *Feran.* The more's the pittie; then I must lose.  
     “ *Enter Kate and Sander.*  
 “ But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.  
 “ *Kate.* Sweete husband, did you send for me?  
 “ *Feran.* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:  
 “ Come hither, *Kate*: What's that upon thy head?  
 “ *Kate.* Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke.  
 “ *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;  
 “ 'Tis foolish; I wil not have thee weare it.  
     [*She takes off her cap, and treads on it.*  
 “ *Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphosis!  
 “ *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.  
 “ *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;  
 “ And yet Ile try her further you shall see.  
 “ Come hither, *Kate*: Where are thy sisters?  
 “ *Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.  
 “ *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,  
 “ Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.  
 “ *Kate.* I will.  
 “ *Alfon.* I promise thee, *Ferando*, I would have sworne  
 “ Thy wife would ne'er have done so much for thee.  
 “ *Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more then this;  
 “ For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.  
 “ *Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes*  
     *them come unto their husbands cal.*  
 “ *Kate.* See husband, I have brought them both.  
 “ *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate*.  
 “ *Emel.* I sure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy  
 “ To have great praise for this attempt.  
 “ *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herselfe and us.  
 “ *Aurel.* Beshrew thee, *Phylema*, thou hast  
 “ Lost me a hundred pound to night;  
 “ For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.  
 “ *Pol.* But, thou, *Emelia*, hast lost me a great deal more.  
 “ *Emel.* You might have kept it better then:  
 “ Who bade you lay?  
 “ *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,  
 “ I prethee tel unto these head-strong women  
 “ What dewty wives do owe unto their husbands.



PET. Twenty crowns!  
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

" Kate. Then, you that live thus by your pampered wils,  
" Now list to me, and marke what I shall say.—  
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,  
" Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,  
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,  
" For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,  
" Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,  
" Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand.  
" The first world was a forme without a forme,  
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,  
" A gulse of gulfes, a body bodileffe,  
" Where al the elements were orderlesse,  
" Before the great commander of the world,  
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,  
" Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,  
" And made al things to stand in perfect course.  
" Then to his image he did make a man,  
" Olde Adam, and from his side asleepe,  
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make  
" The woe of man, so term'd by Adam then,  
" Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,  
" And for her sinne was Adam doom'd to die.  
" As Sara to her husband, so should we  
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,  
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:  
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,  
" If that by that we might procure their ease;  
" And, for a president, Ile first begin,  
" And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[She laies her hand under her husband's feet.]

" Feran. Inough sweet; the wager thou hast won;  
" And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.  
" Alfon. I, Ferando, the wager thou hast won;  
" And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,  
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,  
" Another dowry for another daughter,  
" For she is not the same she was before.  
" Feran. Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, good night;  
" For Kate and I will leave you for to-night:



552 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

LUC. A hundred then.

HOR. Content.

PET. A match; 'tis done.

HOR. Who shall begin?

LUC. That will I. Go,  
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BION. I go. [Exit.

BAP. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now! what news?

BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

" 'Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped:

" And so farewell, for we will to our bed.

[Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander.

" Alon. Now Aurelius, what say you to this?

" Aurel. Believe me, father I rejoyce to see

" Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

[Exeunt Aurelius and Phylema, and Alfonso and Valeria.

" Emel. How now, Polidor? in a dumpe? What saist thou  
man?

" Pol. I say, thou art a shrew.

" Emel. That's better than a sheepe.

" Pol. Well, since 'tis done, come, let's goe.

[Exeunt Polidor and Emilia.

" Then enter two, bearing of Slie in his own apparell againe, and  
leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the  
Tapster.

" Tapster. Now that the darkefome night is overpast,

" And dawning day appeares in christall skie,

" Now must I haste abroad: but soft! who's this?

" What Slie? o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?

" Ile wake him; I thinke hee's starved by this,

" But that his belly was so stufte with ale:

" What now Slie! awake for shame."—&c. STEEVENS.



PET. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?

GRE. Ay, and a kind one too:  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PET. I hope, better.

HOR. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

PET. O, ho! entreat her!  
Nay, then she needs must come.

HOR. I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife?

BION. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;  
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;  
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What?

HOR. She will not come.<sup>3</sup>

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

<sup>3</sup> *She will not come.*] I have added the word—*come*, to complete the measure, which was here defective; as indeed it is, almost irremediably, in several parts of the present scene. STEEVENS.



554 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to  
come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet  
life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

BAP. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward  
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it  
down.

WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIAN. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?



TAMING OF THE SHREW. 555

*LUC.* I would, your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns<sup>2</sup> since supper-  
time.

*BIAN.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*PET.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-  
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*WID.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will  
have no telling.

*PET.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*WID.* She shall not.

*PET.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

*KATH.* Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind  
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;<sup>3</sup>  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

<sup>2</sup> — an hundred crowns —] Old copy—five hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — as frosts bite the meads;] The old copy reads—frosts do bite. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.  
MALONE.



556 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:  
 And, when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,  
 And, not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
 But that our soft conditions,<sup>3</sup> and our hearts,  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:  
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then vail your stomachs,<sup>5</sup> for it is no boot;  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:

<sup>3</sup> ——— *our soft conditions,*] The gentle qualities of our minds.  
 MALONE.

So, in *King Henry V*: "my tongue is rough coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *which we least are.*] The old copy erroneously prolongs this line by reading—which we *indeed* least are. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Then vail your stomachs,*] i. e., abate your pride, your spirit,



In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PET. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and  
kiss me, Kate.

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt  
ha't.

VIN. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are  
toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—  
We three are married, but you two are sped.<sup>6</sup>  
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;<sup>7</sup>  
[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
shrew.

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be  
tam'd so. [Exeunt.<sup>8</sup>

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ 'Gan *vail his stomach*, and did grace the shame

“ Of those that turn'd their backs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *you two* are sped.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided;  
for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *though you hit the white* ;] To hit the *white* is a phrase  
borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it  
alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Answer* to Ben Jonson's Ode at the end of his  
*New Inn*:

“ As oft you've wanted brains

“ And art to strike the *white*,

“ As you have levell'd right.”

Again, in Sir Aston Cokayn's *Poems*, 1658:

“ And as an expert archer *hits the white*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Exeunt*.] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued  
his insertions from the old play, as follows:



558 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

“ Enter two servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

“ Sly. [*awaking.*] Sim, give's some more wine.—What, all the players gone?—Am I not a lord?

“ Tap. A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

“ Sly. Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

“ Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

“ Sly. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.”

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakspeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being not published in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The Taming the Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almost unnecessary to vindicate Shakspeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in consequence of his being very superficially acquainted with the phraseology of our early writers, first ascribed it to him, and on his authority this



strange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with just as much propriety have supposed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV. and V.* and *The History of King Leir and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the subject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the story of *King John*.—The error prevailed for such a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is so extremely scarce, that I have never seen or heard of any copy existing but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors [Mr. Capell] searched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is supposed to be irrecoverably lost.

I suspect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene.

MALONE.

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus*: “The Induction, as Shakspeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deserves, for the excellence of its moral design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

“This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprise and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions: Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent and wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *lordships*.

“To give a poignancy to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

‘O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!’

‘Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!’

“The offence is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at a state of stupid *insensibility*, the image of death. Nothing can be juster, than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble bru-



talities. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present a *foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists, “qui in mensam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant.” But as for the “mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis, pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione*, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem,” these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes*. [Cic. de Fin. lib. ii. 8.]

“And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

“However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

‘Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:’

And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

“The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the poet’s design,\* as here explained) with infinite satyr, replies:

‘O! that a mighty man of such descent,  
 ‘Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
 ‘Should be infused with so foul a spirit!’

“And again, afterwards:

‘Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
 ‘Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;  
 ‘And banish hence these lowly abject themes.’

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is

\* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiss to recollect what the sensible Bruyere observes on a like occasion. “Un Grand aime le Champagne, abhorre la Brie; il s’enyvre de meilleure vin, que l’homme de peuple: seule difference, que la crapule laisse entre les conditions les plus disproportionnées, entre le Seigneur, & l’Estaffier. [Tom. ii. p. 12.]



called over; and he hath his choice of whichsoever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants ready at his beck*: musick, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing*: couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis*: burning odours, and distilled waters: floors bestrewed with carpets: the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses*: in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

“ But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

‘ Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

‘ And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures*.’ Sc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury of his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

‘ 2 *Man*. Dost thou love *pictures*? We will fetch thee straight

‘ *Adonis* painted by a running brook;

‘ And *Cytherea* all in sedges hid;

‘ Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

‘ Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

‘ *Lord*. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid;

‘ And how she was beguiled and surprized,

‘ As lively painted, as the deed was done.

‘ 3 *Man*. Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;

‘ Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds:

‘ So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.’

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen.\* But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantialia. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaste* school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

“ After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

‘ Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

‘ Than any woman in this waning age.’

\* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an insipid collection; for he would have *his rooms*,

“ Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius took

“ From Elephantis, and dull Aretine

“ But coldly imitated.” *Alchemist*, Act II. sc. ii.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Afoti*, before mentioned. In general, the satiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further gathered from a similar stroke in Randolph's *Muse's Looking-Glass*, where, to characterise the *voluptuous*, he makes him say:

“ ——— I would delight my sight

“ With pictures of Diana and her nymphs

“ Naked and bathing.”



Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out, with a proposal, so remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the enchanting deception:

‘ I see, I hear, I speak;

‘ I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:—

‘ Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.’

The satyr is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer’s intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

“ Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare & fortunam experiri meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit hominem in *aureo lecto, strato pulcherrimo, textili stragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacisque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato*: hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros delectos* jussit consistere, eosque *nutum illius intuentes diligenter ministrare*: aderant *unguenta, coronae*: *incendebantur odores*: *mensæ conquistissimis epulis extruebantur*.” [Tusc. Disp. Lib. V. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the sweet delusion of *Christopher Sly*.

‘ *Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur*.’

“ The event in these two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the *beggar*. But this was according to the design of each. For, the *former* would show the *misery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar in disguise*.

“ To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakespeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the



most likely to work upon the *great*, by showing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

‘No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.’ Sc. iii.

“Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

“*Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*

“*Jussit & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.*”

*Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.*

The circumstance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has observed) by Heuterus, *Rerum, Burgund. Lib IV.* The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart’s *ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES*, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

“PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorites, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell, This new *Monfieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreamt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the



hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell foundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension." MALONE.

The following story, related, as it appears, by an eye-witness, may not be thought inapplicable to this *Induction*: "I remember (says Sir Richard Barckley, in *A Discourse of the Felicitie of Man*, 1598, p. 24.) a pretie experiment practised by the Emperour Charles the First upon a drunkard. As this Emperour on a time entered into Gaunt, there lay a drunken fellow overthwart the streetes, as though he had bene dead; who, least the horsemen should ride ouer him, was drawen out of the way by the legges, and could by no means be wakened; which when the Emperour saw, he caused him to be taken vp and carried home to his pallace, and vsed as he had appointed. He was brought into a faire chamber hanged with costly arras, his clothes taken off, and laid in a stately bed meet for the Emperour himselfe. He continued in a sleepe vntill the next day almost noone. When he awaked and had lyen wondring a while to see himself in such a place, and diuers braue gentlemen attending upon him, they took him out of the bed, and apparelled him like a prince, in verie costly garments, and all this was done with verie great silence on everie side. When he was ready, there was a table set and furnished with verie daintie meats, and he set in a chaire to eat, attended vpon with braue courtiers, and serued as if the Emperour had bin present, the cupboard full of gold plate and diuerse sortes of wines. When he saw such preparation made for him, he left any longer to wonder, and thought it not good to examine the matter any further, but tooke his fortune as it came, and fell to his meate. His wayters with great reuerence and dutie obserued diligently his nods and becks, which were his signes to call for that he lacked, for words he vsed none. As he thus sate in his majestie eating and drinking, he tooke in his cups so freelie, that he fel fast asleepe againe as



he fate in his chaire. His attendants stripped him out of his fresh apparel, and arrayed him with his owne ragges againe, and carried him to the place where they found him, where he lay sleeping vntil the next day. After he was awakened, and fell into the companie of his acquaintance, being asked where he had bene; he answered that he had bene asleepe, and had the pleasantest dream that ever he had in his life; and told them all that passed, thinking that it had bene nothing but a dreame."

This frolick seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or to the revelry of the boisterous Henry, than to the cold and distant manners of the reserved Charles; of whose private character, however, historians have taken but slight notice.

HOLT WHITE.

From this play the *Tatler* formed a story, Vol. IV. No. 231.

"THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

"A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit,) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great successfoothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on



the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive manner), desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, Child, prithee, take up the saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer made by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, 'My dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

It cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that



## TAMING OF THE SHREW. 567

he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

### THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.







































Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616 / Johnson, Samuel / Steevens, Georges

Plays

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